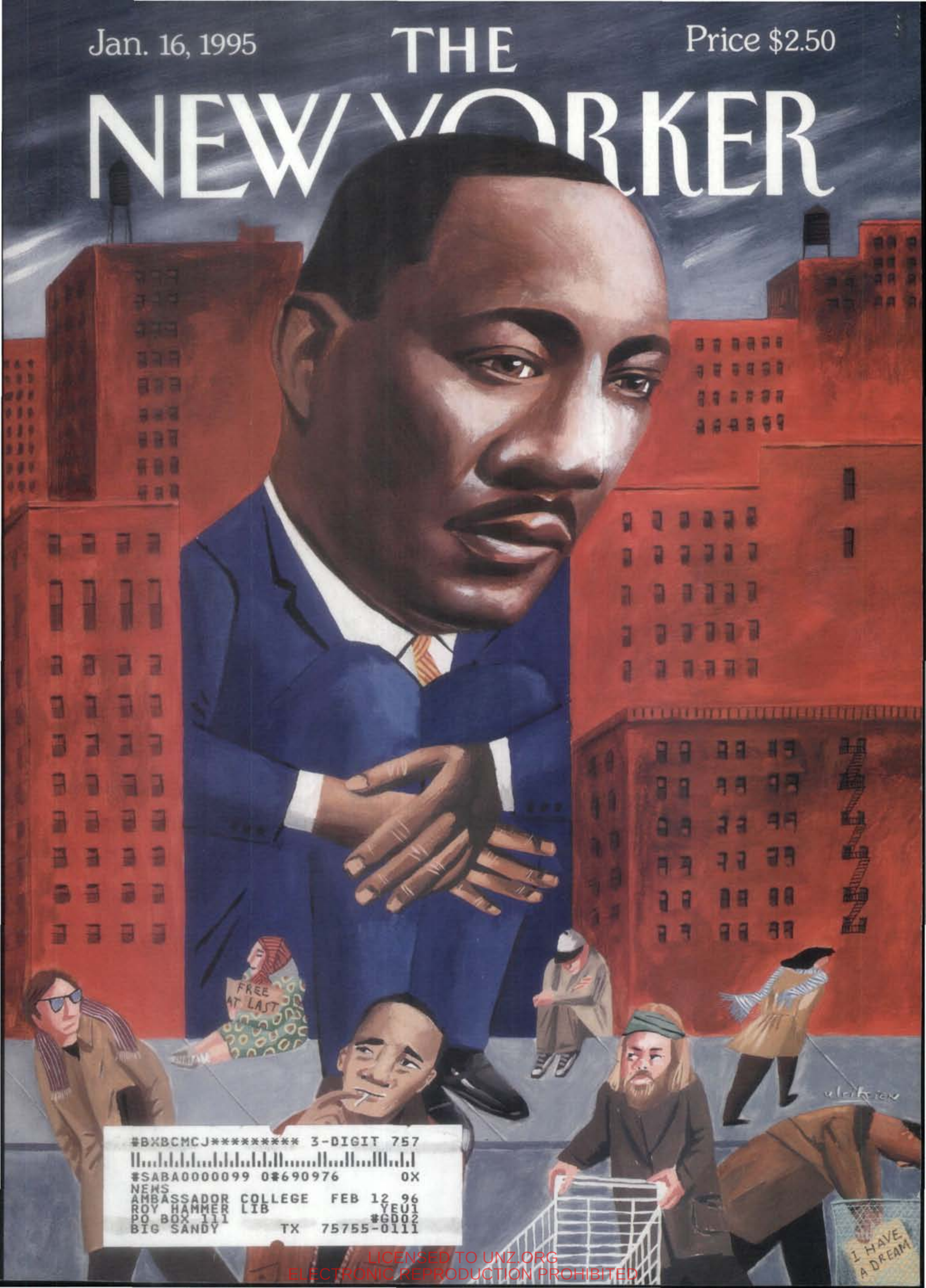
Jan. 16, 1995

THE NEW YORKER

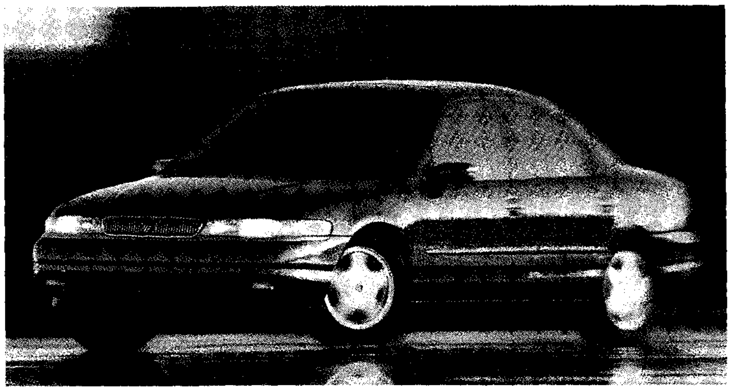
Price $2.50


FREE AT LAST
I HAVE A DREAM

#BXBCMCJ********* 3-DIGIT 757
#SABA0000099 0#690976 0X
NEWS
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE FEB 12 96
ROY HAMMER LIB YEU1
PO BOX 111 #GD02
BIG SANDY TX 75755-0111

LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION *MicronAir® is a registered U.S. trademark of Freudenberg Nonwovens. *Based on a comparison of Mystique and Nissan Altima, Mazda 626, Pontiac Grand Am and Mitsubishi Galant. **Some features are*

Eat No One's Dust.



All-New Mercury Mystique With Exclusive MicronAir® Filter.

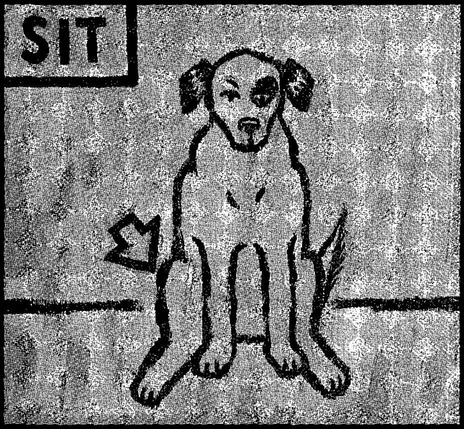
Here, quite literally, is a breath of fresh air in automotive design. The new Mercury Mystique. The only car in its class with a Micron Air filter that removes virtually all dust, pollen and other impurities from the interior.

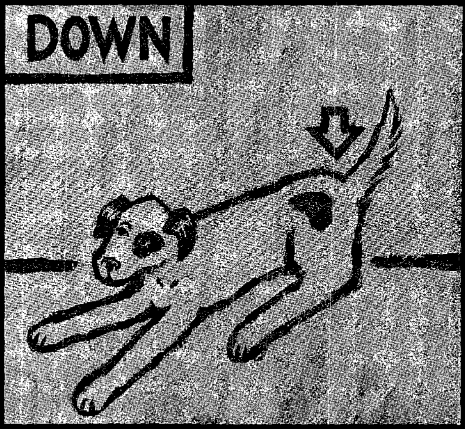
The Micron Air filter is particularly useful should you ever find yourself following another car on a dusty road. Then again, given the performance of Mystique's available 24-valve Duratec V-6, such occasions could be rare. And with Duratec, Mystique is the only car in its class* that goes 100,000 miles between scheduled tune-ups.

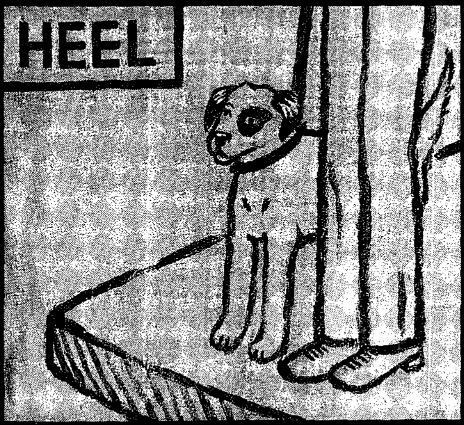
The Duratec V-6 and Micron Air filter are just two of Mystique's 21 first-in-class innovations. You'll also find things like all-speed traction control, solar tint glass and a remote locking system.**

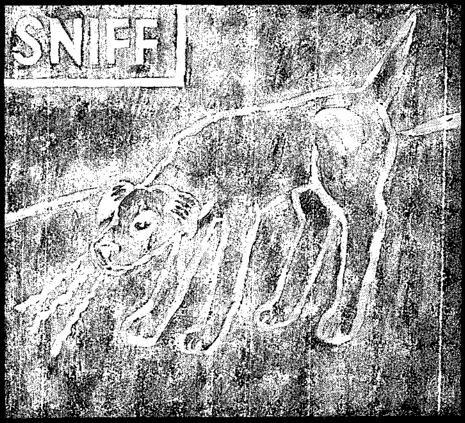
Drive the new Mystique and you'll see why we feel it's more than just a new car. It's a whole new Mercury. For more information, call 1 800 446-8888.

MERCURY


SIT


DOWN


HEEL


SNIFF

One of these tricks can
help convict arsonists
and save you money.

Arson and other forms of insurance fraud cost billions every year. To help keep your premiums from rising, we train dogs to do some pretty amazing tricks. Like sniff out substances such as gasoline, turpentine or kerosene that can cause fires. These tricks help put arsonists behind bars. And our dogs do it all for a pat on the back, a little praise and a biscuit. Proving once again, a dog is your best friend. Unless, of course, you are an arsonist.

Aetna. A policy to do more®

Ætna

© 1994 Aetna Casualty and Surety Company

See Simba at Sotheby's.

© The Walt Disney Company

Original production backgrounds and specially created animation art of all the new characters from Disney's *The Lion King* will be offered at Sotheby's *The Art of The Lion King* auction on Saturday, February 11 in New York. The preview exhibition opens Saturday, February 4. To order the illustrated auction catalogue with a credit card, or to receive a free copy of *Sotheby's Newsletter,* please call (800) 444-3709.

Questions?
Please call (212) 606-7424,
Sotheby's, 1334 York Avenue,
New York, NY 10021.

THE WORLD'S LEADING
FINE ART AUCTION HOUSE

SOTHEBY'S
FOUNDED 1744

© Sotheby's, Inc. 1995 John L. Marion, principal auctioneer, #524728

AMBASSADOR UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY

JAN 17 1995

PO Box 111
Big Sandy, TX 75755

THE NEW YORKER

JANUARY 16, 1995

COMMENT Heroes, Inc. . . . . *Henry Louis Gates, Jr.* 6
As Dr. King goes digital, a complicated history gets X'd out.

IN THE MAIL 8

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN 10

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 27
Adam Bellow, now publisher; Camelot and Amy Vanderbilt;
John Gotti's nemesis moves up; a new Spider Woman; etc.

DEPARTMENTS

A Critic at Large Ghetto Blasting . . . . *Michael Massing* 32
The new wave of journalistic investigations into life
in the inner city may end up serving a surprising agenda.

Our Far-Flung Correspondents High-Heel Neil. . . . . *John Berendt* 38
One Republican businessman is known to all of
Southern society: he's the swashbuckler—in the dress.

ANNALS OF COMMUNICATIONS Redstone's Secret Weapon . . . . . *Ken Auletta* 46
Sumner Redstone had the vision for Viacom, but it took
Frank Biondi's focus to win Paramount and Blockbuster.

POSTSCRIPT Leigh Bowery . . . . *Lucian Freud, John Richardson* 64

LIFE AND LETTERS This Living Hand . . . . *Edmund Morris* 66
The author, who is Ronald Reagan's biographer,
recounts the special significance of Reagan's farewell.

FICTION "Influenza" . . . . *Daniel Menaker* 70

THE CRITICS

Books Spies and a scholar on Kim Philby . . . . *David Remnick* 79
William Burroughs' "My Education" . . . . *James Wolcott* 83
Recommended Reading 85
The Current Cinema "The Madness of King George,"
"Death and the Maiden" . . . . *Anthony Lane* 86
Musical Events "Don Giovanni" at Glyndebourne,
Salzburg, and Munich. . . . . *Paul Griffiths* 89

POEMS

"Chaucer" . . . . *Ted Hughes* 48
"The Red Hat" . . . . *Rachel Hadas* 55

SHOUTS AND MURMURS Great Exhortations . . . . *Garry Trudeau* 92

COVER *I Had a Dream, by Mark Ulriksen*

DRAWINGS *J. B. Handelsman, Richard Cline, Robert Weber, Michael Maslin, Robert Mankoff, William Hamilton, Roz Chast, Lee Lorenz, Bruce Eric Kaplan, Arnie Levin, Gideon Amichay, Danny Shanahan, Mike Twohy, George Booth, Edward Koren, Sam Gross, Donald Reilly, Mischa Richter, Mick Stevens*

THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly (except for four combined issues: the last week of December and the first week of January, the last two weeks of February, the last week of June and the first week of July, and the last two weeks of August) by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 20 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036. Vol. LXX, No. 45, January 16, 1995. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. Canadian Publication Mail Sales Product Agreement No.190969. Canadian goods-and-services-tax registration number R123242885. Registered as a newspaper at the British Post Office. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $36.00; two years, $60.00. In Canada, one year, $77.00 (includes G.S.T.). Other foreign, one year, $85.00, payable in advance.

POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322. PRINTED IN U.S.A.

What You Have The Least Of, We'll Help You Make The Most Of. Time.

It seems as if there's never enough of it. And we realize the last thing you can afford to do is run out of it. So to help you make the most of it, Delta Air Lines has a flight leaving every 17 seconds of every day to almost anywhere in the world your business might take you. To London, Frankfurt, Paris, Rome. To Tokyo, Hong Kong, Bangkok, Seoul. And every step of the way, we'll do everything possible to make sure you not only arrive relaxed and refreshed, but also with plenty of time to spare. Join us on your next business trip. We think you'll love the way we fly.

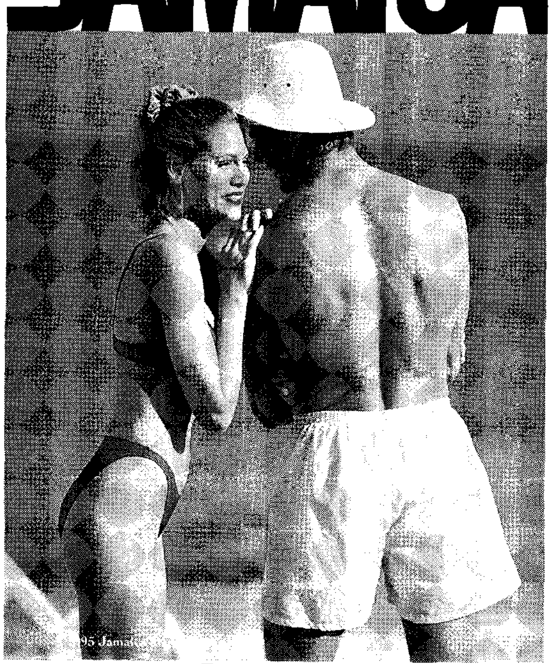
Oslo
Stockholm
Helsinki
St. Petersburg
Dublin
Shannon
Manchester
London
Berlin
Warsaw
Brussels
Frankfurt
Paris
Prague
Vienna
Zurich
Geneva
Nice
Barcelona
DELTA

DELTA AIR LINES
YOU'LL LOVE THE WAY WE FLY™

Based on cities served by Delta and the Delta Connection.® Delta Connection flights operate with Delta flight numbers 3000-5999 and 7000-7999. ©1994 Delta Air Lines, Inc.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JAMAICA



Elegant Resorts

Coyaba
Beach Resort & Club

Half Moon
Golf, Tennis & Beach Club

Plantation Inn
Hotel & Suites

Round Hill
Hotel & Villas

Trident
Villas & Hotel

Five very famous,
very exclusive
Jamaica resorts, where
the accommodations
are baronial,
the surroundings are lush,
and the couture is
decidedly haute.
Call 1-800-237-3237
for brochures.
See your Travel Agent.

COMMENT

HEROES, INC.

Dr. King, deified and digitized.

It's always something. More than a quarter century after the death of Martin Luther King, Jr., a black-advocacy organization named in his honor finds itself confronting the government. The struggle continues; but this time the stakes are a little different. Dexter King, King's youngest son (he is thirty-three), who heads the King Center for Nonviolent Social Change, in Atlanta, has accused the National Park Service of trying to interpose itself between King's legacy and King's heirs by building a visitors' pavilion right across the street from the King Center. Plainly, though, more is at issue than postcard sales. While the Park Service's position is that King's "dream and legacy belong to the world," Dexter King has declared, "We feel strongly that the heritage of the civil-rights movement is too important to be controlled by a government agency which has only superficial familiarity with the internal dynamics of our freedom struggle." As he sees his duty, he must seek government support to fashion King's image without relinquishing control of that image. He must, in short, assume the unheroic but necessary task of guarding a hero's legacy.

"Unhappy the land that is in need of heroes," Bertolt Brecht admonished. But, as he well knew, few peoples have had the confidence to dispense with heroes, those saints of the secular age; and black Americans are no exception. Indeed, when it comes to the manipulation of image, our hero industry might look to the heroes themselves for a few pointers. To suit his polemical purposes, Frederick Douglass altered the identities of both his mother and his father over the course of his three autobiographies. And Booker T. Washington, a champion if not exactly a captain of industry, took advantage of the new technologies of mass production to distribute calendars and posters—all reproducing a sanguine photograph of Washington at the apex of a pyramid of historic black personages.

Our own era has perfected the systematic use of cultural technology to fabricate the dominant icons of political protest: King and Malcolm X, the Jacob and Esau of black America. Neither King nor Malcolm was media shy. Both were masters of the sound bite, well before that concept had a name. Their speeches were carefully designed to reinforce their cho-

THE NEW YORKER, 20 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036. Thomas A. Florio, president; *Pamela Maffei McCarthy, senior vice-president/managing editor*; Diane M. Silberstein, *senior vice-president/publisher*; Pamela H. Older, vice-president/manufacturing director; Peter Armour, vice-president/circulation director; Rhonda Pinzer Sherman, vice-president/special-projects director; Maurie Perl, vice-president/public relations director; Robert A. Silverstone, vice-president/business manager; Richard Levine, vice-president/human-resources director; Julie A. McGowan, advertising director; Cindy Schreibman, creative services director; Gretel Schneider, marketing director. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 41 Osgood Place, San Francisco, Calif. 94133; 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 1460, Los Angeles, Calif. 90036; MediaAmerica, Ltd., 10 Old Brewery Mews, London, England NW31PZ; Penn Brown & Associates, 20 Park Plaza, Suite 446, Boston, Mass. 02116; *The Media Company: 3525 Piedmont Road*, N.E., *Building 5-Suite* 440, Atlanta, Ga. 30305; MPR: 2500 So. Dixie Highway, Miami, Fla. 33133; 3016 Mason Place, Tampa, Fla. 33629; 3 Church St., Suite 503, Toronto, Canada M5E 1M2; 585 Ingrid Street, Laval, Quebec H7P 3P7; Carol Orr & Co., 3500 Maple Ave., Suite 1060, Dallas, Tx. 75219; Catherine Billups & Co., Via Pinamonte Da Vimercate, No. 6, 20121 Milan, Italy. Steve Leece Media Ltd., Shun Pont Commercial Building, 5-11 Thomson Road, #12-B, Wanchai, Hong Kong. SLDM Pte. Ltd., 7500-A Beach Road, #09-324 The Plaza, 0719 Singapore, Republic of Singapore. THE NEW YORKER is not responsible for the return or loss of submissions, or for any damage or other injury to unsolicited manuscripts or artwork. Any submission of a manuscript or artwork must be accompanied by a self-addressed envelope of appropriate size, *bearing adequate return postage. The magazine does not consider unsolicited photographs or transparencies.* SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE: To inquire about a subscription or to change an address, please write to THE NEW YORKER, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322, or telephone 1 800 825-2510. For a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks notice. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

© 1994 by *The New Yorker* Magazine, Inc. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of THE NEW YORKER. The periodical's name and logo, and the various titles and headings herein, are registered trademarks of Advance Magazine Publishers, Inc., published through its division *The New Yorker* Magazine, Inc.

sen image of the moment or to announce significant alterations in their images when that became necessary. Each saw the projection of his own image as central to the success or failure of his broader political program; each was a master of the politics of personality.

Hence the continuous stress on King's academic credentials to underscore his powers of reason, his gravitas, his middle-class respectability: for many black Americans, "Doctor" became, in effect, his first name. When it was necessary, he did not hesitate to distance himself publicly from left-leaning radicals. At least, this was so of King before he received the 1964 Nobel Prize, when his personal security and the security of his movement were largely dependent upon the whims of the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations. And so King, with some art and some craft, was fashioned into the establishment's model of what blacks should strive for: interracial harmony, coalition building, mutuality of interests across color and class lines. The winning image—the one celebrated every January—is that of the great healer and apostle of nonviolence. The assassination cloaked him in martyrdom, preserving him as the saintly Christian suffering unto death for his people. But his corporate acceptability has come at a price: to a younger generation, he seems to carry all the revolutionary potential of Mister Rogers. ("K" caps are not hot sellers among inner-city youth.) Malcolm X, meanwhile, has been transformed into the hero of the wretched of the earth, the embodiment of livid rage, the avenging angel of "The End of White World Supremacy," as a popular two-hour cassette of his speeches is entitled. Malcolm is claimed as the spiritual godfather of everything "militant" from Kente cloth to gangsta rap.

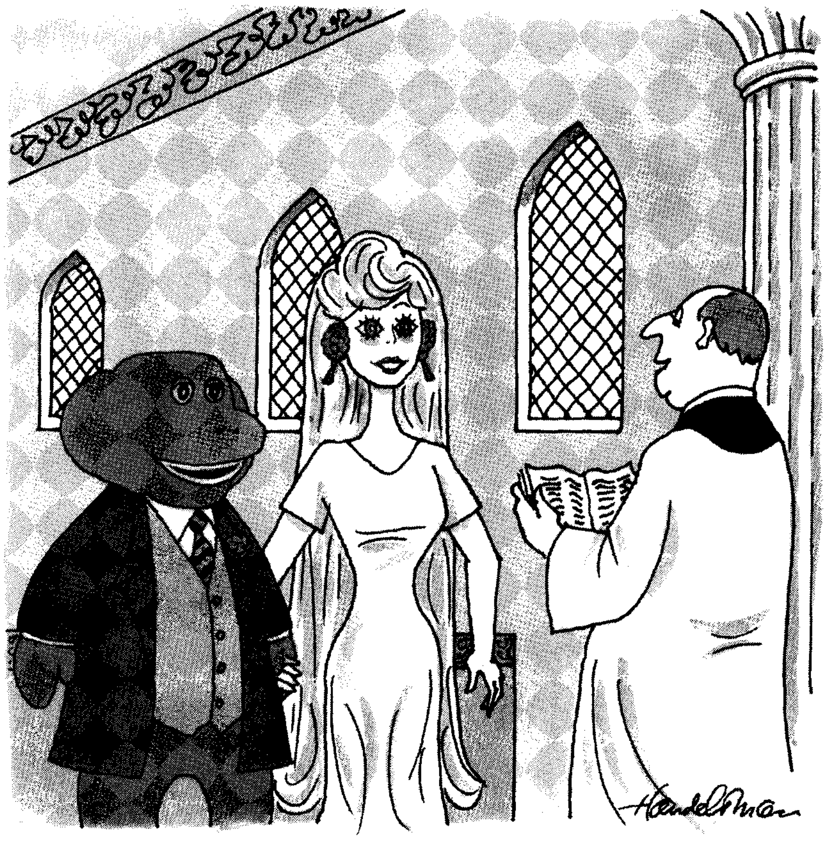
But, as always in history, what is forgotten is as crucial as what is remembered. It has been convenient to airbrush out the more radical aspects of King's later, post-Nobel years: his antiwar political protests; his interest in democratic socialism; his recognition that the battle for equality was passing from the realm of civil rights to that of economic justice. In Memphis the night before his assassination, King was speaking not to a civil-rights rally but in support of a garbage workers' strike. As for Malcolm, his all-too-brief final period, marked by a cosmopolitan embrace of a color-blind humanism, has been almost completely erased from the popular culture's memory banks. In its place, the man who launched a million "X" caps. As with King's image, Malcolm's proved more resilient than its owner: Malcolm may have adopted the stance of transracial humanism toward the end of his life, but most people—not least the political heirs he had decided to disinherit—felt free to ignore such vagaries.

King and Malcolm, both murdered at thirty-nine, were both destined to be used by many who never read them to justify a host of political programs they had either abandoned or never embraced. In this sense, they have come to resemble each other more in death than they ever did in life. The complexities of both men are incompatible with the simplicities of heroism. Simplify, simplify—that is the imperative of the hero industry.

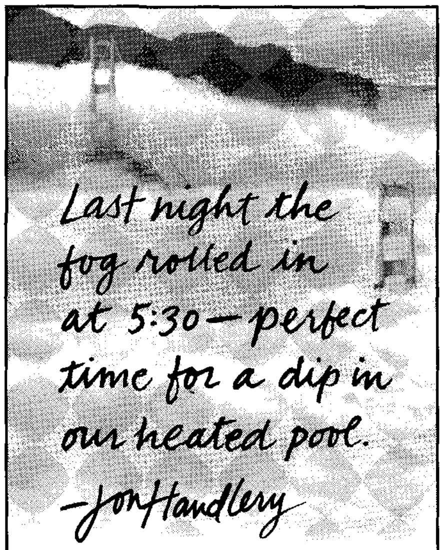
In the case of Martin Luther King, Jr., we may well be witnessing the hero industry retooling itself for the digital age. Dexter King's father is not the only one with a dream: where the Park Service offers dreary old guided tours of the historical site, Dexter King envisages taking commemoration to the giddy heights of high technology. He and his family have proposed a hundred-million-dollar theme park, modelled on the electronic wizardry of the Disney complex in Orlando. It would employ interactive CD-ROMs, holograms, and virtual-reality stations—everything that's needed to make King a rest stop on the information superhighway.

"When smashing the monuments," the Polish satirist Stanislaw Lec once wrote, "save the pedestals—they always come in handy." If only he'd known about interactive CD-ROMs! In the proposed theme park, children would be able to ask questions of Martin Luther King via a video screen—and receive answers. It gets better: the new technologies, Dexter King has promised, could "transport a person, say a kid who didn't know what it was like to be in a civil-rights march. We could actually take you into that experience." The construction of heroes becomes the deconstruction of heroism—struggle by Sega. It used to be said that we got the heroes we deserved. Times have changed: today we get the heroes we manufacture. When King's heirs devote themselves to building a virtual civil-rights march, how long before we learn to content ourselves with virtual rights?

—HENRY LOUIS GATES, JR.



"And do you, Barbie, take Barney . . ."


Last night the fog rolled in at 5:30—perfect time for a dip in our heated pool.
—Jon Handlery

THE HANDLERY
UNION SQUARE
HOTEL

Cable cars at our corner. Steps from world-class dining, shopping and theater. Don't forget your bathing suit.

NEW YORKER RATE
$95*

351 GEARY STREET SAN FRANCISCO
800.843.4343

*Single/double main building. Good thru 3/31/95.

Be an Oxford Scholar

Join the 26th annual Oxford/Berkeley summer program for adults,
a joint program of University of California Extension and the University of Oxford, Continuing Education.

You can choose from 24 small-group seminars—from Shakespeare to country houses, from international economics to Virginia Woolf—each taught by an English don. You live in historic Worcester College, the only Oxford college with its own lake and playing fields. In the evening you enjoy dinner at High Table, lectures by leading scholars, and Shakespeare at Stratford.

Two three-week sessions: July 3–22 and July 24–August 12

FREE BROCHURE:
(510) 642-3112, ext. 10
Or send this coupon with name and address to: Marketing Dept. 10A, University of California Extension, 2223 Fulton St., Berkeley, CA 94720.

UC Berkeley Extension

IN THE MAIL

WAYWARD PRESS

Adam Gopnik deserves kudos for "Read All About It" (A Critic at Large, December 12th), since he effectively wrote it from within a house of mirrors. However, while casting about for answers, he fails to consider that journalism is a two-way street between writer and reader. We as readers cannot absolve ourselves from all responsibility for what we read, both because it is we who, at least in part, create the demand for it and because we should realize that journalists are as likely as readers to be motivated by their own political views.

If, as Mr. Gopnik says, journalism is not a profession, why not make it one? Journalism might do well to establish mandatory certification and a review board. After all, we would not go to a doctor who lacked a medical degree; should we entrust our minds to just anyone?

ASHLEY DEEKS
New York City

As a beginning journalist, I am sorry to say that Mr. Gopnik has it exactly right about the "on-the-one-hand-this, on-the-other-hand-that" approach of the high-end press to political quarrels. True objectivity, however, means recognizing that some stories do not have two sides—or, more to the point, that some stories are not stories. While failing miserably at the dirty work of mastering and communicating the details of public policy, reporters run with accusations and speculations that carry the whiff of combat. Unfortunately, President Clinton shares the media's tendency toward analysis where none is warranted. His inept responses to the many inchoate scandals of his Administration may lend substance to some of those scandals. Or they may simply indicate that when what is needed is an unambiguous refutation, Clinton, like the reporters who torment him, gets stuck on spin.

BRENDAN BARRINGTON
Washington, D.C.

Mr. Gopnik shows the price we pay for a journalistic aggressiveness that at once echoes and amplifies the barking of politicians themselves. In the kennel of rage that political discourse has become, we have lost not just civility but wit. Suppose when Jesse Helms commented that the President might need a bodyguard on his trips South, Mr. Clinton had responded by saying, "I'm deeply touched and gratified by Senator Helms's solicitude for my personal safety, but he may rest assured that I am well protected by the Secret Service twenty-four hours a day. The last thing I would want to do is disturb the Senator's sleep." That might help to show that rolling over is not the only alternative to lashing out.

JAMES HEFFERNAN
Hanover, N.H.

When I was a young reporter, the great vice of many journalists was whiskey. Today, it's cynicism.

PAUL SIMON
United States Senate
Washington, D.C.

STILL HARASSED

Far from "closing the books" on the Thomas-Hill affair, David Remnick's Comment (December 12th) reopens this sad debate. To see "a hidden consensus that Hill essentially told the truth and Thomas essentially did not" in the failure of Thomas's defenders to call for "the bringing to justice of the [Hill] conspirators" stretches fact and logic beyond reason. Those who questioned Hill's veracity and motives need not conclude that she acted to "subvert" the confirmation process. To many of us, the "subversion" began much earlier, when it became fashionable to abandon the principal function of the Senate hearings—to examine the appointee's professional qualifications—in favor of conducting a political version of the Inquisition. Such witch-hunting does more harm to the nation and injustice to individuals than any of Anita Hill's real or imagined perjury. The fact that Thomas's defenders have "simply dropped" legal pursuit of Hill reflects an appropriate, and humane, way to end a spectacle that should never have taken place. Let our attention turn instead to the far more relevant issue of Thomas's performance on the Court.

JAY H. LONG
Mount Aukum, Calif.

UNKIND CUT

Henry Louis Gates, Jr.,'s article "The Body Politic" (Onward and Upward with the Arts, November 28th) was a great in-depth look at Bill T. Jones, but we at the Astor Hotel were astounded and offended by the lack of understanding and compassion demonstrated by Mr. Gates and Mr. Jones in their disparaging remarks about the hotel where they met. The Astor Hotel, which was built in 1918, is old, but to refer to it as "formerly grand" and to some of its permanent residents as "wizened relics of a glorious past" and "near-dead" is off the mark. The hotel is listed in the National Register of Historic Places, and over the years has been home to a wide variety of distinguished professionals and noted guests. Our management company has made great efforts to restore this architectural masterpiece—indeed, our lobby was just remodelled.

We are also proud of the hundreds of complimentary room-nights that we donate to fine-arts and nonprofit groups every year. Should Mr. Jones and Mr. Gates have occasion to return to Milwaukee, they will find we haven't "packed it in"—we are just getting started.

LORE B. HAUCK
General Manager, Astor Hotel
Milwaukee, Wis.

Letters should be as brief as possible, and sent with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number to "In the Mail," The New Yorker, 20 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036. They may be edited for length and clarity.

A NEW WAY OF INVESTING FOR A NEW WORLD.

INTRODUCING G.T. GLOBAL THEME FUNDS. Five funds that offer investors access to industries we believe will benefit from economic, political and regulatory trends we see developing in certain countries. Of course, it's important to understand the special risks associated with global investing, including political and currency risk, as well as the risk of investing in similar industries. For information, talk to your financial adviser, or call G.T. Global – the specialist in global investment innovation for 25 years.

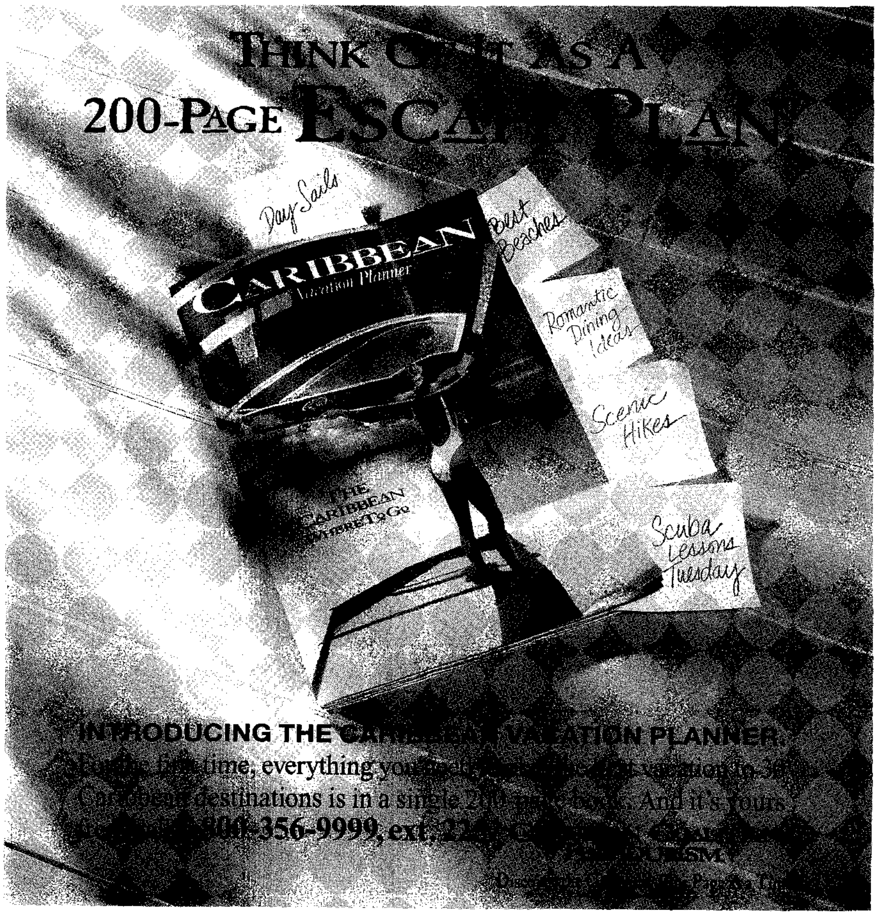
1-800-824-1580

G.T. GLOBAL

WHEN YOU INVEST FOR YOUR FUTURE,
THINK GLOBAL...G.T. GLOBAL.SM
50 California Street, 27th Floor
San Francisco, CA 94111
London Hong Kong San Francisco Tokyo Sydney Singapore Toronto

G.T. GLOBAL INFRASTRUCTURE FUND • G.T. GLOBAL TELECOMMUNICATIONS FUND • G.T. GLOBAL NATURAL RESOURCES FUND
G.T. GLOBAL HEALTH CARE FUND • G.T. GLOBAL FINANCIAL SERVICES FUND

Send or call for the G.T. Global Theme Funds prospectus for more complete information, including charges, expenses and the risks associated with global investing. Please read the prospectus carefully before investing or sending money. G.T. Global Financial Services, Inc., Distributor. MNY1



INTRODUCING THE CARIBBEAN VACATION PLANNER.
[illegible] time, everything you [illegible] vacation in 3[illegible]
Caribbean destinations is in a single 200-page book. And it's yours
[illegible] 800-356-9999, ext. 22[illegible]
[illegible] SM
[illegible]

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
15	16	17	11	12	13	14

THE THEATRE

Pearl at Play

If the Pearl Theatre's production of "The Venetian Twins" doesn't have the resonance of the "King Lear" and "The Beaux' Stratagem" that the company mounted earlier this season, it isn't because the Pearl—which last September moved from its nook in Chelsea to the former movie-revival house at 80 St. Marks Place—is losing its touch. It's because the staging isn't monumental, just amusing.

But amusing is exactly what it should be. Written in 1748 and graced with commedia-dell'arte touches, Carlo Goldoni's comedy pivots on the kind of mixed-up-twins plot that has been a staple of Western theatre at least since Plautus. And in Arnie Burton, the company has an actor who is becoming an adept of the genre. Last summer he played one of the twin Dromios in the Hudson Valley Shakespeare Festival's "Comedy of Errors"; here he is both the bad seed Tonino and the good seed Zanetto. He and his fellow cast members (in particular Clement Fowler, whose Pancrazio calls to mind Rip Torn's leering producer, Artie, on "The Larry Sanders Show") exploit a mishmash of comic techniques: masks, slapstick, audience participation. Michael Feingold has provided a jokey translation that abets their foolery.

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.)

After-Play—A play by Anne Meara, in which four old chums get together and spill some secrets. With Barbara Barrie and Rue McClanahan, among others. In previews. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

Have You Spoken to Any Jews Lately?—A comedy by Bruce Jay Friedman. In previews. (American Jewish Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 633-9797.)

The House of Yes—SoHo Rep continues its "strong language, sexual situations, some violence" season with a play by Wendy MacLeod that deals with guns, twins, and incest. Opens Jan. 12 at 8 and runs through Feb. 12. (46 Walker St. 334-0962.)

Jesus Christ Superstar—Who he? The brief engagement opens Jan. 17 at 8 and runs through Jan. 29. (Paramount, Madison Square Garden. 307-7171.)

Lesbian Bathhouse—A romantic comedy by Helen Eisenbach. Opens Jan. 12 at 8 and runs through Feb. 4. (WOW Café, 59 E. 4th St. 460-8067.)

JAIME BENNETT

Living Proof—A comedy written by Gordon Rayfield and presented by the Jewish Repertory Theatre. Previews through Jan. 14. Opens Jan. 15 at 7. (Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000.)

The Molière Comedies—Brian Bedford stars in a double bill of plays by the seventeenth-century French dramatist: "The Imaginary Cuckold" and "The School for Husbands." Michael Langham is the director. In previews. (Roundabout, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400.)

The Sugar Bean Sisters—A play set in the Florida swamplands, written by Nathan Sanders and directed by Evan Yionoulis. In previews. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523.)

OPENED RECENTLY

Beauty and the Beast—Disney's Broadway money-spinner, adapted from the animated-film version, has a few moments of solid-gold theatrical amazement: the showstopping "Be Our Guest" production number and the Beast's transformation into the Prince. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/2/94.) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 307-4100.)

Carmen—The Ridiculous Theatrical Company's version of the opera, with Everett Quinton in the title role. (Charles Ludlam Theatre, 1 Sheridan Sq. 691-2271.)

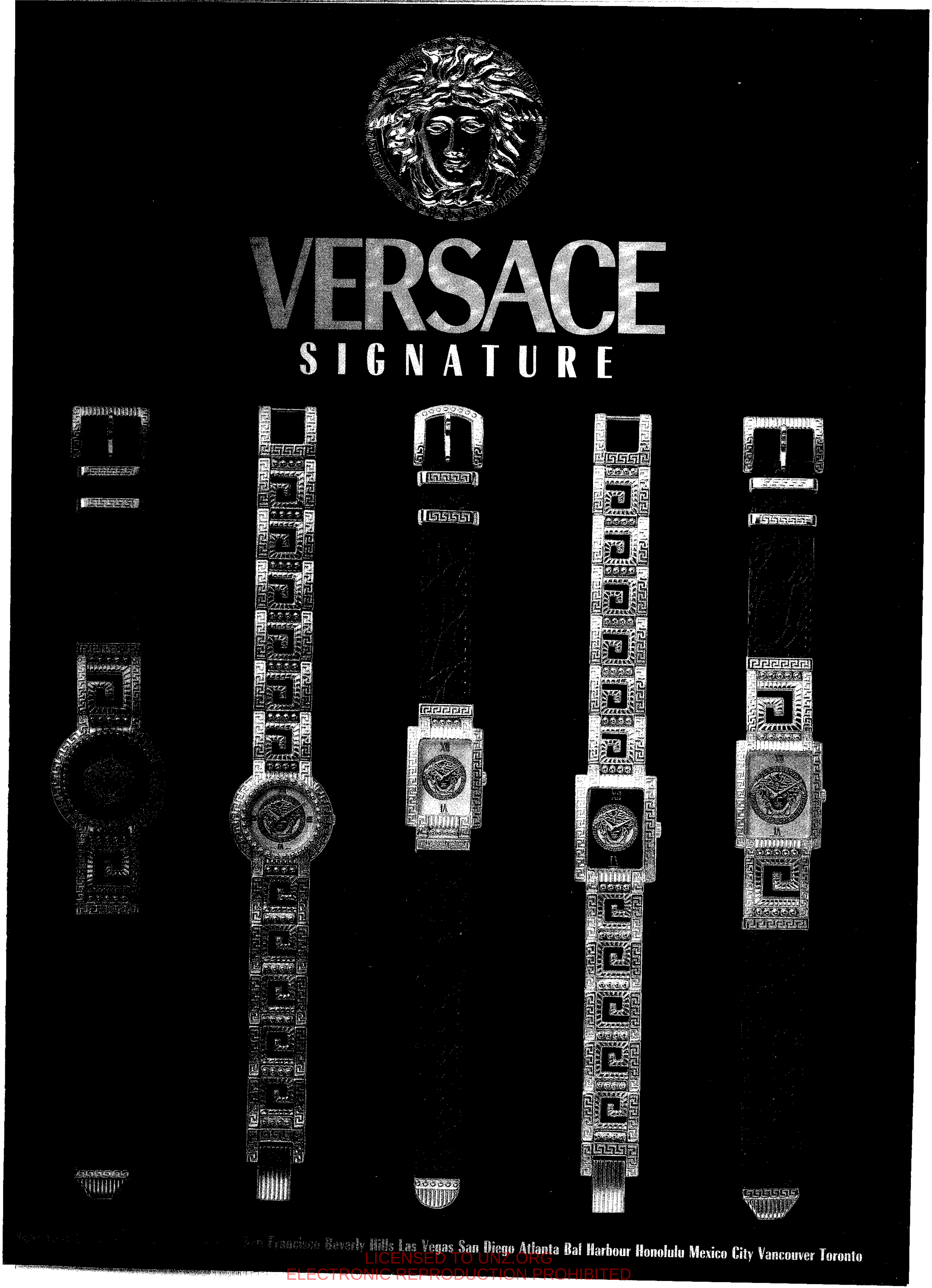
The Cherry Orchard—The Jean Cocteau Repertory's unnuanced production of Chekhov's great last work. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at Bond St. 677-0060.)

A Doll's Life—A musical that starts where "A Doll's House" ends: with Nora slamming the door on her husband. The book and lyrics, by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, explore the ambiguities of female selfhood and independence with intelligence and wit, but Larry Grossman's music—here performed in a two-piano arrangement—isn't quite the stuff that memories are made of. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 935-5820. Closes Jan. 22.)

Dylan Thomas: Return Journey and **The Truman Capote Talk Show**—Two one-man shows written by, and starring, the Welsh actor Bob Kingdom, and directed by Anthony Hopkins and Kevin Knight, respectively. The shows are performed in repertory, and they're both laced with alcohol-enhanced humor. "Dylan Thomas" has the poetry, but "Truman Capote" is the chattier, more enjoyable affair. (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 307-4100.)

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—The audience is part of the group of mourners in this comedy by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack, which is set in a Jewish mortuary. (Playhouse on Vandam, 15 Vandam St. 691-1555.)

Grease!—The talented cast and the inventive production team show off the gleeful phonyness of Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey's musical with unembarrassed affection, and the result is a fun fake that's not trying to pass as the real thing. With Brooke Shields



VERSACE
SIGNATURE

[illegible] San Francisco Beverly Hills Las Vegas San Diego Atlanta Bal Harbour Honolulu Mexico City Vancouver Toronto

THE THEATRE—Cont'd

as Rizzo. (5/30/94) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 239-6200.)

Hapgood—Tom Stoppard's 1988 play, which looks at the world of espionage through the lens of particle physics (or is it the other way around?), is a kind of dramatization of Heisenbergian uncertainty. The production is as mesmerizing as the play is bewildering; Stockard Channing, Josef Sommer, and David Strathairn, under the direction of Jack O'Brien, give confident, watchable performances that nevertheless don't bring you closer to the heart of the matter. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

An Inspector Calls—J. B. Priestley's 1945 mystery is not really a play—it's a speech, about every man's link to every other man. The cast has ideas, not actions, to play. Directed by Stephen Daldry. (5/16/94) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

I've Got the Shakes—A new play written and directed by Richard Foreman and performed by his Ontological-Hysteric Theatre. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. 533-4650.)

Jackie Mason: Politically Incorrect—A former rabbi from a family of rabbis, Mason uses the stage as his bully pulpit. Behind his shtick, which is sometimes vulgar but always funny, is a fundamentalist disgust at the world's fraud, wickedness, hypocrisy, and inhumanity. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Jelly Roll!—The snakily elegant Vernel Bagneris plays Jelly Roll Morton, in a wonderful show that traces the musician's transformation from New Orleans dandy into jazz legend. Morten Gunnar Larsen provides the thrilling piano accompaniment. (47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 265-1086.)

The Little Book of Professor Engima—A dark comedy by the late Harry Kondoleon. (Theatre for the New City, 155 First Ave., at 10th St. 254-1109. Closes Jan. 22.)

New York Gilbert & Sullivan Players—Presenting Steve Allen in "The Mikado," which plays Jan. 12-15. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400.)

Nunsense 2: The Sequel—In the second coming of writer-director Dan Goggin's hit, five talented actresses take the veil and perform a revue to raise money for their convent. There's dancing, singing, boozing, and bingo, but none of it saves the show from the clutches of cliché. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.)

Old Times—The Independent Theatre Company's production of Harold Pinter's 1971 drama about sexual obsession. (House of Candles Theatre, 99 Stanton St. 353-3088. Closes Jan. 28.)

The Petrified Prince—A musical fable of emotional paralysis, adapted by Edward Gallardo from a screenplay by Ingmar Bergman, and directed by Harold Prince. The production boasts a beautifully designed set by James Youmans, expert lighting by Howell Binkley, classy costuming by Judith Dolin, and shrewd choreography by Rob Marshall. But Michael John LaChiusa's musical score is as flat as a Swedish pancake. (1/9/95) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Closes Jan. 15.)

Public Enemy—Kenneth Branagh's play is not much more than a moody knockabout, but it does offer an enticing conceit: a Belfast boy (Paul Ronan) works the night-club circuit as a Jimmy Cagney impersonator until the Troubles turn his gangster fantasies into real-life drama. (Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. 757-3318.)

The Rehearsal—A revival of Jean Anouilh's 1963 comedy. (Samuel Beckett, 410 W. 42nd St. 289-8698. Closes Jan. 15.)

Show Boat—Harold Prince's bighearted production of the 1927 Jerome Kern–Oscar Hammerstein II musical is epic-size, full of life and full of vision. With John McMartin and Elaine Stritch as the patriarch and the matriarch of the floating theatre, and Lonette McKee, whose moving rendition of "Bill" is the show's most intimate moment. (10/17/94) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 307-4100.)

Slavs!—American playwrights are rarely as articulate as Tony Kushner is in this short play—part meditation, part intellectual vaudeville—about the disintegration of the Soviet Union and the apparent collapse of socialism. Lisa Peterson directed the lively production. (1/16/94) (New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. 302-6989. Closes Jan. 29.)

Sunset Boulevard—Glenn Close takes the monumental role of Norma Desmond and makes it something all her own, in Andrew Lloyd Webber's homage to Billy Wilder and Charles Brackett's 1950 fable of Hollywood corruption and dementia. Also with George Hearn, Alan Campbell, and Alice Ripley; directed by Trevor Nunn. (12/5/94) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 307-4007.)

Twyla Tharp, at BAM.

KAREN CALDICOTT

That's Life!—A seriocomic revue about the variety of Jewish life in America. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.)

Three Tall Women—A moving, poetic play by Edward Albee, which is dominated by the huge, heroic performance of Myra Carter. Jordan Baker and the droll and delightful Marian Seldes are also in the cast. (5/16/94) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 239-6200.)

The Venetian Twins—An eighteenth-century Italian comedy by Carlo Goldoni, in a translation by Michael Feingold. Directed by John Rando. (Pearl, 80 St. Marks Pl. 598-9802. Closes Jan. 28.)

Vita & Virginia—Eileen Atkins' Virginia Woolf shares the stage with Vanessa Redgrave's Vita Sackville-West in a play that Atkins put together from the letters that the women exchanged during their eighteen-year friendship. Redgrave is imposing and glamorous, but the brilliance of Woolf's writing stacks the theatrical deck in Atkins' favor, and she gives a quietly sensational, riveting performance. Zoe Caldwell directed. (12/12/94) (Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. 307-4100.)

You Should Be So Lucky—A long and largely unrewarding comedy in which Charles Busch appears, out of drag, as a shrinking-violet electrologist who comes into his own via an unlikely benefactor (Stephen Pearlman). Nell Campbell plays his sister, and Julie Halston is a veritable force of nature as a Scarsdale matron. (Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100.)

Zooman and the Sign—A revival of Charles Fuller's 1981 drama about the ripple effect a random act of murder has on a Philadelphia family and the neighborhood they live in. Zooman, a psychopathic street kid, is played with chilling zest by Larry Gilliard, Jr. Seret Scott directed. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103. Closes Jan. 15.)

LONG RUNS

ALL IN THE TIMING: John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 239-6200. . . . **BLOOD BROTHERS:** Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **BLUE MAN GROUP/TUBES:** Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. . . . **CAROUSEL:** Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. (Closes Jan. 15.) . . . **CATS:** Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. . . . **CRAZY FOR YOU:** Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. . . . **KISS OF THE SPIDER WOMAN:** Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **MISS SAIGON:** Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. . . . **PERFECT CRIME:** Duffy, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. 695-3401. . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **STOMP:** Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. . . . **TONY N' TINA'S WEDDING:** St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St. 279-4200. . . . **THE WHO'S TOMMY:** St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

Pass the Blutwurst, Bitte—John Kelly's performance piece about the life of the artist Egon Schiele. (La Mama Annex, 66 E. 4th St. 475-7710. Jan. 12-14 at 7:30 and Jan. 15 at 3 and 7:30.)

L'Amour Bleu—Singer Thomas Bogdan reprises his evening-length masque, in which he is guided by a dancer-muse through recollections of gay life. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. 674-8194. Jan. 12-15 at 8:30.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Jan. 11 at 8: "Divertimento No. 15," "Ives, Songs," and "Agon." . . . ¶ Jan. 12 at 8: "Ancient Airs and Dances," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo / Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "Viola Alone," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Jan. 13 at 8: "Monumentum pro Gesualdo / Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "Viola Alone," "Ives, Songs," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Jan. 14 at 2: "Divertimento No. 15," "Valse Triste," "Red Angels," and "Pastoral Dances." . . . ¶ Jan. 14 at 8: "Mozart Piano Concerto," "Agon," and "The Four Seasons." . . . ¶ Jan. 15 at 1: "Interplay," "Romeo and Juliet," "Zakouski," and "The Four Seasons." . . . ¶ Jan. 15 at 7: "Monumentum pro Gesualdo / Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "Valse Triste," "Bugaku," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Jan. 17 at 8: "Agon," "Mozart Piano Concerto," and "Western Symphony." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Feb. 26.)

Twyla Tharp—The choreographer presents "Red, White and Blues," an evening-length piece in which she dances with a seven-member company. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Jan. 16-17 at 8. Through Jan. 28.)

"Altogether Different"—A series of performances by several contemporary-dance companies, all presenting new works. Jan. 11 at 8 and Jan. 15 at 7:30: Sarah Skaggs Dance, a six-member company, in the première of "Folked Up!," which draws on Czech and Slovak folk dance and Chinese dance, and the 1993 piece "Higher Ground," during which audience members have been known to join the dancers onstage (though for this season other surprises are in the works). Skaggs, who has said that studying traditional dances taught her "to not be afraid of stylization," likes to juxtapose time-honored forms and her own loose modern approach. The results can be electrifying. . . . ¶ Jan. 12-13 at 8: Poppo & the GoGo Boys, in an evening-length piece. . . . ¶ Jan. 14 at 8 and Jan. 15 at 2: Forces of Nature, in "Two Rivers" and three other dances. . . . ¶ Jan. 17 at 8: Donald Byrd/The Group, in the première of "Life Situations." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. The series continues through Jan. 22.)

Erin O'Hara—The choreographer presents a five-segment dance about life's journey, "Ouch." (P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288. Jan. 12-15 at 9.)

NIGHT LIFE

Joe Blow

SOMETIMES the good guys actually get what they deserve. Joe Lovano may not fit the current jazz-musician image, but this saxophonist still outshines the younger, slick-as-satin upstarts on the scene, and he's even regarded as something of an icon. Last December, fellow-saxophonist Joshua Redman brought Lovano out as a special guest at his Town Hall concert, modestly predicting that the over-forty hornman was going to kick his ass. And he did.

Lovano began his career in the early seventies, apprenticing with two of the last existing big bands, Woody Herman's Thundering Herd and the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra. But he wasn't immune to the musical tumult of the sixties—he absorbed the radical permutations of John Coltrane and a host of other experimenters into his sound. (He may be the only sax player who can evoke Stan Getz and Ornette Coleman simultaneously.) Lovano is a grand balladeer: his melodies float over the beat with unearthly grace, leaving behind a flavor of half-remembered melancholy. His exhilarating up-tempo solos rumble with gruff lines and urgent blues-inflected phrasing.

Lovano loves shifting personnel and instrumentation. Over the past few years he's rarely played with the same band twice in a row, on record or in performance, and he has shown up in units that have paired him, to great effect, with cello and vocals. On January 17, he starts a six-night engagement at the Village Vanguard—with a standard quartet.

CONCERTS

Deep Listening Band—Pauline Oliveros, Stuart Dempster, and David Gamper, in a series of works for accordion, trombone, didgeridoo, piano, and found and electronic instruments. Advance information also mentions "harmonic humming" and "energy blocks." (The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793. Jan. 11-14 at 8.)

Billy Taylor Trio—The buttoned-down stylings of the Billy Taylor trio will mesh well with the robust and urbane sounds of tenor saxophonist Benny Golson, known for durable compositions like "I Remember Clifford" and "Whisper Not" and for his superb improvisational powers. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Jan. 12 at 7.)

"Highlights in Jazz"—It's been two years since Dizzy Gillespie's death, but the pain still cuts as if it happened yesterday. Among the former Gillespie associates helping to salute the bop maestro and salve the wound will be saxophonist Jimmy Heath, trombonist Slide Hampton, and trumpeter Jon Faddis. (Pace Downtown Theatre, Spruce St. between Nassau and Gold Sts. 346-1715. Jan. 12 at 8.)

JAZZ AND STANDARDS

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type indicates some of the more notable performers in town. Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives; it is advisable to call ahead to confirm engagements.)

A.K.A., 77 W. Houston St., at Wooster St. (673-7325)—Jan. 11: Jazz guru **ARNIE LAWRENCE AND THE FUNK CO-ELATION.**

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—Vocalist **NANCY LA MOTT** is currently in the midst of an extended run. Dining.

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (675-6879)—Mondays belong to the Grove Street Stompers, Tuesdays through Thursdays to Al Bundy and Johnny Parker, Fridays and Saturdays to the Freddy Francis trio, and Sundays to Lee Lorenz and the Creole Cookin' Jazz Band.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—This blue-on-blue club is an institution and knows it: how many other clubs sell their own belt buckles? Vocalist **PHYLLIS HYMAN** performs through Jan. 15. Saxophonist **NAJEE** begins a six-night run on Jan. 17. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A duskily lit neighborhood bar, where pianists, bassists, and, occasionally, drummers compete for your ear. Truth and beauty usually prevail. **JOANNE BRACKEEN** and **IRA COLEMAN** finish up a week of piano-and-bass duets on Jan. 14. Dining.

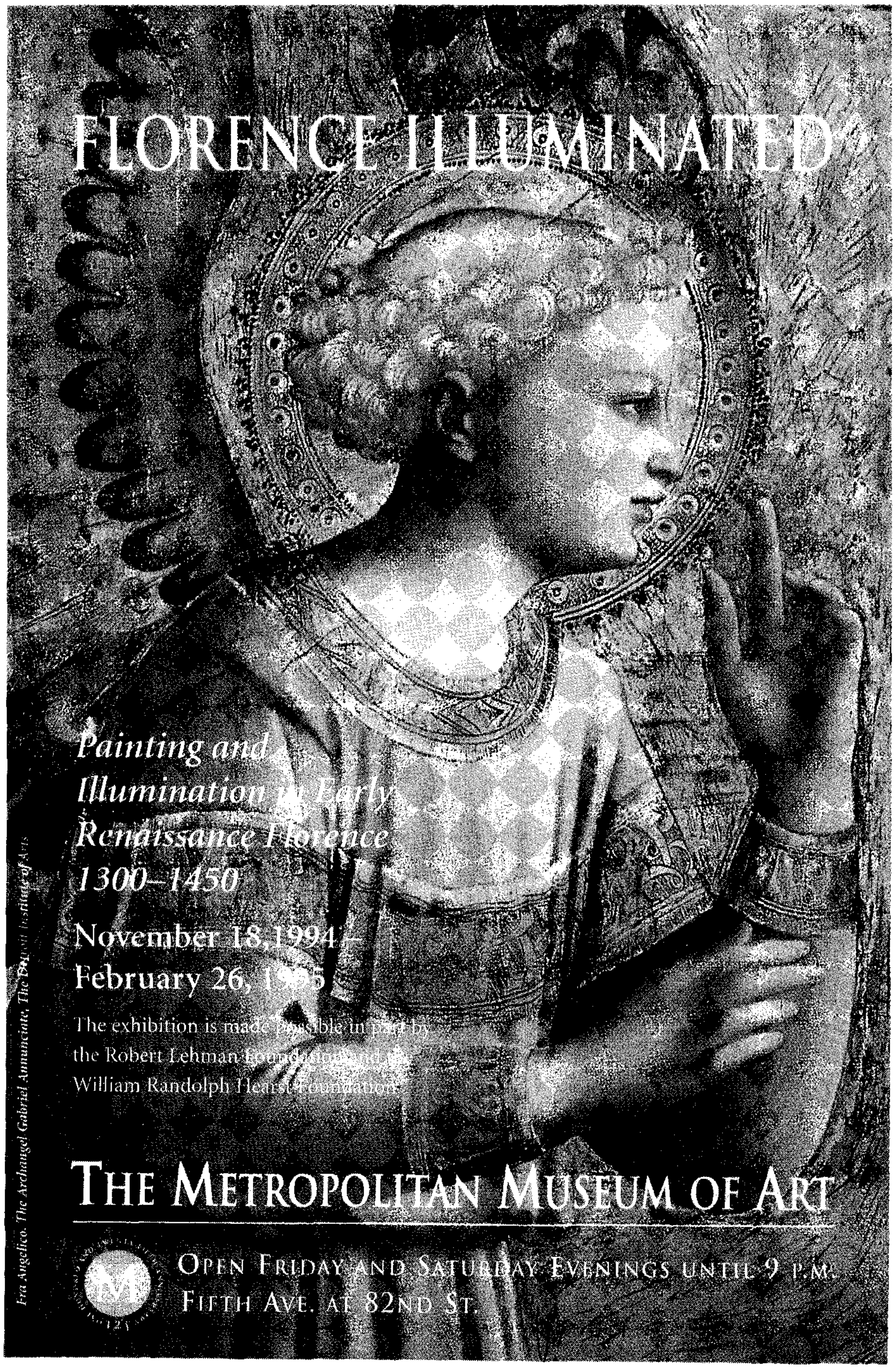
Cajun, 129 Eighth Ave., at 16th St. (691-6174)—A New Orleans-style restaurant specializing in Dixieland and swing. On Fridays, catch the Canal Street Dixieland Jazz and Blues band. Saturdays belong to the New Atlantic Jazz band.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle, a snug, windowless enclave in the doorman district, features discreet waiters, wraparound pastel murals, and—holy hotcakes, Batman—the amazing **EARTHA KITT.** Kitt is still a fierce and funny performer with a feral grip on her audience. She inhabits her songs: when she sings "I Wanna Be Evil," you don't doubt for a second that she could spit tacks. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in Bemelmans Bar, pianist **KURT WIETING** massages the ivories.

Eighty Eight's, 228 W. 10th St. (924-0088)—Actress and raconteur **JULIE HALSTON** entertains every Wednesday in January.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—Vocalist **SHANNON GIBBONS** is in through Jan. 15. Jan. 17: **ALLAN HARRIS** begins a weeklong engagement. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL** leads a trio. Dining.

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven, 57 E. 57th St. (758-5757)—A sleek piano-and-bass room in the Four Seasons Hotel. Thursdays through Sundays, **DONALD JOHNSTON** is the featured pianist; on weekends he's joined by Jerry Dodgion (sax) and Ron McClure (bass). Dining.


FLORENCE ILLUMINATED

Painting and Illumination in Early Renaissance Florence 1300–1450

November 18, 1994–February 26, 1995

The exhibition is made possible in part by the Robert Lehman Foundation and the William Randolph Hearst Foundation.

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

OPEN FRIDAY AND SATURDAY EVENINGS UNTIL 9 P.M.
FIFTH AVE. AT 82ND ST.

Fra Angelico. The Archangel Gabriel Annunciate, The Detroit Institute of Arts

Special Winter Savings Cruising the Mighty Amazon

With elegant, all-suite, award winning Seabourn Cruise Line. Here's your chance to experience Amazonia up close. Join an alligator hunt (with your camera). Meet the villagers along the shore. Pass through the greatest tropical rain forest in the world. Save up to $1,500 per person with Seabourn's "SHARE" Program.* Bring family or friends and everybody saves.

SUN FILLED CRUISES

THE AMAZON
(14 & 16 Days) Nov.-Mar.
Shore Excursions Included on Amazon Sailings
From $10,275
per person double occupancy

Call your travel agent for details.
For our free brochure call
(415) 391-7444

(Tell our operator you saw this advertisement in the New Yorker. The publisher will appreciate that.)

THE FINE PRINT
Included in the price of your cruise are free economy roundtrip air travel, one night pre-cruise deluxe hotel accommodations and transfers. Port charges and handling fees are extra and range between $175 and $185 per person. *Seabourn "SHARE" Program—Experience Seabourn with friends or family. Book two or more suites on the same eligible sailing and receive the designated per person savings for each suite occupied. Subject to availability; some conditions apply.

"AN ANOMALY IN AN ERA OF MARKETING HYPE"
Seabourn Cruise Line provides exactly what it promises: a matchless cruise experience that focuses on pampering, poshness and privacy."
Jane Levere, THE BOSTON GLOBE
MARCH 20, 1994

SEABOURN
CRUISE LINE

Ships of Norwegian Registry

NIGHT LIFE—Cont'd

Five Spot, 4 W. 31st St. (631-0100)—Jan. 11-12: The **JIRO YSHIDA** trio. Jan. 13-14: Saxophonist **THOMAS CHAPIN** and his bold trio. Chapin uses jazz as a springboard for sonic exploration. The interplay between him and his spectacularly responsive bassist, Marlo Pavone, can be downright treacherous. Dining.

Iridium, 44 W. 63rd St. (*582-2121*)—Across the street from Lincoln Center, this restaurant and club features a handsome bar upstairs and a surreal performance space downstairs. Through Jan. 14: the **DANILO PEREZ** quartet. Perez's piano work demonstrates what Jelly Roll Morton identified some seventy years ago as jazz's secret weapon: "the Spanish tinge." Perez is as technically dexterous and harmonically astute as anyone on the scene, and few of his peers have his gift for rhythm. Dining.

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—An Old New York kind of place, with dark wood panelling, white tablecloths, and brass figurine lamps. Jan. 11-14: **PETE MALINVERNI** and **RUFUS REID.** Malinverni, along with pianists like Michael Weiss and Mike LeDonne, belongs to a New York substratum of reliable and utterly indispensable performers who play their bop with a touch of grassroots swing. Speed-demon jazz bassists are three for a quarter these days, but Reid's awesome technique is tempered by his excellent taste.

Knitting Factory, 74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. (219-3055)—Jan. 11-14: **DAVID MURRAY.** He may have had his thunder stolen by the neo-con explosion, but Murray, the great hope of the eighties, is still a contender, and still capable of toppling buildings with his galvanic tenor-saxophone work.

Le Max, 147 W. 43rd St. (764-3705)—Every Wednesday and Thursday evening, **JOHN WALLOWITCH** and **BERTRAM ROSS** present a delightful cabaret revue, the high points of which include an Irving Berlin medley and amusing novelty tunes like "Mahatma Gandhi" and "Bagel and Lox." Dining.

Metropolis, 31 Union Sq. W. (675-2300)—A swank basement club, home to high-profile jazz combos. Vocalist **TESS MARSALIS** entertains through Jan. 15. Tuesdays are given over to the **GEORGE GEE ORCHESTRA,** a seventeen-piece swing band.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—On Mondays, Woody Allen continues his night job as clarinet player in the **NEW ORLEANS FUNERAL AND RAGTIME ORCHESTRA,** a Dixieland-jazz ensemble. Closed Sundays.

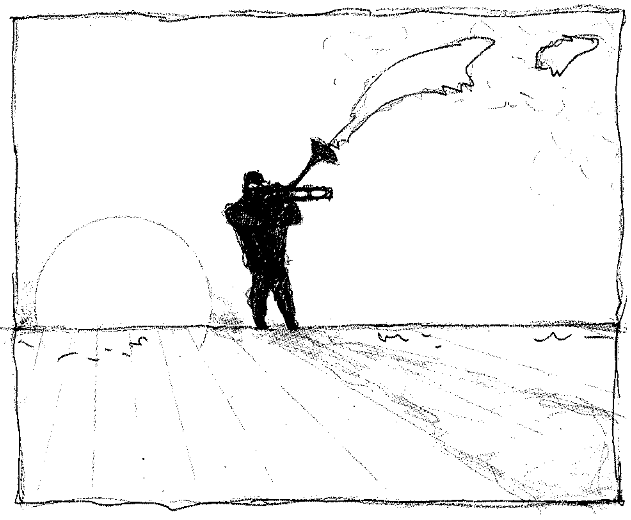
Rainbow & Stars, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—The great cabaret in the sky. The song-and-dance trio known as the **MANHATTAN RHYTHM KINGS** is currently appearing. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in the Rainbow Room, there's a revolving dance floor, plus swinging big-band music courtesy of the Rainbow Room Orchestra, featuring vocalists Michael Andrew and Claudette Sierra. Closed Mondays.

Red Blazer Too, 349 W. 46th St. (262-3112)—Thursdays belong to Stan Rubin's big band; Fridays to Lew Anderson's big band and Sam Ulano and the Bourbon Street Swingers; and Saturdays to Bob Cantwell and his Stompers.

Smalls, 183 W. 10th St. (929-7565)—This aptly named club features young and up-and-coming players jamming late into the night.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A convivial and crowded jazz club where the musicians are always top-shelf. Pianist **ABDULLAH IBRAHIM,** best known for his free-ranging improvisations, Ellingtonian lyricism, and deep funky vamps, continues (with a trio) through Jan. 15. An electrified big band belonging to trumpeter **MILES EVANS** is in action on Mondays. Dining.

Tavern on the Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (873-3200)—The **ILLINOIS JACQUET BIG BAND** wraps up a two-week stand on Jan. 15. The seventy-two-year-old tenor saxophonist and bandleader is a journeyman survivor whose career has arranged itself in a series of little peaks: his famous leaping solo on Lionel Hampton's recording of "Flying Home," set down when Jacquet was nineteen; his appearance with Harry Edison, Lester Young, and Sid Catlett in Gjon Mili's pioneering 1944 short, "Jammin' the Blues"; the screeching, stomping tenor "battles" he and Flip Phillips carried on in the fifties as members of Jazz at the Philharmonic (duels that presaged the jazz avant-garde of the sixties, to say nothing of heavy-metal rock); his surprising and often successful attempts in the sixties to make the bassoon, of all instruments, bend to the winds of jazz improvisation; and his decision in 1983 to put together a big band, which has become a smooth, highly popular Basie-like group, easy to dance to and most notable for the sumptuous sound of its leader's tenor—it has been said that Jacquet's tone on a ballad is beautiful enough to hang on the wall.



A tribute to Dizzy Gillespie . . .

OSCAR GRILLO

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Through Jan. 15: pianist **TOMMY FLANAGAN** and his trio. Jan. 17: The great **JOE LOVANO** begins a six-night run. The **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA** holds sway on Mondays.

Visiones, 125 Macdougal St., at W. 3rd St. (673-5576)—Trumpeter **TOM HARRELL,** who swings by on Jan. 11-14, possesses a warm, masterly quality that puts him in league with the likes of Art Farmer and Clark Terry. A mature stylist, he produces perfectly chiselled melodies rather than rote licks, and his solos leave the room with you. Dining.

ROCK, ETC.

Blarney Star, 43 Murray St. (732-2873)—Home to fine Irish music every Friday night. Jan. 13: Button accordion and guitar with **JAMES KEANE** and **JOHN DOYLE.**

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (*228-6300*)—Jan. 13: An evening of no-risk listening with **PAUL CEBAR & THE MILWAUKEEANS** and three other acts that deserve national exposure: **GREG BROWN, LAURA LOVE,** and **THE ZIMMERMANS.** Cebar, who sings, plays guitar, and dresses like a postmodern Henry Higgins, leads the band through the sort of high-octane party-rock that has made lesser bands famous. The Milwaukeeans' last release, "That Unhinged Thing" (1993), showcases Cebar's songwriting and the gifts of his multifaceted co-vocalist and keyboardist Robyn Pluer. Jan. 14: **RICK DANKO,** who's best known for his work with The Band. Jan. 16: The legendary **CLARENCE (GATEMOUTH) BROWN.**

Brownies, 169 Avenue A, at 10th St. (429-8392)—Jan. 11-14: Singer-songwriter **CHRIS WHITLEY.** Whitley's 1991 début was a hauntingly ambient, blues-soaked gem. For his long-overdue sophomore effort, "Din of Ecstasy" (scheduled for a March release), he has a new co-producer, John Custer, best known for his work with obscure heavy-metal acts. Not surprisingly, Whitley is rocking harder, but he hasn't lost his flair for atmospheric effects.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—A narrow, graffiti-strewn cave packed every evening with new and used bands. Jan. 14: **VELVET CRUSH.** . . . ¶ Next door, the neat and comfortable testament to gentrification called CB's Gallery plays host to **JENNIFER JACKSON** on Jan. 14.

Chicago B.L.U.E.S., 73 Eighth Ave., at 13th St. (924-9755)—Jan. 11-14: A rare appearance by blues guitarist **JIMMY JOHNSON** and his band.

Continental Divide, 25 Third Ave., at St. Marks Pl. (529-6924)—Hipsters, punks, poseurs, N.Y.U. students, the occasional skinhead—a typical East Village bar. Live music nightly.

The Cooler, 416 W. 14th St. (229-0785)—A comfortable lavender and stainless-steel paradise deep in the heart of the meat district. **SPOILER** and **CELLOPHANE** play on Jan. 13, followed on Jan. 14 by the **SCREAMING HEADLESS TORSOS.** Wednesday nights are given over to experimental d.j. spinoffs.

Don Hill's, 511 Greenwich St. (219-2850)—A tidy little SoHo bar with an above-average P.A. system and topnotch local bands on the docket. Friday night is Squeeze Box, a vinyl and velvet gay glamfest, hosted by Mistress Formika.

Duplex, 61 Christopher St., at Seventh Ave. (255-5438)—Everyone is a star here—the pianist, the bartender, the waiters, and the audience. The fabulous Dressing Room Divas appear every Friday night.

Fez, 380 Lafayette St. (533-7000)—The **CUCUMBERS,** in on Jan. 14, play delicately sweet pop, and the majority of their songs eschew fat, distorted guitar notes in favor of twangy country-flavored elements, like banjo, mandolin, and forlorn vocals. Jan. 16: "The Honeysuckles," a weekly live soap opera. The **MINGUS BIG BAND** still packs them in every Thursday. Dining.

Flannery's, 205 W. 14th St. (929-9589)—A well-scrubbed, amiable Irish pub with many of the classic features (pints of Guinness, non-stop TV sports) and a few of the near-classics (a CD jukebox, a portrait of Elvis).

Gonzalez y Gonzalez, 625 Broadway, at Houston St. (473-8787)—Loud, brash, and big—de rigueur for the lower-Broadway dining scene. The stage is at the rear, about a city block from the entrance.

Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. (777-6800)—Every Sunday night, the Swing Dance Society pays homage to the Lindy Hop, a dance that involves a lot of whirling and the occasional display of underwear. Sets from eight until midnight. For information on the society, call 696-9737.

Kaptain Banana, 101 Greene St. (343-9000)—French cabaret *en travesti* in SoHo. Three drag queens and eight dancers re-create the Court of Versailles, a carnival in Rio, Marlene Dietrich, and the Andrews Sisters. There's also a singing gorilla. Dining.

Limelight, Sixth Ave. at 20th St. (807-7850)—A church turned eighties hot spot, this unholy venue currently plays host to a variety of techno and alternative acts. Jan. 15: An evening of death metal, featuring **CARNIVORE, SKREW,** and **OVERDOSE.** Wednesday night is Disco 2000.

Ludlow Street Café, 165 Ludlow St. (353-0536)—A modest below-stairs room that looks like a spruced-up tenement apartment. Mondays belong to **BEAT RODEO,** a straight-shooting bar band that plays a mixture of country, blues, Dylan, Byrds, Velvets, and various pop curiosities.

Manny's Car Wash, 1558 Third Ave., at 87th St. (369-2583)—The Upper East Side blues. Jan. 10: The **SANDRA WRIGHT** band.

Maxwell's, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken. (1-201 798-4064)—Many of the bands that play here today will be playing somewhere more expensive tomorrow. Jan. 12: **GARDEN VARIETY.** Jan. 13-14: **LUNA.** The boys in Luna probably chose their name to salute their guiding light, Lou Reed. And like him, Luna makes stark, sleepy rock that features picaresque lyrics packed with deadpan comic irony. "California (All the Way)," the first track on their recently released CD "Bewitched," is a dreamy four-minute masterpiece.

Mercury Lounge, 217 E. Houston St. (260-4700)—Jan. 11: **SUSAN MC KEOWAN AND THE CHANTING HOUSE.** Jan. 13: **MADDER ROSE.** Jan. 16: **HIGH PLAINS DRIFTER,** featuring "Saturday Night Live" guitarist-poseur **G. E. SMITH.**

Nell's, 246 W. 14th St. (675-1567)—A Victorian-style club, home to an eclectic crowd of downtown youngsters dancing to throbbing funk and techno-pop. Monday night is Funky Buddha, with live bands and d.j. Derek Corley "on the wheels."

Paddy Reilly's Music Bar, 519 Second Ave., at 29th St. (686-1210)—Speir Mor (Gaelic for Big Sky) performs for a hearty following on Fridays. Séisiún—a traditional Irish jam—happens on Thursday nights.

Les Poulets, 16 W. 22nd St. (229-2000)—The name may be French, but the music here is Latin: expect salsa, merengue, and the occasional cha-cha. Jan. 11: **RAY SEPULVEDA.** Jan. 14: **FRANKIE RUIZ.** Dining.

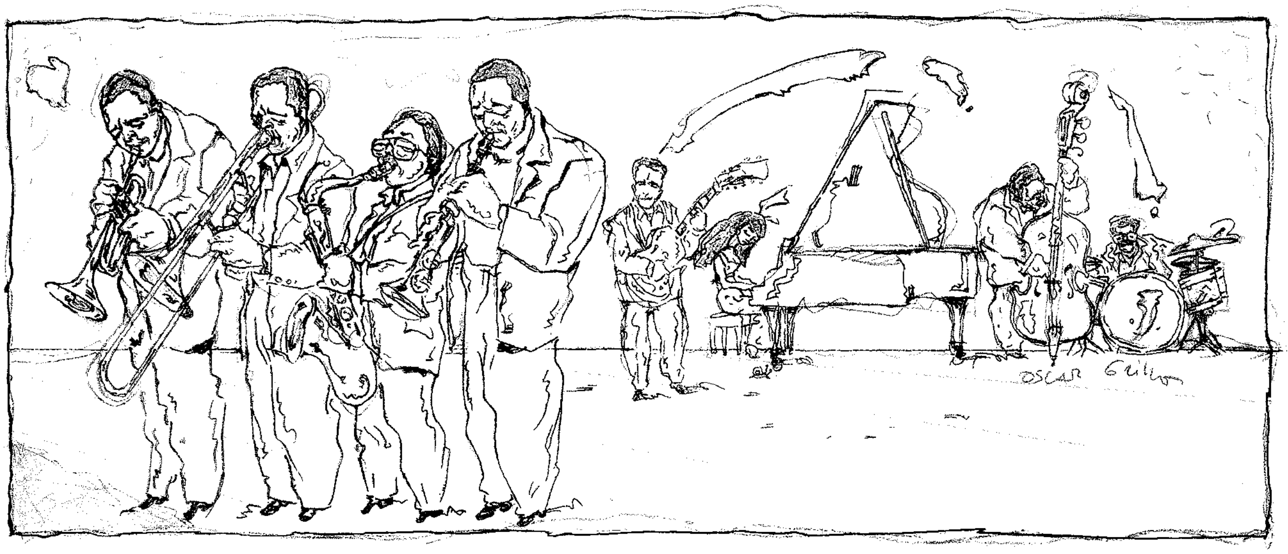
Rodeo Bar, 375 Third Ave., at 27th St. (683-6500)—The walls simulate a log cabin, a buffalo head blows smoke through its nostrils, a horse trailer has been converted into a bar, and you get peanuts for eating and, sometimes, throwing.

Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200)—Ballroom dancing on Thursdays and Sundays. The rest of the week it's another dark, sweaty rock club, with flannel-clad stage divers and a whirling mosh pit.

S.O.B.'s, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great grass hut with a fruit-and-bamboo motif, dedicated to calypso, reggae, and the bossa nova. Tuesday nights, S.O.B.'s presents Soul Kitchen, an evening of seventies funk and R. & B. for devotees of Don Cornelius. Thursday nights belong to Giant Step, a roving collective of musicians, rappers, and d.j.s who mix jazz, funk, and hip-hop. Dining.

Tramps, 51 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—This spacious and agreeable club offers a consistent lineup of blues greats. A tribute to the late guitarist Danny Gatton continues through Jan. 12. Jan. 13: A double bill of grizzled blues with **JOHN HAMMOND** and **DUKE ROBILLARD.**

Wetlands, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—Jan. 15: The rap-and-roll sounds of the **GOATS.**



. . . with a host of contemporary jazz greats, at the Pace Downtown Theatre.

ART

The Delirious Dutchman

Most architecture shows have a built-in drawback: no matter how strong the work may be, all you get to see of it is models, drawings, diagrams, and photos. But "Rem Koolhaas and the Place of Public Architecture," on view at the Museum of Modern Art (through January 31), manages to preserve the slightly mad grandiosity of the Dutch architect's vision. Koolhaas is best known in this country for "Delirious New York," the 1978 book in which he celebrated the energies of a city gone haywire. Koolhaas prefers indeterminacy to logic and flux to form, so he sees freedom rather than alienation in the anonymous sprawl of the metropolis. In the anarchy of New York he sensed an unmoored excitement completely at odds with his predecessors' perfectionist ideals: the utopianism of Le Corbusier and the pastoralism of Frank Lloyd Wright.

The show at the Modern focusses on the recent projects of the Rotterdam-based

ART–Cont'd

Office for Metropolitan Architecture (O.M.A.), which Koolhaas founded in 1974 with several colleagues. Some of O.M.A.'s buildings—the Rotterdam Kunsthal, for example—seem deliberately schizophrenic. The exhibition hall's glass-curtain façade is an image of serene reduction straight out of Mies van der Rohe, but step inside and you're confronted with the skewed geometries of sloping ramps and precariously tilted columns. The frontiers of the avant-garde where Koolhaas and his colleagues have set up shop may look like madness to purists. Then again, their architecture of fantasy might be just the solution to the demands of our intractably confusing age.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The French Renaissance in Prints from the Bibliothèque Nationale de France." Starts Jan. 12. . . . ¶ "Greek Gold." Forget embarrassment—this is a *humiliation* of riches, as splendid an exhibition of Classical jewelry as we're ever likely to see. Choice items from the Met and the British Museum have been augmented with lovely pieces from the northern coast of the Black Sea—a rare loan from the Hermitage. One massive Crimean cuff bracelet terminates in a pair of exquisitely carved sphinxes, eye to eye. Button-size plaques in the form of golden cockerels, also from the Crimea, lend a note of whimsy. An oak-wreath crown, with a bee and two cicadas nestling in its branches, is as airy and fine as sunlight itself. The workmanship throughout is so delicate that you may want to bring a magnifying glass. Through March 26. . . . ¶ "Orientalism: Visions of the East in Western Dress." Through March 19. . . . ¶ "Painting and Illumination in Early Renaissance Florence, 1300-1450." Anyone who thinks that illuminators took a back seat to the panel painters of the age should see this show, which brings together a group of little masterpieces that are in perfect condition. Their burnished gold and primary colors sparkle with the same intensity they had on the day the paint dried, because they've spent most of their lives between the covers of books. Through Feb. 26. . . . ¶ "Thomas Eakins and the Metropolitan Museum of Art." Through Feb. 26. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Jacob Lawrence: The Migration Series," a sixty-panel work from 1941 that depicts black migration from the South to the North in the period between the two World Wars. Starts Jan. 12. (A concurrent show of Lawrence's work is at Midtown-Payson, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.) . . . ¶ "Rem Koolhaas and the Place of Public Architecture." Through Jan. 31. . . . ¶ "A Century of Artists Books" includes more than a hundred and forty works by, among others, Baselitz, Albers, Matisse, and Ruscha, and collaborations by Redon/Flaubert, Derain/Apollinaire, Johns/Beckett, and Kruger/King. Through Jan. 24. . . . ¶ "An Eccentric Orbit: Video Art in Australia." (Open Saturdays through Tuesdays, 11 to 6; Thursdays and Fridays, noon to 8:30.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"The Italian Metamorphosis, 1943-68." Chairs, typewriters, a case of fabulous shoes, a car, a vacuum cleaner—even some painting and sculpture. Although this massive exhibition, which examines the way Italy reinvented itself after the Second World War, sprawls around the rotunda with no real logic, it's a potent reminder of the impact that Italian art and design have had in the past half century. And it's a fun crawl. Through Jan. 29. (Open Sundays through Wednesdays, 10 to 6, and Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 8.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—"Franz Kline: Black & White, 1950-61." An exhibition devoted entirely to the artist's bold monochromatic abstract paintings. Kline was one of the most influential artists who ever worked in New York, yet he never really fit into the New York School as defined by art historians. While true action painters such as Jackson Pollock and Willem de Kooning brought order out of chaos, Kline began with order and made it sublimely chaotic. The show suggests that the artist was a pivotal figure, a bridge between the feverish Abstract Expressionists of the forties and the cool school that emerged in the late fifties and sixties. As if to drive the point home, the curators have hung a whole wall of Kline's ink drawings and oil sketches from the collection of Cy Twombly, who was one of the artist's colleagues at Black Mountain College in 1952. They reveal how carefully Kline rehearsed the apparently spontaneous gestures that turn up in his large paintings. Even a monumental exercise in anarchy like "Requiem" was plotted almost to the last stroke. Through March 12. . . . ¶ "Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney: Printmakers' Patron." Through March 12. . . . ¶ "Black Male: Representations of Masculinity in Contemporary American Art." Through March 15. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Thomas Cole: Landscape into History," an exhibition of more than sixty paintings by the father of the Hudson River school, including the allegorical series "The Course of Empire" and "The Voyage of Life." Starts Jan. 13. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St.—"An Enduring Legacy: The Mr. and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller 3rd Collection." Every piece in this exquisite collection of Asian art coolly proclaims quality: a Korean stoneware jar is indescribably elegant; a copper sculpture from India—Krishna dancing over a vanquished demon, its serpentine tail echoing the god's heavenly form—is a little ode to joy. Through Jan. 15. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Fashion Institute of Technology, Seventh Ave. at 27th St.—"Judith Leiber: The Artful Handbag." Every woman who has ever walked through one of New York's grander department stores must be familiar with the opulent whimsy of Ms. Leiber's notoriously pricey rhinestone-encrusted evening bags. Seeing so many of them in this noncommercial setting, displayed along with unobtrusively well-crafted purses in reptile and ostrich, forces one to recognize the art that goes into these glittering little fans, spheres, eggs and eggplants, tomatoes and roses, puppies, kittens, monkeys, horses, lions, bears, and Buddhas. Despite a strident and crackly video of interviews with Ms. Leiber and some of her notable customers, the show is enormous fun. Through March 11. . . . ¶ "Hello Again! Recycling for the Real World." Products from dresses to furniture made from recycled and reused materials. Through Jan. 14. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 8, and Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

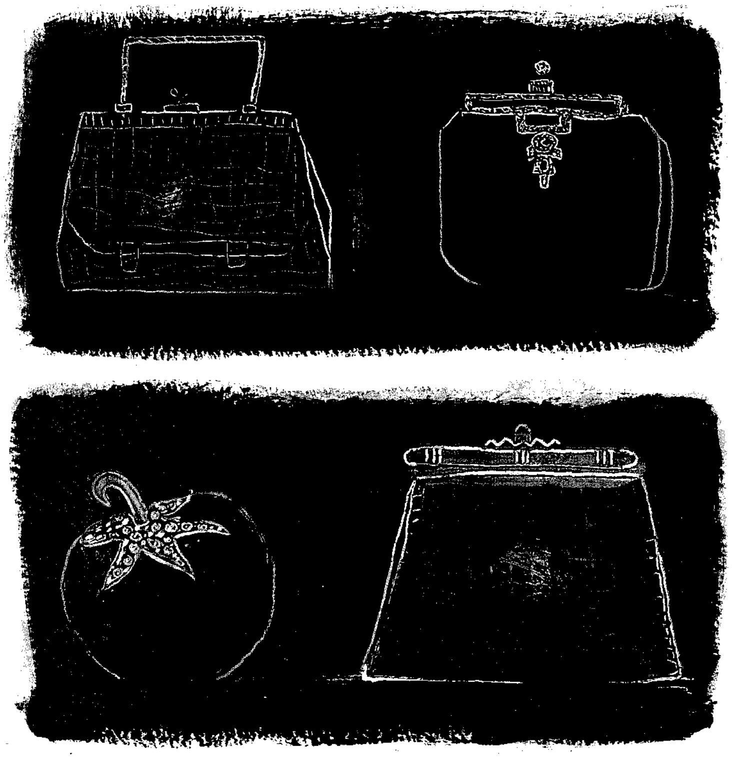
Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—"John Constable: Drawings, Watercolors, Oil Sketches, and Paintings from a Private Collection." Through Feb. 12. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Jewish Life in Tsarist Russia: A World Rediscovered." Through March 5. . . . ¶ "Mario Cavaglieri: The Glittering Years, 1912-22" features thirty-six paintings, both interiors and portraits. Through Jan. 29. (Open Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 11 to 5:45; Tuesdays, 11 to 8.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"The Thaw Collection: Master Drawings and New Acquisitions." The word "great" is overused in the art world: it should be reserved for occasions like this one. The collection ranges freely from Mantegna to Jackson Pollock, with all the major schools represented; the French drawings are especially fine. Through Jan. 22. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 5; Saturdays, 10:30 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Decades before the advent of German Expressionism, the Swiss painter Ferdinand Hodler (1853-1918) was cooking up a strange brew of perfervid Romanticism and coloristic distortion. His early works—glumly realistic landscapes and scenes of farmers and other laborers—demonstrate the influence of Courbet, whereas in his later paintings he shows affinities with Edvard Munch, the Post-Impressionists, and the artists of the Vienna Secession. "Enchanted Boy II" (1894) captures Hodler's peculiar sensibility: a barefoot youth with a vaguely medieval hairdo stands in a field of blue flowers; he looks like an extra from "Parsifal." Through Jan. 22. . . . ¶ "An Installation of Works by Paul Cadmus." Through Feb. 19. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5; Friday evenings until 8, with no admission charge after 5.)

National Museum of the American Indian, 1 Bowling Green—"Creation's Journey: Masterworks of Native American Identity and Belief." . . . ¶ "All Roads Are Good: Native Voices on Life and Culture." . . . ¶ "This Path We Travel: Celebrations of Contemporary Native American Creativity." (Open daily, 10 to 5.)



"Judith Leiber: The Artful Handbag," at F.I.T.

HERVÉ TULLET

[ALL THOSE TIRED OF CLIMBING IN AND OUT OF A TRUCK, STEP RIGHT UP.]

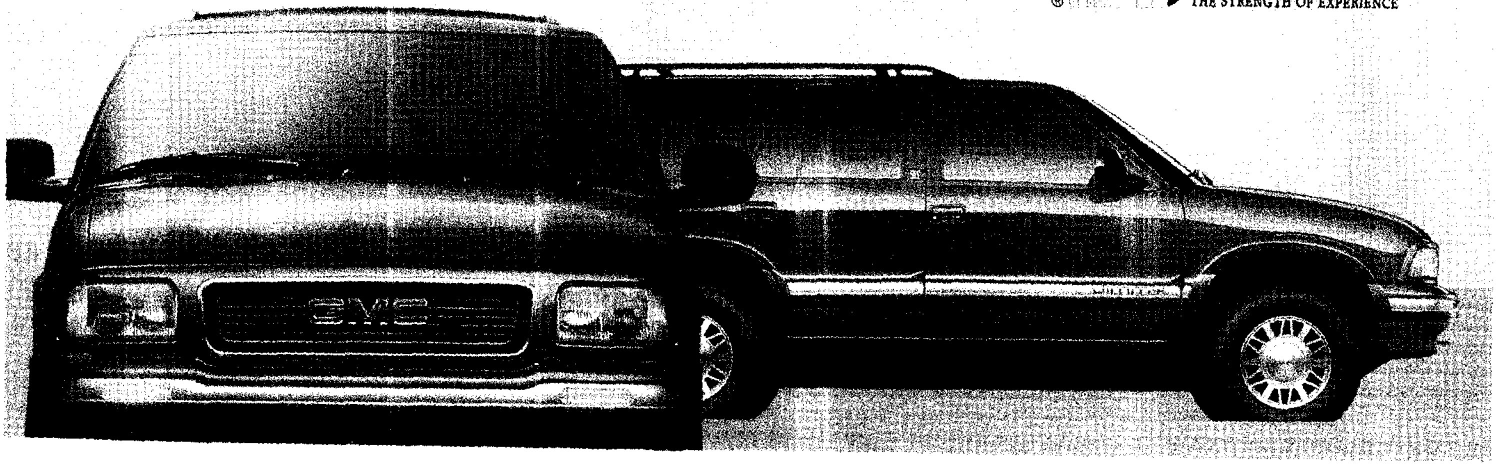
Getting in and out of a sport utility vehicle can be an adventure in and of itself. That's why we created the all-new Jimmy from GMC Truck. One of the first things you'll notice is a lower step-in height — achieved without sacrificing ground clearance. Inside, you'll discover a remarkably quiet interior, plus comforts you'd normally find only in a luxury sedan. Like available leather seating surfaces and a CD player, should you prefer one. And for the first time on a sport utility vehicle, a choice of three suspension systems. There's a standard driver's side air bag,* four-wheel antilock brakes, and steel reinforced side door beams to help keep you safe. For more information, call us at 1-800-GMC-TRUCK. Or, better yet, visit a GMC Truck dealer for a test drive. We'd love to show you just how easy it is to get into a new Jimmy.

GM Quality Network

©1994 GM Corp. All Rights Reserved. GM, GMC, GMC Truck, Jimmy and the GMC Truck logo are registered trademarks of General Motors Corporation. Buckle up, America!

*Always wear safety belts, even with air bags.

® JIMMY
THE STRENGTH OF EXPERIENCE



ART–Cont'd

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Garbage! The History and Politics of Trash in New York City." Through Feb. 25. . . . ¶ "e.e. cummings @ 100: An Anniversary Exhibition." (Open Mondays, Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, 10 to 6; Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 6.)

Queens Museum of Art, Flushing Meadow Park—The museum's Panorama of the City of New York, conceived by Robert Moses and built by Raymond Lester & Associates, has been thoroughly updated and—unlike the original—repaired and swept clean. Imagine. . . . (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 5.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays, from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. The following lists lead off with new shows.)

Alfred Jensen (1903-81)—Paintings from the mid-sixties. Opens Jan. 13. Through Feb. 11. (Pace Wildenstein, 32 E. 57th St.)

Jacob Lawrence—A retrospective of forty paintings, including several from the series "Struggle: From the History of the American People" and eight new works. Opens Jan. 12. Through Feb. 25. (Midtown-Payson, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. . . . ¶ The artist's sixty-panel work, "Migration Series," from 1941, will go on view at the Museum of Modern Art on Jan. 12.)

Neil Welliver—Large landscapes depicting the Maine woods. Opens Jan. 11. Through Feb. 4. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

•

Willem de Kooning—Fifty-five paintings from the early thirties to the late sixties. Through Jan. 21. (Stone, 113 E. 90th St.)

Werner Drewes (1899-1985)—Abstract paintings in the Bauhaus tradition. Through Jan. 14. (Associated American Artists, 20 W. 57th St.)

Herbert Ferber (1906-91)—Abstract metal sculptures from the fifties through the seventies. Through Feb. 4. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Per Kirkeby—Paintings from the sixties by a Danish neo-expressionist. Through Jan. 14. (Werner, 21 E. 67th St.)

James B. Moore—Representational still-lifes in oil on linen. Through Jan. 28. (Schmidt Bingham, 41 E. 57th St.)

Gretchen Dow Simpson—Recent paintings of Morocco and New England. Through Jan. 14. (Ryan, 24 W. 57th St.)

David Smith (1906-65)—Fifteen bronze reliefs depicting wartime evils. Through Jan. 28. (Marks, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Bill Traylor (1854-1947)—Thirty-one works by this self-taught artist, a former slave who did not start drawing until he was in his eighties. Through Jan. 14. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 21 E. 70th St.)

H. C. Westermann (1922-81)—Fifteen wood sculptures, glass boxes, and bronzes from the sixties. Through Jan. 28. (Frumkin-Adams, 50 W. 57th St.)

"Drawn to Text: Comix Artists as Book Illustrators"—An international survey of the history of alternative comics that also shows how Robert Crumb, Javier Mariscal, Lorenzo Mattotti, Jacques Tardi, and Art Spiegelman approach book illustrations. Through Jan. 17. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

Eleanor Antin—A new film installation titled "Minetta Lane—A Ghost Story." Opens Jan. 14. Through Feb. 18. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

•

Brian Clarke—Paintings, architectural projects in stained glass, and mosaic works. Through Feb. 4. (Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St.)

Jean-Philippe Delhomme—A selection of colorful, impressionistic gouaches in the young Frenchman's New York-gallery début. Through Jan. 14. (Danziger, 130 Prince St.)

Ellsworth Kelly—Most of these recent paintings are two-part reliefs in which each panel has been painted a different (often strikingly vibrant) color. The interaction of the simple, painted shapes produces a dazzling array of forms. Through Jan. 29. (Marks, 522 W. 22nd St. Open Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

Ann Messner—New sculptures in which objects made of cast iron or cast bronze are suspended in womblike bronze encasements. Through Feb. 4. (Maynes, 225 Lafayette St.)

Isamu Noguchi (1904-88)—Two pieces from 1985: "Beginnings," five large stones reminiscent of a Japanese garden, and "Ends," a Swedish-granite sculpture. Through Jan. 21. (Pace Wildenstein, 142 Greene St.)

Tim Rollins + KOS—A new series of paintings inspired by the comedies of Aristophanes. Through Feb. 25. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Donald Sultan—A new hundred-drawing series titled "Wall Flowers." Through Jan. 28. (Kasmin, 74 Grand St.)

"Still Life"—A gathering of works by Charles Ray, Jeff Koons, and Fischli/Weiss, among others, that explores the current resurgence of sculptural realism. Through Jan. 14. (Gladstone, 99 Greene St.)

"10 Years Parkett—63 Artists' Editions"—Works created for the quarterly art publication *Parkett* by an art-world A-list: Baselitz, Bourgeois, Clemente, Fischl, Holzer, Marden, Sherman, Turrell, and more. Through Jan. 28. (Blum, 99 Wooster St.)

AUCTIONS AND ANTIQUES

Sotheby's—You gotta do what you gotta do, and for the New-York Historical Society that has come to mean financing survival through big-time deaccessioning. Objects deemed expendable will go on the block in three sales this month. The first, on Jan. 12, will offer a hundred and eighty Old Master paintings, many of which were in the acclaimed collection of the mid-nineteenth-century Philadelphian Thomas Jefferson Bryan, who donated them to the Society. The ensuing sales are scheduled for Jan. 18 (paperweights) and Jan. 29 (paintings and decorative arts). A sale of sculpture from the Cyril Humphris collection concludes on Jan. 11. (York Ave. at 72nd St. 606-7000.)

Christie's—Old Masters take center stage this week, most spectacularly with the Jan. 11 sale of oils (including five notable works by Francesco Guardi, two Canalettos, and German and Dutch portraits and landscapes) from the collection of the late Alice Tully. On Jan. 12-13, the collection of the late Rudolf Nureyev goes on the block, with a wide range of offerings that includes Old Masters, musical instruments, decorative arts, and—as one might expect—unusually interesting ballet costumes. (Park Ave. at 59th St. 546-1119.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Diane Arbus (1923-71)—Images shot inside Times Square movie houses between 1956 and 1958. Opens Jan. 10. Through Feb. 4. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Shimon Attie—Photographs of buildings and storefronts in Berlin, onto which the artist has projected images of Jewish life in that city from the years leading up to the Second World War. Opens Jan. 14. Through Feb. 11. (Klagsbrun, 51 Greene St.)

László Moholy-Nagy (1895-1946)—Photograms, montages, and straight (although not straight-perspective) photographs by the protean Constructivist. Opens Jan. 12. Through March 11. (Houk Friedman, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Cindy Sherman—New photographs. Opens Jan. 14. Through Feb. 18. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

•

Baron Adolf de Meyer (1869-1946) / **Toni Frissell** (1907-88)—A hundred and twenty vintage magazine and travel prints from throughout his career. / A large retrospective of black-and-white photographs by an artist who had tours of duty with *Vogue*, *Harper's Bazaar*, the Women's Army Corps and other war efforts, *Sports Illustrated*, and the Kennedy social constellation. Through Feb. 12. (International Center of Photography Midtown, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St. Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Robert Frank / **Jun Morinaga**—A show of recent work and selected images from Frank's classic "The Americans." / Twenty-five still-life studies of water. Through Jan. 14. (Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St.)

William Klein—A retrospective of work by the celebrated fashion photographer. Through Feb. 26. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Koichiro Kurita—Large-scale black-and-white landscapes. Through Jan. 28. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway.)

Jacques Henri Lartigue (1894-1986)—"Flights of Fancy," a show of eighty-four of the artist's photographs of dirigibles, hot-air balloons, bicycles with wings, seaplanes, and gliders. Through Jan. 20. (French Embassy, 972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Danny Lyon—Photographs spanning the artist's career, including unpublished, vintage prints from the "Bikeriders" series, and prints from "The Destruction of Lower Manhattan" and "Conversations with the Dead." Through Feb. 25. (Lowinsky, 578 Broadway.)

Hanno Otten—The German photographer's first United States solo show includes large color Cibachromes from his "Kino" series, each of which takes its title from a movie or movie star. Through Jan. 21. (Borden, 560 Broadway.)

Paul Strand (1890-1976)—Vintage prints, with an emphasis on the artist's later work. Through Feb. 4. (Burden, 20 E. 23rd St.)

Hiroshi Sugimoto—New work in which the artist returns to photographing dioramas. These still-lifes are peopled with various prehistoric, political, royal, and notorious figures. Through Feb. 4. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

"Beauty & the Beast"—Karl Baden's images of the varied forms of life—canine, feline, and human—found at New England dog and cat shows. Through Jan. 21. (Mann, 42 E. 76th St.)

"Landmarks of New York"—Views of the city by Abbott, Coburn, Hine, Hofer, Kertész, Meyerowitz, and Ruzicka, among others. Through March 10. (Seagram Building, 375 Park Ave., at 52nd St., fourth floor. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

"Masterpieces of Fashion Photography"—A group show featuring work by the likes of Avedon, Beaton, Penn, and Steichen. Through Jan. 14. (Danziger, 130 Prince St.)

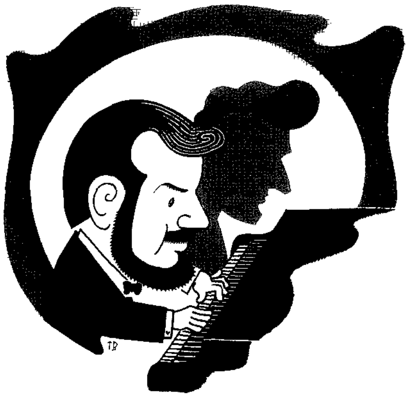
"Outside Fashion: Style & Subversion"—Mostly out-of-doors, dynamic shots by Munkacsi, Elgort, Klein, Sarah Moon, Newton, Turbeville, and others. Through Jan. 14. (Greenberg, 120 Wooster St.)

"Let it Snow, Let it Snow, Let it. . ."—The loveliest of precipitations, in city and country compositions, by a clutch of masters, including Werner Bischoff, Jessie Tarbox Beals, Harry Callahan, Weegee, and, of course, Kertész and Stieglitz. Through Jan. 14. (292 Gallery, 120 Wooster St.)

CLASSICAL MUSIC

Grand Tour

"THE trouble with Chopin," the pianist Garrick Ohlsson says, "is that he has been so celebrated but so little explored. Even serious music lovers have the impression that they know his œuvre pretty thoroughly, when, in fact, a rather limited portion of it ever shows up in concert programs." With this in mind, Ohlsson is embarking this week on a tour of Chopin's complete solo-piano works, which he will distribute over three concerts this season and three next year. Surprisingly, given Chopin's status as the Rosetta stone of pianism, Ohlsson's journey will be nearly unprecedented; of the great pianists, it seems that only Alexander Brailowsky and Nikita Magaloff have covered the same ground in concert.



Garrick Ohlsson, at Alice Tully Hall.

The cycle will open on January 15, at Alice Tully Hall, with Chopin's first published work, an obscure C-Minor Rondo. That will be Ohlsson's only nod to chronology. Everything else he's arranged into fully packed programs that balance genres, styles, and emotions, so that even listeners who don't catch all six concerts are likely to emerge with a broader view of the composer. "People tend to think of Chopin as poetic and soulful, or, sometimes, heroic and epic," Ohlsson says. "Hearing the unfamiliar Chopin will force listeners to confront other aspects—the nationalistic, the folk-inspired, the demonic, even the vicious and the bizarre—that are also part of his genius."

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall, 875-5050; for Avery Fisher Hall, 875-5030; and for Carnegie Hall and Weill Recital Hall, 247-7800.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—DIE FLEDERMAUS, with Pamela Coburn, Harolyn Blackwell, Hanna Schwarz, Stanford Olsen, Anthony Laciura, Hermann Prey, and Wolfgang Brendel; conducted by Hermann Michael. (Jan. 11 at 8 and Jan. 14 at 1:30.) . . . LE NOZZE DI FIGARO, with Carol Vaness, Hei-Kyung Hong, Delores Ziegler, Dwayne Croft, and Simone Alaimo; James Levine. (Jan. 12 and Jan. 16 at 8.) . . . MADAMA BUTTERFLY, with Galina Gorchakova, Wendy White, Richard Leech, and Wolfgang Brendel; Franz Vote. (Jan. 13 at 8.) . . . L'ELISIR D'AMORE, with Ruth Ann Swenson, Jerry Hadley, Mark Oswald, and Paul Plishka; Edoardo Müller. (Jan. 14 at 8.) . . . With Lucio Gallo instead of Mr. Oswald. (Jan. 17 at 8.) (Metropolitan Opera House.)

L'Opéra Français de New York—Yves Abel conducts a concert performance of Gluck's "Orphée et Eurydice" (in the Paris version of 1774), with tenor Donald Kaasch and soprano Marvis Martin in the title roles. (Alice Tully Hall. Jan. 12 at 8.)

Bronx Opera Company—A fully staged production of Copland's "The Tender Land." (John Jay Theatre, 899 Tenth Ave., at 58th St. Jan. 13-14 at 8. Tickets at the door on the nights of the performances.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

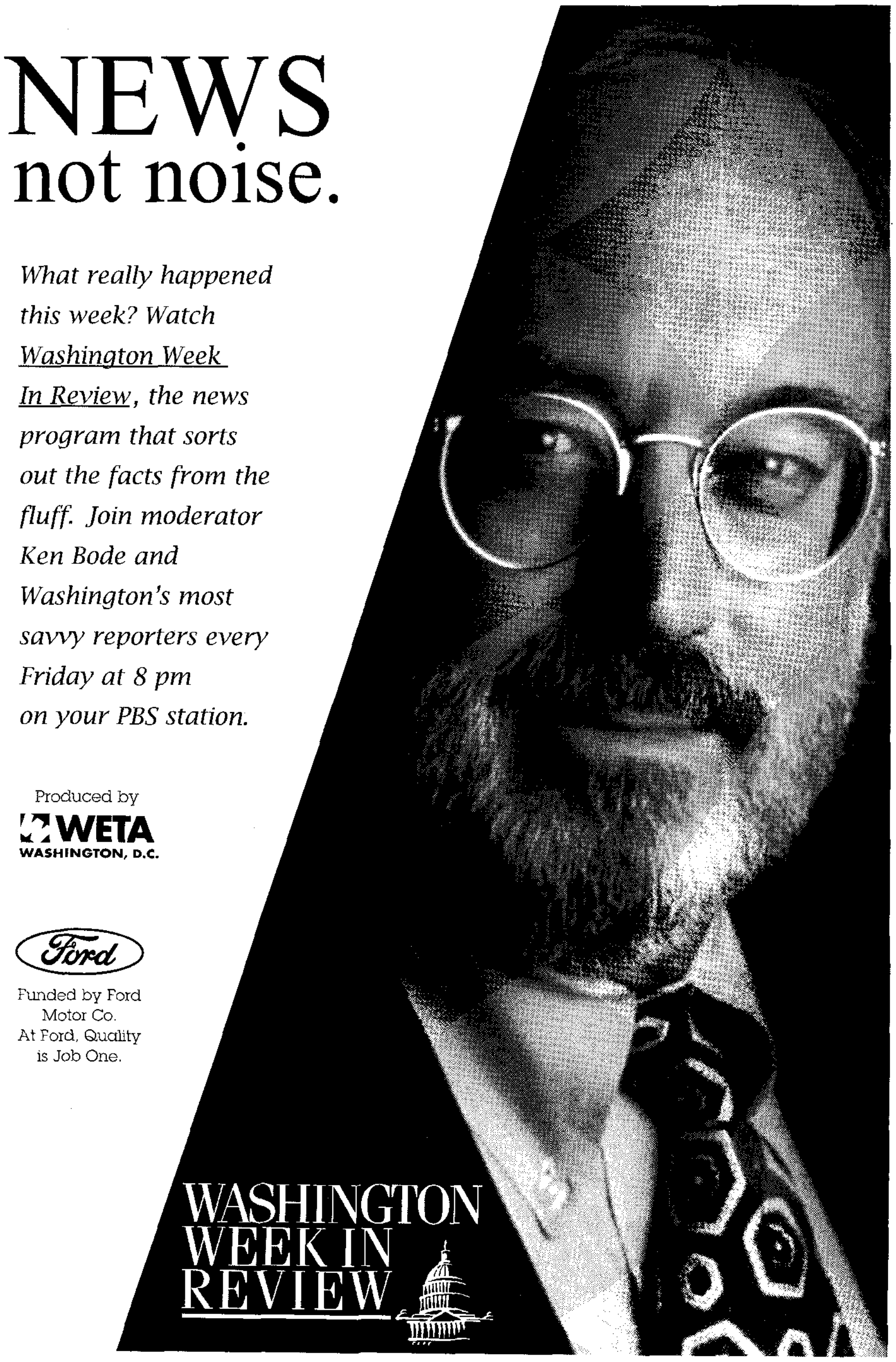
New York Philharmonic—Mariss Jansons conducts Rossini's "La Scala di Seta" Overture, Mozart's D-Minor Piano Concerto (with Christian Zacharias), and Strauss's "Ein Heldenleben." (Avery Fisher Hall. Jan. 12, Jan. 14, and Jan. 17, all at 8, and Jan. 13 at 2.)

American Symphony Orchestra—In an all-Bruckner program, under the direction of Leon Botstein, comprising the Symphony No. 5 (in its rarely heard 1894 edition), "Abendzauber" (for baritone, men's chorus, brass, and yodelers), "Germanenzug" (for men's choir and brass), and a new reconstruction of Psalm 146; with the Canticum Novum Festival Singers and several soloists. (Avery Fisher Hall. Jan. 13 at 7:30.)

Choir of King's College, Cambridge—A wide-ranging program of works by Robert Parsons, Robert Fayrfax, Bach, Poulenc, Jean Langlais, Frank Martin, Arvo Pärt, and Henryk Górecki, directed by Stephen Cleobury. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. 757-7013. Jan. 14 at 7.)

New York Virtuoso Singers—Harold Rosenbaum directs Brahms' "Liebeslieder Waltzes," the première of David Winkler's "Anthems of Love and War," Thea Musgrave's "Four Madrigals," and Frank Martin's "Song of Ariel from Shakespeare's 'Tempest.'" (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Jan. 14 at 8.)

TOM BLOOM



NEWS
not noise.

What really happened this week? Watch Washington Week In Review, the news program that sorts out the facts from the fluff. Join moderator Ken Bode and Washington's most savvy reporters every Friday at 8 pm on your PBS station.

Produced by
WETA
WASHINGTON, D.C.

Ford
Funded by Ford Motor Co.
At Ford, Quality is Job One.

CLASSICAL MUSIC—Cont'd

Orpheus—The conductorless chamber orchestra performs Stravinsky's "Danses Concertantes," Mendelssohn's String Symphony No. 8, and Mozart's Symphony No. 40. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. Jan. 15 at 2. For information about tickets, call 586-4680.)

Carnegie Hall Choral Workshop—In the hundred years since Paul Hindemith was born, his stock has sometimes soared and sometimes crashed, but at least a handful of his works have staked a claim in the repertoire. One of the most widely appreciated is his cantata "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd: Requiem for Those We Love," composed to Whitman's lament for the dead Lincoln. Conductor Robert Shaw, who commissioned Hindemith to compose the cantata, in 1945, will turn his microscope on it during this year's installment of Carnegie Hall's annual Professional Training Choral Workshop. In the culminating concert, he'll direct the workshop participants, the Robert Shaw Festival Chorus, the Orchestra of St. Luke's, and soloists Marietta Simpson (mezzo-soprano) and William Stone (baritone) in a performance of the Hindemith cantata, as well as in Brahms' "Nänie" and "Gesang der Parzen." (Carnegie Hall. Jan. 15 at 3.)

Paul Hindemith, celebrated at Carnegie Hall Choral Workshop.

Orchestra of the Eighteenth Century—Frans Brueggen conducts Haydn's Symphony No. 92 (the "Oxford"), three concert arias by Mozart ("Nehmt meinen Dank," "Vorrei spiegarvi," and "Alcandro lo confesso / Non sò d'onde viene," with soprano Cyndia Sieden), and Beethoven's Symphony No. 5. (Avery Fisher Hall. Jan. 15 at 3.)

Jupiter Symphony—Performing Handel's B-Flat-Major Concerto Grosso (Op. 6, No. 7), Haydn's Symphony No. 85 ("La Reine"), Tchaikovsky's "Andante Cantabile," and Mozart's Piano Concerto in E-Flat Major (K. 449, with Seymour Lipkin). Jens Nygaard conducts. (Good Shepherd Presbyterian Church, 152 W. 66th St. Jan. 16 at 2 and 7 and Jan. 17 at 8. For information about tickets, call 799-1259.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Christian Thielemann conducts Pfitzner's "Three Preludes from 'Palestrina,'" Mozart's B-Flat-Major Piano Concerto (K. 595, with Radu Lupu), and Beethoven's Symphony No. 5. (Carnegie Hall. Jan. 17 at 8.)

RECITALS

Ilton Wjuniski—Harpsichordist, playing Couperin's twelfth *ordre*, Bach's Fifth "French" Suite, and works by Alonso Mudarra, Domenico Scarlatti, and the contemporary Argentine-Brazilian Luis Mucillo. (Weill Recital Hall. Jan. 11 at 8.)

Ju-Ying Song—Performing a piano recital that comprises Bach's Partita No. 2, Haydn's E-Minor Sonata (No. 53), three études by Debussy, and Liszt's "Totentanz." (St. Paul's Chapel, Broadway at Fulton St. Jan. 12 at noon. Admission by contribution.)

Bargemusic—An all-Brahms concert. Pianist Anne-Marie McDermott performs the Two Rhapsodies (Op. 79); Denis Brott joins her for the E-Minor Cello Sonata; and violinist Carmit Zori completes the ensemble for the B-Major Piano Trio. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. Jan. 12 at 7:30 and Jan. 15 at 4.)

Essential Music—Presenting ten modern works that the ensemble calls "aggressive experimental soundpieces," which emphasize "the heroic aspects of performance"; including Cage's "Ear for Ear," Cornelius Cardew's "10,000 Nails in the Coffin of Imperialism," and Charles Wood's "out yak yak." (Washington Square Church, 135 W. 4th St. Jan. 12 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Jerome Lowenthal—The pianist plays an all-Bartók concert to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the founding of Third Street Music School Settlement, one of New York's oldest community music schools. His program comprises the Fourteen Bagatelles (Op. 6), the "Out of Doors" Suite, Three Études (Op. 18), and selections from "Mikrokosmos." (Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. Jan. 13 at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

Waverly Consort—Michael Jaffe directs the early-music group in an Italian Renaissance program that includes works by Landini, Giovanni de Cascia, and Dufay (his motet "Nuper Rosarum Flores"). (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Jan. 14 at 7.)

Lilya Zilberstein—In her New York début recital, the pianist performs Bach's "Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue" and works by Liszt (including his "Fantasy and Fugue on the Theme B-A-C-H") and Scriabin (including his Sonata No. 3). (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100. Jan. 14 at 8.)

Iris Regev—Cellist, with harpsichordist Ilan Rechtman, performing music by Bach. (Le Refuge Inn, 620 City Island Ave., City Island, the Bronx. 1-718 885-2478. Jan. 15 at noon.)

Arioso Trio—In a concert of piano trios by Haydn, Ravel, and Brahms (his Third). (Wave Hill, W. 249th St. at Independence Ave., the Bronx. 1-718 549-3200. Jan. 15 at 2.)

Garrick Ohlsson—The pianist launches his survey of *le tout* Chopin by performing the C-Minor Rondo (Op. 1), Four Mazurkas (Op. 6), "Boléro," "Variations Brillantes" (Op. 12), Waltz in A-Flat Major (Op. 42), F-Minor Fantasy (Op. 49), Two Nocturnes (Op. 27), and Scherzo No. 3. (Alice Tully Hall. Jan. 15 at 3.)

Peter Sykes—Performing his own organ transcription of Holst's "The Planets." (Church of St. Ignatius Loyola, Park Ave. at 84th St. 288-2520. Jan. 15 at 4.)

Salon Soirée—Chamber music by Ronn Yedidia, Scriabin, and others, performed in a second-floor music room. (Hotel Wales, Madison Ave. at 92nd St. Jan. 15 at 6 and 8. No tickets necessary.)

Vocal Potpourri—A wide-ranging recital that includes performances by sopranos Helen Donath and Marvis Martin, tenor Stanford Olsen, baritone Håkan Hagegård, violinist Pinchas Zukerman, and pianists John Browning, Warren Jones, and Klaus Donath, as well as by two singers who have received grants from the Marilyn Horne Foundation. (Alice Tully Hall. Jan. 16 at 7:30.)

Phillip Bush—Pianist, performing four of Debussy's études, as well as works by Bolcom, Ligeti, and John Zorn. (Bloomingdale House of Music, 323 W. 108th St. Jan. 17 at 7. For information about tickets, call 663-6021.)

Parnassus—The contemporary-music group offers a new work by Michael Gandolfi, Miriam Gideon's "The Resounding Lyre" (with tenor Mark Bleeke), and several works by György Kurtág. (Ethical Culture Society, 2 W. 64th St. Jan. 17 at 8. For information about tickets, call 864-4197.)

Jennifer Hoult—Harpist, in a concert including music by Fauré, Prokofiev, Nino Rota, Anthony Madigan, and George Zarr. (Weill Recital Hall. Jan. 17 at 8.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

Honoring Dr. King—Events around the city mark what would have been the sixty-sixth birthday of Martin Luther King, Jr. Jan. 14-15 at 1: A workshop to create personal freedom-story quilts based on traditional African patchworks. (Kerlin Learning Center, Wave Hill, W. 249th St. at Independence Ave., the Bronx. For information, call 1-718 549-3200.) . . . ¶ Jan. 16 at 8: Soprano Clamma Dale, accompanied by pianist David Tice, in a concert of songs of the Civil War and Emancipation era. (Weill Recital Hall. 247-7800.) . . . ¶ Jan. 16 at 8: Thulani Davis, Toi Derricotte, Sonia Sanchez, Cornelius Eady, and other poets will join editor E. Ethelbert Miller in a reading from "In Search of Color Everywhere," Mr. Miller's anthology of African-American poetry. In addition to their own poems, they will read work by such predecessors as Paul Laurence Dunbar, Jean Toomer, and Langston Hughes. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100.) . . . ¶ Jan. 16 at 8: Steve Cannon, Regie Camico, Debby Branch, Esther Iveram, and Ron Kolm read from their work, and the Jemeel Moondoc quintet plays jazz. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Tickets at the door on the night of the performance.)

Trash Talk—The last in a series of lectures in connection with the New York Public Library's exhibition "Garbage! The History and Politics of Trash in New York City." Commissioner John J. Doherty of the Department of Sanitation, who began his career in 1960 "picking up garbage and sweeping the streets," will present his own history of this essential city service, called "One San Man's View." Those in attendance should not expect a tidy evening: previous lectures and the ensuing discussions have become flash points for virulent political exchange. The exhibit itself, with its long view of garbage, is wryer: visitors may investigate sniff boxes ("What was the smell of tenements?") with surprising perfumes (pine-soap disinfectants, apparently), or muse upon a photograph of a fin-de-siècle street sweeper in his white-duck topcoat and matching pith helmet. (Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. 930-0571. The talk takes place on Jan. 11 at 6. The exhibition continues through Feb. 25.)

Dream Boats and Runabouts—Clamber aboard the ships at the New York National Boat Show, the world's longest-running boat ba-

ARCHIVE PHOTOS

zaar. The six-day convention comes loaded with the latest nautical gadgetry, from color-monitor navigation systems to windshield clips for cellular phones. There are seminars for studious water-skiers and anglers, and the America's Cup trophy is on display. But the boats are the show's biggest draw: speedboats, Jet-Skis, antique yachts, salt sport-fishing boats with marlin towers, luxury craft with staterooms and split-level salons—they're all in dry dock at the definitive shipping mall. (Jacob K. Javits Convention Center, Eleventh Ave. between 34th and 39th Sts. 307-7171. Jan. 11-14 from 10 to 9, and Jan. 15-16 from 10 to 6.)

Winter Walks—Jan. 13 at 1:30: Spot the hairy, the downy, and the red-bellied woodpecker in their winter feeding grounds. (New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park. For information, call 1-718 817-8700.) . . . ¶ Jan. 15 at 1: Learn to identify the winter forms of trees, shrubs, and wildflowers. (Wave Hill, W. 249th St. at Independence Ave., the Bronx. For information, call 1-718 549-3200.)

Readings—Jan. 17 at 7:30: Richard Howard will introduce the poets Mark Doty and Elizabeth Macklin, who will read from their verse. (Dia Center for the Arts, 155 Mercer St. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.) . . . ¶ Jan. 17 at 7:30: Helen Vendler will introduce Henri Cole, who will read from his book of poems "The Look of Things." (Books & Co., 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Jan. 17 at 8: Lesbian mystery writer Randye Lordon will read from her recent thriller "Sister's Keeper." (A Different Light Bookstore, 151 W. 19th St. No tickets necessary.)

Talks—Jan. 12 at 12:30: Richard Martin, curator of the Costume Institute at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, will discuss puritanism and practicality in American dress, in a talk titled "Beware of All Enterprises that Require New Clothes." (Fraunces Tavern Museum, 54 Pearl St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Jan. 12 at 6:30: George Mauner lectures on Ferdinand Hodler and Amiet Cuno, who represent the two poles of Swiss modernism. (The National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. 369-4880. The Academy's Hodler exhibition closes on Jan. 22.) . . . ¶ Jan. 14 at noon and 2: Alexandra Givens talks about the "scholarly saint" Catherine of Alexandria. (The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park. No charge beyond museum admission.)

FOR KIDS

(Accompanied by parents or other adults.)

"The Little Prince"—Theatreworks/USA presents a musical version of the story by Antoine de Saint-Exupéry, in which a wise and tiny prince abandons his asteroid home to find what's really important in the universe. The music is by Jeffrey Lunden, and the book and lyrics are by Arthur Perlman. (Promenade Theatre, Broadway at 76th St. 677-5959. Jan. 14-15 at 12:30.)

"The Prop Shop"—When the members of the TADA! ensemble start rummaging around in their costume closet for old hats, they wind up singing favorite old songs instead. With selections from the TADA! musicals "Maggie and the Pirate," "Robyn & Roadie's Super Holiday World," and "Wide-Awake Jake," among others. (TADA! Theatre, 120 W. 28th St. 627-1732. Jan. 13 at 7:30 and Jan. 14-16 at 1 and 3. Through Jan. 29.)

"Family Double Dare"—Contestants selected from the audience compete in over-the-top games taken from game shows on Nickelodeon, the cable-TV network. The emphasis is on frenzy and cream-pie sports: in "Pie Pod," for example, victims dodge spring-loaded pies, and in "Pie Wash" they are sent through a car wash for people, where the soap, wash, and brush machines pelt them with pies. The games start out at the Paramount, in Madison Square Garden (465-6741), on Jan. 14, at noon and 3:30, and end up at Nassau Coliseum (1-516 794-9300) on Jan. 15, at 1 and 4:30.

Mighty Morphin Power Rangers—It looks like this popular live-action sextet will be the only Ranger team to play in New York this winter. Expect a lot of rocketing around in helmets and Quattrocento-style tights. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 247-4777. Jan. 13 at 7, Jan. 14-15 at 1, 4, and 7, and Jan. 16 at 1 and 4. Through Jan. 22.)

"Jazz for Young People"—Trumpeter Wynton Marsalis has been explaining the principles of jazz in a series of concert demonstrations. In this installment, he and a three-piece band show how improvisation works. (Alice Tully Hall. 875-5050. Jan. 14 at 11 and 1.)

"Tunnel Visions"—Learn how the subway tunnels were dug under the city, and then build a model of them using cardboard, crayons, and masking tape. (New York Transit Museum, Schermerhorn St. at Boerum Pl., Brooklyn. Jan. 14 at 1:30. For information, call 1-718 330-8601. No charge beyond museum admission.)

Little People's Theatre Company—Presenting two shows: "Humpty Dumpty Falls in Love," at 1:30, and "The Three Little Pigs," at 3. (Courtyard Playhouse, 39 Grove St. 765-9540. Jan. 14-15. Through April 2.)

Sweet Honey in the Rock—The a-cappella quintet, whose rich music draws on gospel, folk, R. & B., jazz, and African chant, in their annual children's concert, commemorating Martin Luther King, Jr. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Jan. 15 at 2. For information about tickets, call 274-1948.)

Brooklyn Youth Chorus—The fifty-member chorus crosses the bridge for a King Day concert of songs from South Africa and selections by Purcell, Franck, and Debussy, among others. (Trinity Church, Broadway at Fulton St. Jan. 16 at noon. Admission by contribution.)

SPORTS

BASKETBALL

Déjà Blue—The Knicks' fortunes this season have been bound up with those of the emotional John Starks, an entanglement that too often has given us primal scenes like this one: the shooting guard hiding under a towel on the sidelines for long, long minutes, having shot, say, four for fourteen—which is what he did against Atlanta on Dec. 9. Since last June, when we endured his agony in the seventh game of the finals (two for eighteen), these displays of grief have begun to seem a little much. ("It's about the name on the *front* of the jersey, not the back," coach Pat Riley warned recently.) After center Patrick Ewing got in Starks' face for questioning the Big Fella's shot selection, the Little Guy responded: he's passing more, driving to the hoop, concentrating on defense. But no one feels safe yet. Coach Riley has taken to downplaying the importance of the regular-season record while promising that his team will be there for the tournament. As for the Nets, don't ask. Rookie coach Butch Beard has not been able to pull his team (personified by the surly Derrick Coleman) together. If anything, they're more scattered than ever, with even good guy Kenny Anderson mopping and whining and missing practice. Despite some amazing wins, like their twenty-seven-point blowout of the Orlando Magic, they don't have anything like a lock on making the playoffs this year.

Knicks—Vs. the Utah Jazz, Jan. 14 at 7:30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Nets, Jan. 16 at 1.

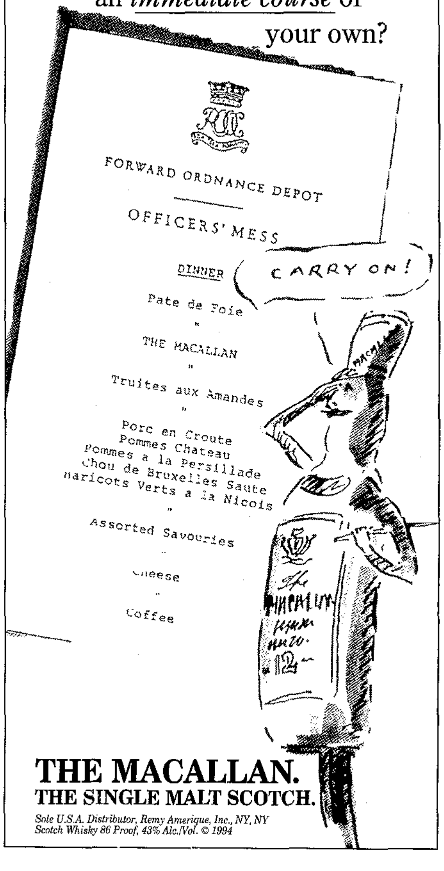
Nets—Vs. the Minnesota Timberwolves, Jan. 14 at 7:30.

(The Knicks play at Madison Square Garden, 465-5867, and the Nets at the Meadowlands Arena, 1-201 935-3900.)

A MILITARY SALUTE

Our gallant friend Colonel Y, a Highland Officer, recounts how he recently travelled on his military duties to a Camp in Germany. He took with him a bottle of The Macallan Malt Whisky which he duly presented to the President of the Mess, suggesting that the assembled officers have a glass each with the First Course on Dinner Night.

The President was so impressed with the glorious aroma that billowed from the opened bottle (*The Macallan is the last Malt Whisky* to be matured the traditional way *exclusively* in sherry casks) that he insisted they should treat it as a special and separate course. The result we here append — a fitting tribute to The Macallan and the dashing officer who brought such comfort to the troops. Surely conduct to be emulated with an *immediate course* of your own?



THE MACALLAN.
THE SINGLE MALT SCOTCH.

Sole U.S.A. Distributor, Remy Amerique, Inc., NY, NY
Scotch Whisky 86 Proof, 43% Alc./Vol. © 1994

THE MOVIES

FILMS OPENING THIS WEEK

Brother Minister: The Assassination of Malcolm X—A documentary about the 1965 murder of the controversial Nation of Islam leader. Written and directed by Jack Baxter and Jefri Aalmuhammed. Opening January 11. (57th St. Playhouse.)

Far from Home: The Adventures of Yellow Dog—Phillip Borsos wrote and directed this movie, about a fourteen-year-old boy (Jesse Bradford) who, stranded in the wilderness of the Pacific Northwest, relies on his Labrador retriever for survival. With Bruce Davison, Mimi Rogers, and Tom Bower. Opening January 13. (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Eastside Playhouse, Gemini, Chelsea Cinemas, Lincoln Square, and National Twin.)

Higher Learning—Writer-director John Singleton's third movie (after "Boyz N the Hood" and "Poetic Justice") centers on three freshmen (Kristy Swanson, Michael Rapaport, and Omar Epps) on a university campus. With Ice Cube, Laurence Fishburne, and Jennifer Connelly. Opening January 11. (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 19th Street East 6, Gemini, Orpheum VII, 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

Tales from the Crypt: Demon Knight—A horror movie in which a Bible-wielding fiend (Billy Zane) terrorizes a group of boarding-house residents. With William Sadler and Jada Pinkett. Directed by Ernest Dickerson. Opening January 13. (Manhattan Twin, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Waverly, Chelsea Cinemas, Metro Cinema, and National Twin.)

CURRENT FILMS

(The signed notes are by Anthony Lane, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow. If a movie has received a full-length review in a previous issue, the date is given. Theatre addresses and phone numbers are listed on page 24.)

Cobb—The subject of Ron Shelton's brilliant new movie is Ty Cobb (played by Tommy Lee Jones), who was, by consensus, not only the greatest all-around baseball player who ever lived but also the meanest, the dirtiest, the most arrogant, and the most unscrupulous. Shelton's screenplay focusses on Cobb in 1960 and 1961—seventy-three years old, dying of cancer, and writing his memoirs. There isn't a trace of sentimentality in the picture. Cobb never goes soft on us, even as he nears death; he's a monster of mythic proportions, bellowing and thrashing and belching fire right to the end. Jones, in the spirit of the man he's playing, attacks the role with breathtaking ferocity. Together, he and Shelton create a grimly comic portrait of the artist as an old coot. Also with Robert Wuhl (as Cobb's unfortunate literary collaborator, Al Stump) and Lolita Davidovich.—T.R. (12/5/94) (Village East Cinemas.)

Colonel Chabert—A veteran of the Napoleonic Wars (Gérard Depardieu) discovers that his avaricious wife (Fanny Ardant), who thought he was dead, has remarried and claimed his inheritance. Based on Balzac's 1832 novel and written by Jean Cosmos, Veronique Lagrange, and the director, Yves Angelo. In French. (Lincoln Square.)

The Congress of Penguins—The Swiss director Hans-Ulrich Schlumpf travelled to Antarctica to shoot this surreal documentary about the environmental depredation of the planet. In German. (Film Forum.)

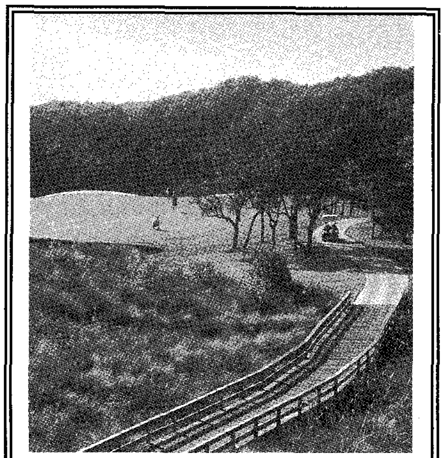
Death and the Maiden—In an unnamed Latin-American country, a human-rights activist (Stuart Wilson) and his wife (Sigourney Weaver) encounter the doctor (Ben Kingsley) who she believes was responsible for her torture under a previous regime. Adapted from the 1992 drama by the Chilean playwright Ariel Dorfman, who co-wrote the screenplay with Rafael Yglesias. Directed by Roman Polanski. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Village Theatre VII and Paris.)

Disclosure—In Barry Levinson's movie version of the Michael Crichton best-seller, Michael Douglas plays an executive whose livelihood is threatened by his sexually predatory new boss (Demi Moore). The presence of Douglas, who has made a career of being pursued by beautiful, dangerous women, turns this sexual-harassment thriller into instant camp. Once again, he's the poster boy for men's fear of aggressive women—the Clarissa Harlowe of male-backlash cinema. In the picture's floridly silly centerpiece scene, Moore jumps his bones in her new office and he struggles manfully, showing us the hairy chest beneath the hero's ripped bodice. Once that hilarious encounter is over, the movie gets ordinary in a hurry; it's tasteful, bland, and only mildly entertaining. Screenplay by Paul Attanasio.—T.R. (12/19/94) (Village Theatre VII, Murray Hill Cinemas, New York Twin, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, Lincoln Square, Metro Cinema, and Criterion Center.)

Drop Zone—Skydiving is still a novel action-movie ploy, and this Wesley Snipes take-the-money-and-jump vehicle boasts huge, elaborate helpings of it. But there's a sorry excuse for a story line: U.S. Marshal Snipes's revenge for the murder of his marshal brother (Malcolm-Jamal Warner). Violence, spectacle, and high-tech gadgetry go by in a slick blur. The better-than-usual supporting cast (including Gary Busey, Michael Jeter, and the disarmingly funny Kyle Secor) serves the same function as Snipes's red Mustang convertible and a pink rattletrap plane: it provides a dash of color. With Yancy Butler as the female lead; at her worst she both whines and glares. John Badham directed.—M.S. (19th Street East 6, 34th Street Showplace, Manhattan Twin, Orpheum VII, Waverly, 84th Street Sixplex, and Astor Plaza.)

Dumb and Dumber—Stipulated: Jim Carrey, as an easily distracted limo driver, and Jeff Daniels, as a dim dog groomer, are a first-rate pair of baggy-pants Gumps—they can double you over with a straggly line reading, a deadpan that betrays no mental pulse, or a semi-schizophrenic grin. But the screenplay for this deliberately over-the-top (under-the-bottom?) farce—about Carrey's unwitting retrieval of some ransom money and his effort to return it to his dream gal (Lauren Holly) in Aspen—doesn't pass muster as a string of moronic skits (studded with urine and fart jokes) or as a lampoon of buddy movies. The director, Peter Farrelly (who co-wrote with his brother Bobby Farrelly and Bennett Yellin), slips on his own comic puddles.—M.S. (Village East Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Murray Hill Cinemas, Cinema 3rd Avenue, Orpheum VII, Lincoln Square, Olympia, and Criterion Center.)

Federal Hill—The invasion of the Scorsesoids continues with this Providence, R.I., version of "Mean Streets," written, produced, and directed by Michael Corrente. Anthony De Sando is a suave small-time coke dealer; Nicholas Turturro (who steals the movie) is his best pal, a brash thief who becomes proprietary when his friend falls hard for a Brown University coed (Libby Langdon). The action hints that Turturro, a gay-basher, may have a thing for



13 Miles Of Beach, 90 Holes Of Public and Private Golf, 12 Bed & Breakfast Inns, 3 Oceanfront Resorts, Over 400 Years Of History.

Your Vacation May Not Be Endless, But The Possibilities Are.

AMELIA ISLAND

AND HISTORIC FERNANDINA BEACH
Call 1-800-2-AMELIA (800-226-3542)

What the World Reads

Clear, Concise, Smart.
All the World's News, plus
Finance, Travel, Fashion
and the Arts.

CALL 1-800-882-2884

Herald INTERNATIONAL Tribune
DELIVERED DAILY THROUGHOUT THE AMERICAS

CRUISE NEW YORK STATE CANALS
FLORIDA WATERWAYS
"European Style" Weekly bareboat rentals

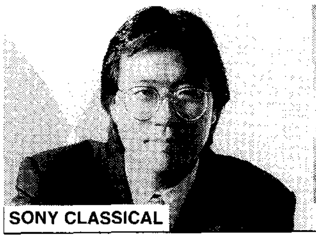
COLLAR CITY CHARTERS, INC.
1-800-830-5341

PARIS NOTES
The Newsletter for People Who Love Paris
A fine way to stay in touch with the world's favorite city.
History, Culture, Art, Trends, Books, Current Events, People, Fun Facts, Travel and Language Tips, and More.
$36 per year (10x). Sample copy $6. Cheques only.
PO Box 3668, Manhattan Beach, CA 90266
(310) 545-2735 • Full money back guarantee!

Any 4 Classical CDs for $1.00 EACH

Complete details
on other side

Great Artists on Great Labels!



ELEKTRA/NONESUCH

HARMONIA MUNDI

Yo-Yo Ma's latest release is entitled *The New York Album.* Concertos by Albert, Bartok, Bloch. (Sony Class.) **102•921**

Kronos Quartet in *Night Prayers* with guest artists Dawn Upshaw, Djvan Gaparian, etc. (Elektra/Nonesuch) **102•962**

Itzhak Perlman performs the Mendelssohn *Concerto* and the Prokofiev *Second.* Barenboim conducts. (Erato) **469•874**

Anonymous 4 singing *Love's Illusion*—music from the Montpellier Codex, 13th Century. (Harmonia Mundi) **102•152**

Rimsky-Korsakov: *Scheherazade;* **Stravinsky:** *Scherzo Fantastique.* Chailly cond. (London) **489•112**

Mahler: *Symphony No. 2 "Resurrection."* Bernstein cond. (DG) **473•769/393•769**

Schubert: *"Trout" Quintet; Quartet D.96.* J. Levine, piano; members of Berlin & Vienna Philharmonics (DG) **473•355**

Berlioz: *Symphonie Fantastique.* Solti cond. (London) **472•878**

Boccherini: *Guitar Quintets 1, 2, 3.* Artaria Quartet. (Harmonia Mundi) **471•920**

Russian Church Music. Slavyanka Men's Chorus. (Harmonia Mundi) **471•904**

Anonymous 4—An English Ladymass (Harmonia Mundi) **471•854**

Mozart: *Rondo & Horn Concertos.* Tafelmusik (Vivarte) **471•284**

John Eliot Gardiner—Famous Bach Choruses (Archiv) **488•361**

Bruckner: *Symphony No. 7.* Abbado, Vienna Phil. (DG) **488•338**

Ibert: *Escales, Flute Concerto;* more. Dutoit cond. (London) **488•320**

Handel: *Water Music.* Mackerras. St. Luke's Orch. (Telarc) **462•523**

Rachmaninov: *Vespers.* Shaw Festival Singers (Telarc) **462•499**

Beethoven: *Piano Conc. No. 5 "Emperor".* R. Serkin, Ozawa cond. (Telarc) **462•416**

Fauré: *Piano Quartets.* Ax, Stern, Laredo, Ma. (Sony Class.) **458•554**

Rachmaninov: *Piano Con. No. 2; Rhapsody.* Cecile Licad; Abbado (CBS Mast.) **456•103**

Cecilia Bartoli—If You Love Me (London) **455•014**

Glenn Gould Edition—Bach: *Goldberg Variations;* etc. Historic 1955 Debut Album (Sony Class.) **450•676**

Vladimir Horowitz—Discovered Treasures (Sony Class.) **450•502**

Mahler: *Symphony No. 4.* B. Hendricks; Salonen, L.A. Philharm. (Sony Class.) **449•116**

Dvorak: *Sym. No. 8;* **Janacek:** *Sinfonietta.* Masur, New York Phil. (Teldec) **483•909**

Beethoven: *String Quartets Nos. 6 & 7.* Cleveland Quartet (Telarc) **484•162**

Faure & Durufle: *Requiems.* Blegen, Morris; Shaw cond. (Telarc) **483•370**

Dvorak In Prague—A Celebration with Ma, Perlman, von Stade; Ozawa cond. (Sony Class.) **481•176**

Wagner Gala. Music for *Lohengrin, Tannhauser,* etc. Abbado cond. (DG) **478•925**

Bloch: *America (An Epic Rhapsody); Concerto Grosso.* Schwarz cond. (Delos) **477•752**

Placido Domingo—Opera Classics (EMI Classics) **477•737**

Poulenc: *Concerto For 2 Pianos; Organ Conc.;* more. Roge, Hurford, Deferne; Dutoit cond. (London) **485•656**

Chant—Benedictine Monks Of Santo Domingo (Angel) **477•067**

Haydn: *Sym. 101 "Clock"; Sym. No. 103 "Drumroll".* Bruggen, Orch. 18th Century (Philips) **477•034**

Holst: *The Planets.* Previn, Royal Philharm. (Telarc) **462•564**

"Thirty-two Short Films About Glenn Gould"—orig. sndk. (Sony Class.) **481•945**

Bach: *Partitas For Violin.* Viktoria Mullova (Philips) **478•933**

JOHN TAVENER
AKATHIST OF THANKSGIVING

Tavener: *Akathist Of Thanksgiving.* Neary, BBC Sym. & Singers (Sony Class.) **102•988**

Wagner: *The "Ring" Without Words.* Maazel, cond. (Telarc) **462•549**

Beethoven: *Octet Op. 103;* more rarely-heard works for winds. Neidich & Mozzafiato (Vivarte) **485•615**

Dvorak: *Piano Quartet & Quintet.* M. Pressler, piano; Emerson String Quartet (DG) **485•557**

The Segovia Collection, Vol. 4—The Baroque Guitar. (MCA Classics) **375•998**

Bruckner: *Symphony No. 3.* Solti cond. (London) **478•941**

Granados: *Goyesca.* A. de Larrocha, piano (London) **477•042**

Luciano Pavarotti—My Heart's Delight (London) **477•729**

Christopher Parkening Plays Vivaldi (EMI Classics) **477•075**

Secrets Of The Old—Complete songs of Samuel Barber. Hampson, Studer, Browning; Emerson String Quar. (DG) **488•411/398•412**

Ives: *Symphony No. 3; Unanswered Question;* etc. Orpheus Chamber Orch. (DG) **488•395**

Copland: *Grohg; Hear Ye, Hear Ye!*—2 early ballet scores. Knussen cond. (Argo) **487•041**

Schoenfield, Paul: *Four Parables; Klezmer Rondos; Vaudeville.* Soloists, John Nelson cond. (Argo) **487•033**

Liszt: *Dante Symphony; Dante Sonata for Piano.* Barenboim, soloist and cond. (Teldec) **487•025**

Beethoven/Schumann: *Piano Quartets.* I. Stern, Y. Ma; E. Ax; J. Stern. (Sony Class.) **486•662**

Jose Carreras—The Great Carreras (Philips) **486•589**

Borodin: *Symphonies Nos. 1 & 2,* etc. Ashkenazy (London) **486•555**

Bartok: *The Wooden Prince; Cantata Profana.* Boulez, Chicago Sym. & Chorus (DG) **477•711**

"Schindler's List"—Orig. Sndtrk. (MCA) **472•795**

Mendelssohn: *A Midsummer Night's Dream.* Harnoncourt cond. (Teldec) **469•601**

Pachelbel: Music For Organ. Werner Jacob (Virgin Class.) **471•177**

Mozart: *Oboe Concerto; Bassoon Concerto; Flute & Harp. Conc.* Koopman cond. (Erato) **469•635**

Orff: *Carmina Burana.* Mehta, London Phil. & Choir (Teldec) **469•593**

Tchaikovsky: *Sym. No. 6 "Pathetique".* Herbert von Karajan cond. (DG) **469•510**

Orpheus Chamber Orchestra—Prokofiev: *Classical Symphony;* Bizet: *Symphony In C;* more. (DG) **469•254**

Ruth Ann Swenson
EMI

Ruth Ann Swenson—Positively Golden (EMI Classics) **102•111**

Dawn Upshaw And Thomas Hampson—Long Time Ago (Teldec) **487•090**

Berlioz: *Messe Solennelle.* Monteverdi Choir; John E. Gardiner cond. (Philips) **478•917**

J.S. Bach: *Suites For Orchestra.* Hogwood cond. (L'oiseau Lyre) **476•952/396•952**

Schubert: *Sym. No. 9, "The Great".* Bernstein cond. (DG) **476•903**

Ivo Pogorelich—Ravel: *Gaspard de la nuit;* Prokofiev: *Sonata No. 6.* (DG) **476•887**

Schubert: *Die Winterreise.* Fischer-Dieskau; Brendel at the piano (Philips) **476•846**

Beethoven: *Grosse Fugue.* Guarneri Quartet (Philips) **476•770**

Maxim Vengerov—Virtuoso Vengerov. Kreiser, Paganini, etc. (Teldec) **475•715**

Bach: *Brandenburg Concertos* (complete). I Musici (Philips) **475•541/395•541**

Brahms: *Piano Conc. No. 2.* Ashkenazy; Haitink, Vienna Phil. (London) **474•759**

Prokofiev: *Romeo & Juliet Suites 1, 2;* more. Skrowaczewski cond. (MLPR) **474•700**

Tchaikovsky: *Piano Concerto;* **Schumann:** *Piano Concerto.* Byron Janis, pianist (MLRP) **474•643**

NEW AGE

Guitar Sampler Vol. II—Various Artists (Windham Hill) **483•438**

Liz Story—My Foolish Heart (Windham Hill) **483•305**

Shadowfax—A Windham Hill Retrospective (Windham Hill) **483•214**

William Ackerman—Past Light (Windham Hill) **482•810**

Paul Winter—Prayer For The Wild Things (Living Music) **481•903**

Yanni—Live At The Acropolis (Private Music) **475•178**

Andreas Vollenweider—Eolian Minstrel (SBK) **471•300**

Musical Massage, Vol. 1. Various Artists (Relaxation Co.) **471•151**

Ottmar Liebert & Luna Negra—The Hours Between Night & Day (Epic) **464•149**

Various Artists—Celtic Odyssey (Narada) **460•964**

Sounds Of Nature—Sampler (Special Music Co.) **444•208**

A WINTER'S SOLSTICE IV

A Winter's Solstice IV—Various Artists (Windham Hill) **482•315**

Earth Sounds—Earth Sounds Sampler (Miramar) **489•658**

Jan Hammer—Beyond The Mind's Eye (Miramar) **489•617**

Tangerine Dream—220 Volt Line (Miramar) **489•583**

Jon Anderson—Deseo (Windham Hill) **489•518**

In Search Of Angels—Various Artists (Windham Hill) **488•247**

Ray Lynch—Nothing Above My Shoulders But The Evening (Windham Hill) **487•108**

Windham Hill Sampler '94—Various Artists (Windham Hill) **483•487**

Kitaro—Dream (Geffen) **444•299**

© 1995, The Columbia House Company.

JUST MAIL POSTPAID CARD TO GET YOUR 4 CDs!

NO POSTAGE
NECESSARY
IF MAILED
IN THE
UNITED STATES

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL
FIRST CLASS PERMIT NO 660 TERRE HAUTE, IN

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY ADDRESSEE

COLUMBIA HOUSE
CLASSICAL CLUB
1400 NORTH FRUITRIDGE AVENUE
TERRE HAUTE IN 47812-9202

Any 4 CDs for $1.00 EACH

SEE DETAILS BELOW

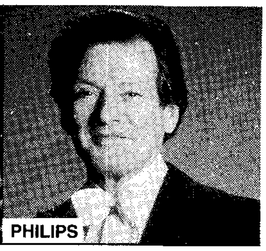
Alfred Brendel's incomparable performances of four Beethoven Sonatas—*Nos. 12,13,14 (Moonlight) & 19.* (Philips) **102•996**

DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON

James Levine and the MET Orch. in Beethoven's *"Eroica" Symphony* and Schubert's *"Unfinished".* (DG) **101•113**

SONY CLASSICAL

Midori performs the dark-hued Sibelius *Concerto* and the lilting Bruch *Scottish Fantasy.* Mehta conducts (Sony Class.) **102•947**



Sir Neville Marriner conducts Mozart's *Great Mass in c*—with Kiri Te Kanawa, Robert Lloyd; etc. (Philips) **103•010**

RAVEL · BOLERO

Ravel: *Bolero; Ma Mere L'oye; Rapsodie;* more. Boulez, Berlin Phil. (DG) **486•563**

Mozart: *Piano Conc. 26, "Coronation";* more. Murray Perahia (CBS Mast.) **328•740**

Beethoven/Mozart: *Piano Quintets.* Barenboim & members Chicago, Berlin Sym. (Erato) **103•481**

Dmitri Hvorostovsky—Songs Of Love And Desire; Bellini, Rossini, etc. (Philips) **103•044**

Haydn: *Piano Sonatas 32,47,53 & 59.* E. Ax. (Sony Class.) **102•970**

Chopin: *Cello Sonata; Polonaise Brillante;* more. E. Ax, P. Frank, Yo-Yo Ma (Sony Class.) **102•913**

Shostakovich: *Sym. No.13 "Babi Yar".* N.Y. Phil. & Chorus; Masur cond. (Teldec) **485•581**

Adams: *The Chairman Dances; Harmonielehre;* more. Rattle cond. (EMIClassics) **485•573**

Tchaikovsky/Arensky: *Piano Trios.* Cho-Liang; Bronfman, Hoffman, (Sony Class.) **485•565**

Ceremonial Music For Trumpet & Organ. Bach, Purcell, Gounod, etc. Smedvig & Murray (Telarc) **484•204**

R. Strauss: *Don Juan; Also Sprach Zarathustra.* Von Karajan, Berlin Phil. (DG) **469•239**

Luciano Pavarotti—Ti Amo: Puccini's Greatest Love Songs (London) **469•114**

Jessye Norman—Brava, Jessye (Philips) **469•080**

Anne-Sophie Mutter—Carmen-Fantasie (DG) **469•072**

Beethoven: *Symphony No. 5, Egmont Overture;* more. Masur, NY Phil. (Teldec) **468•330**

John Browning—Barber: The Complete Solo Piano Music (Musicmasters) **467•514**

John Bayless, Piano—The Puccini Album (Angel) **467•191**

Respighi: *Fountains & Pines Of Rome; Roman Festivals.* Sinopoli cond. (DG) **466•243**

Debussy: *Nocturnes; La Mer;* etc. Solti, Chi. Sym. (London) **463•109**

Pachelbel: *Kanon;* Tchaikovsky: *Serenade For Strings.* L. Slatkin cond. (Telarc) **462•655**

Chanticleer—Mexican Baroque (Teldec) **487•017**

Rachmaninov: *Sym. No. 2; The Rock.* Pletnev cond. (DG) **486•548**

Mozart: *Sonatas For Piano And Violin.* Isaac Stern, Yefim Bronfman (Sony Classical) **486•035**

Anne Sofie Von Otter—Grieg: Song Lieder (DG) **474•734**

Kiri Te Kanawa—"The Sorceress" (Philips) **101•949**

Julian Bream—Bach Guitar Recital (EMI Classics) **101•105**

Tchaikovsky: *Violin Con.;* etc. Sarah Chang (EMI Classics) **457•341**

Mieczyslaw Horszowski—Bach, Schumann, Chopin. (Elektra/Nonesuch) **435•503**

Mozart: *Sinfonia Concertante;* more. Cho-Liang Lin, J. Laredo. (Sony Class.) **432•955**

Mozart: The Complete Piano Sonatas, Vol. 2. Philippe Entremont (Pro Arte) **409•961**

Tchaikovsky: *Swan Lake & Sleeping Beauty Ballet Suites.* Muti cond. (EMI Classics) **334•680**

Arthur Grumiaux—Bach: Complete Sonatas And Partitas (Philips) **102•194/392•191**

Westminster Choir—O Magnum Mysterium (Chesky Records) **100•594**

GRAND GLORIOUS
GREAT OPERATIC CHORUSES
Robert Shaw
Atlanta Symphony Orchestra & Chorus

Grand & Glorious—Great Operatic Choruses. Shaw, cond. (Telarc) **483•313**

Itzhak Perlman Greatest Hits (DG) **463•026**

The 3 Tenors—In Concert: Carreras/Domingo/Pavarotti (London) **423•418**

Vivaldi: *The Four Seasons.* Nigel Kennedy, Eng. Chamber Orch. (EMI Classics) **414•672**

Wagner: *"Rienzi" Overture;* etc. Mehta, NY Phil. (Sony Classical) **443•226**

Kathleen Battle & Wynton Marsalis—Baroque Duet (Sony Class.) **439•372**

Brahms: *Serenade No. 2; Haydn Var.;* etc. M.T. Thomas, London Sym. (Sony Class.) **435•123**

Julia Pantelyat, Dmitris Manelis'—Ukrainian Cello Works Of Lisogub, others (Dorian) **103•549**

Tchaikovsky: *Sym. No. 1 "Winter Dreams" and No. 2 "Little Russian."* Gerard Schwarz cond. (Delos) **103•531**

Hovhaness: *Spirit Murmur* (String Quartets). Shanghai String Quartet (Delos) **103•523**

Cheryl Studer—Strauss: *Four Last Songs;* Wagner: *Wesendonck-Lieder;* more (DG) **103•002**

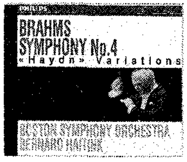
Verdi: *Falstaff.* Pons, DiNissa; Muti, La Scala Orch. (Sony Class.) **102•939/392•936**

Honegger: *Symphonies. Nos. 2 & 3; Pacific 231.* Mariss Jansons cond. (EMI Classics) **102•095**

Joel Cohen—Nueva Espana (Erato) **475•921**

Mozart: *Symphony No.39,* more. Giulini, Berlin Philharmonic. (Sony Class.) **449•207**

Gorecki: *Sym. No. 3.* Dawn Upshaw, soprano; Zinman cond. (Elektra/Nonesuch) **441•923**



Brahms. *Symphony No. 4; Haydn Variations.* Haitink, Boston Sym. (Philips) **100•883**

Maria Callas—La Divina 2 (EMI Classics) **102•087**

Awadagin Pratt—A Long Way From Normal. Piano works: Liszt, etc. (EMI Classics) **102•053**

Messiaen: *Illuminations Of The Beyond.* (Written for 150th Anniversary of NY Phil.) Myung-Whun Chung (DG) **100•834**

Brahms: *Quartets For Strings, Op. 51/1 & 67.* Borodin String Quartet (Teldec) **100•826**

Mozart: *Serenade In B-Flat For 13 Wind Instruments.* Mackerras cond. (Telarc) **102•178**

Beethoven: *Sym. Nos. 2 & 8.* Sawallisch, Royal Concertgebouw Orch. (EMI Classics) **101•956**

Chopin: *Sonata No. 2; 4 Ballades.* A. Gavrilov, piano (DG) **476•911**

LIGHT CLASSICS

***John Williams & Aaron* Copland**—Music For Stage And Screen (Sony Class.) **478•982**

Gil Shaham/Goran Sollscher—Paganini For Two. Italian music for violin and guitar. (DG) **478•958**

"Amadeus"—original sndtrk. Marriner, Acad. St. Martin (Fantasy) **478•909/398•909**

Sensual Classics II—Various Artists (Teldec) **477•760**

Heavy Classix, Vol. 2—Various Artists (Angel) **477•059**

Gershwin Plays Gershwin (Elektra/Nonesuch) **473•348**

Angel Romero—A Touch Of Romance (Telarc) **462•671**

Dinner Classics—Romance. (Sony Masterworks) **433•870**

Yo-Yo Ma/Bobby McFerrin—Hush (Sony Mast.) **432•930**

***The Spielberg/Williams* Collaboration.** Boston Pops Orchestra. (Sony Class.) **431•254**

Beethoven—Grt. Hits (CBS Mast.) **330•563**

Jose Carreras—Zarzuelas (Erato) **102•954**

Jean-Pierre Rampal—"Crossover USA" (Milan) **102•863**

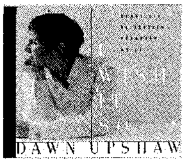
Michael Chertock—Cinematic Piano. Music from E.T., Casablanca, etc. (Telarc) **102•145**

Sexteto Major Tango Orch.—A Passion For Tango (Angel) **102•103**

My Favorite Love Songs. Various artists. Pavarotti's "Opera Made Easy" (London) **102•061**

"Passion"—Original Broadway Cast (Angel) **101•089**

Opera To Die For—Tragic Death Scenes From Popular Operas (Philips) **101•063**



Dawn Upshaw—I Wish It So. Songs by Weill, Sondheim, etc. (Elektra Nonesuch) **484•170**

Simion Stanciu Syrinx/Marielle Nordmann—Harp And Panpipe (Erato) **488•379**

The Opera Lovers "Philadelphia"—*opera* highlights featured in the award-winning film (London) **488•353**

Kiri Te Kanawa—Kiri (London) **488•346**

The Great Fantasy Adventure. Music from blockbuster movies! Kunzel, Cincinnati Pops (Telarc) **487•009**

"Carousel"—Original Cast (Angel) **100•859**

If application is missing, write: COLUMBIA HOUSE CLASSICAL CLUB
1400 North Fruitridge Avenue, P.O. Box 1129, Terre Haute, IN 47811-1129

SEND NO MONEY—JUST MAIL POSTPAID CARD TO GET YOUR 4 CDs FOR ONLY $1.00 EACH!

**COLUMBIA HOUSE, 1400 N. Fruitridge Ave.
P.O. Box 1129, Terre Haute, Indiana 47811-1129**

Please accept my membership application under the terms outlined in this advertisement. Send me the 4 CDs indicated here, and bill me only $1.00 each. I agree to buy one selection, at regular Club prices, in the coming year—and may cancel membership anytime after doing so.

Rush my CLASSICAL CDs ☑ to the following address:

☐ **Mr.**
☐ **Mrs.** ____________________ **Age** ______
Print First Name Initial Last Name
☐ **Miss**

Address ____________________ **Apt.** ______

City ____________________

State ____________________ **Zip** ____________

Do you have a VCR? (04) ☐ **Yes** ☐ **No** **A telephone?** (01) ☐ **Yes** ☐ **No**
Have you ever bought anything by mail in the past? (27) ☐ **Yes** ☐ **No**
How have you paid for your mail order purchase? Check below all that apply:
☐ **Cash** (28) ☐ **Check** (30) ☐ **Credit Card** (29) ☐ **Money Order** (31)

Note: we reserve the right to reject any application or cancel any membership. These offers not available in APO, FPO, Alaska, Hawaii, Puerto Rico; write for details of alternative offer. Canadian residents will be serviced from Toronto. Applicable sales tax added to all orders.

839/S95

SEND THESE 4 CDs

Selections with 2 numbers contain 2 CDs and count as 2—so write in each number in a separate box.

1. •
2. •
3. •
4. •

☐ **Extra Bonus Offer:** also send one more CD now, for which I will be billed $6.98, plus shipping/handling.

5. •

...and I'm entitled to get this extra CD FREE!

6. •

VVV-C7-3Q

- **To get your 4 CDs for only $1.00** just fill in and mail the postpaid card.
- **You agree** to buy just one more selection in the coming year, at the regular club price (currently $12.98 to $16.98), and you may cancel your membership at any time after doing so! (A shipping and handling charge will be added to each shipment.)
- **Free Music Magazine** sent every four weeks (up to 13 times a year), describing the Regular Classical Selection, plus scores of alternates from other fields of music. And Special Selection mailings up to six times a year (total of up to 19 buying opportunities).
- **Buy only what you want!** If you want the Regular or Special Selection, do nothing—it will be sent automatically. If you'd prefer an alternate selection, or none at all, just mail the response card always provided by the date specified.
- **You always have 10 days to decide;** if not, you may return the Selection at our expense.
- **INSTANT BONUS PLAN!** Right from the very start, *any* CD you purchase at regular Club price immediately entitles you to take another CD for only $3.99! This amounts to a discount of practically 40% on the CDs you want—and you enjoy this money-saving advantage for as long as you decide to remain a member.
- **10-Day Free Trial.** We'll send details of the Club's operation with your introductory package. If not satisfied, return everything within 10 days and you will have no further obligation.
- **Extra Bonus Offer:** you may take one additional CD right now for only $6.98, plus shipping and handling—and you are then entitled to take an extra CD as a bonus FREE! And you'll receive your discounted CD *and* your bonus CD with your 4 introductory selections—**that's 6 CDs for less than the price of one!**

COLUMBIA HOUSE
Entertaining America... One Person at a Time.®

De Sando, but Corrente doesn't take that notion too far. His movie is just another tale of overgrown boys in an Italian hood. By the end, Corrente has sentimentalized the coke dealer into a tragic Rhode Island Romeo. Michael Raynor, Jason Andrews, and Robert Turano round out the cast of buddies. In black-and-white.—M.S. (Columbus Circle.)

Hoop Dreams—An engrossing documentary about two inner-city Chicago teen-agers, William Gates and Arthur Agee, who aspire to careers in professional basketball. The filmmakers—Steve James, Frederick Marx, and Peter Gilbert—follow them all the way through high school. In the course of the movie's patient, sympathetic narrative (the running time is close to three hours), our reaction to the heroes' progress changes decisively, and for the better: at first we're assessing their chances, measuring them for N.B.A. uniforms; by the end we're rooting for them simply to survive the process without losing all their exuberance and drive and creative spirit.—T.R. (10/17/94) (Quad Cinema, and Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

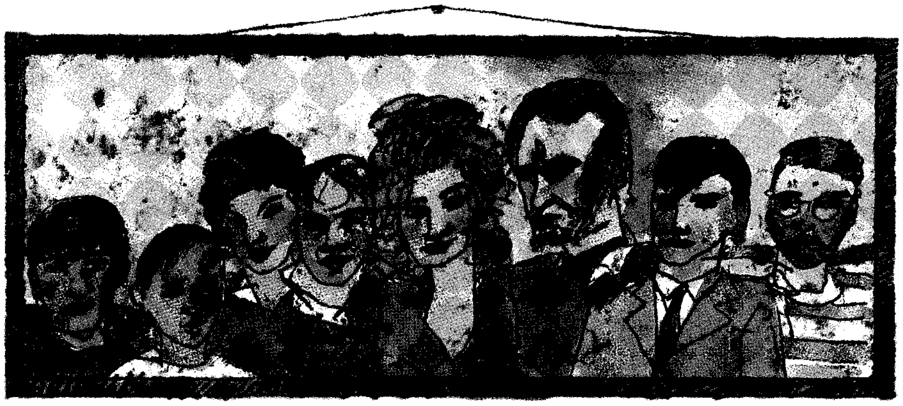
House Guest—The standup comedian Sinbad stars as a con man who spends a holiday weekend hanging around Phil Hartman's suburban palace and impersonating his host's long-lost high-school friend. Directed by Randall Miller. (Village East Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Sutton, Orpheum VII, 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy 1.)

Immortal Beloved—Bernard Rose's new biography of Beethoven presumes, as movies will, that all creative outbursts are sparked by a crazy personal life, a supposition that allows the composer (Gary Oldman) to behave like a rock star; the film is only minutes old when he trashes a hotel room. Rose filters our view of the musician through Anton Schindler, Beethoven's secretary (Jeroen Krabbé, who looks more like Beethoven than Oldman does). But the film is flat. Sadly, Rose's approach has grown more stolid since his last film, "Candyman." Only once does he aim high, in a great kitsch-cosmic shot of the infant genius lost in a sea of stars. Valeria Golino, Isabella Rossellini, and the admirable Johanna Ter Steege play the three main women in Beethoven's life—the nominations for Best Supporting Muse. There's no surprise in the winner, nor in the choice of music—a roster of greatest hits.—A.L. (Village Theatre VII, First & 62nd Cinemas, Chelsea Cinemas, and Lincoln Square.)

I.Q.—Half a great movie. For the first hour, Fred Schepisi's new comedy hits a high note of tolerant goofiness. Walter Matthau as Albert Einstein, Meg Ryan as the physicist's niece, Stephen Fry as her intended, Tim Robbins as her garage-monkey love interest: with a cast like that, it's not hard to keep the movie kicking along, and the blooming backdrop of nineteen-fifties Princeton adds to the sensation that these guys are living through an age of innocence and making the most of it. Schepisi fools around nicely with the contest between logic and love; Einstein and his cronies hatch a plan to bring Robbins and Ryan together, thus assisting an already benign universe. The jokes never blast; they feel subtle and syncopated, hitting you at quiet moments, staying away from the main rhythms of the plot—a wise move, because the plot (never strong to begin with) soon starts to crack. By the end, it's in total collapse, and the good mood dissolves.—A.L. (12/26/94-1/2/95) (Village Theatre VII, 34th Street Showplace, New York Twin, East 85th Street, Chelsea Cinemas, Lincoln Square, and Embassy.)

Ladybird, Ladybird—A poor, abused mother (Crissy Rock) leaves her four children alone in a women's refuge on a night that fire breaks out. Social workers take the kids away and later refuse to let her keep two babies she has with a gentle Paraguayan (Vladimir Vega). Gripping but limited, this factually based account of her futile custody fights, written by Rona Munro, epitomizes the downbeat realism of the director, Ken Loach. Although he criticizes the mother for giving in to anger (and resists demonizing the social workers even when they betray class bias), the way Loach shapes the material suggests that he gets off on her rage. The movie becomes one paroxysm after another. Because it's so fatalistic, you're flabbergasted when the end titles announce that the couple retained custody of three future babies.—M.S. (Film Forum.)

Legends of the Fall—Edward Zwick's film, based on Jim Harrison's brawny novella, is a father-and-sons saga, in which three handsome brothers (Brad Pitt, Aidan Quinn, Henry Thomas) compete for the approval of a stern patriarch (Anthony Hopkins). At first, the picture plays like "East of Eden" with a bonus brother; it gets sillier as it goes. Halfway through, Pa suffers a stroke, and Hopkins' performance turns into a mad music-hall impersonation of a peg-leg pirate. He squints, he hobbles, he bellows incomprehensibly, and his outrageous scenery-chewing reveals the movie's true nature: it's the Monty Python version of "Bonanza." Also with Julia Ormond and Gordon Tootoosis.—T.R. (1/9/95) (Beekman, Chelsea Cinemas, and Lincoln Square.)



Robert Allan Ackerman's "Safe Passage."

Little Women—Gillian Armstrong's movie is more naturalistic—less storybooklike—than the previous screen versions of Louisa May Alcott's novel about a poor but noble New England family in the eighteen-sixties. In this rendering, the Marches—mother, father (mostly absent), and four daughters—inhabit a coherent, fully realized world. It's a deceptively audacious picture. Armstrong and the screenwriter, Robin Swicord, treat Alcott's familiar coming-of-age saga as if it were the story of American culture's coming of age, and, amazingly, they make their grand conception stick. Winona Ryder, as the aspiring writer Jo, gives a luminous performance; she shows us that even this remarkable young woman comes out of a family, and out of a society. Also with Susan Sarandon, Trini Alvarado, Claire Danes, Kirsten Dunst, Samantha Mathis, Christian Bale, Gabriel Byrne, and Mary Wickes.—T.R. (1/9/95) (Village Theatre VII, 34th Street Showplace, First & 62nd Cinemas, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, and Lincoln Square.)

The Madness of King George—Nigel Hawthorne re-creates his celebrated turn as George III, the British monarch who lost the American colonies forever and his mind for a while. Helen Mirren, Rupert Everett, Amanda Donahoe, Rupert Graves, and Ian Holm are among those in his orbit. Alan Bennett adapted his 1991 play; Nicholas Hytner directed both versions. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

A Man of No Importance—Albert Finney's string of distinctive performances hits a knot with this poignant whimsy about a sexually repressed gay bus conductor in early-sixties Dublin. He regales his passengers with the words of Oscar Wilde, stages "Salome" in a church hall, and eventually struts out of the closet in a Wildean getup, complete with green carnation. The writer, Barry Devlin, and the director, Suri Krishnamma, have conceived their hero as such a gentle, eccentric dreamer that Finney can't locate a core; he relies on tortuous expressions of elfish desperation. With Tara Fitzgerald, Brenda Fricker, Michael Gambon, and Rufus Sewell.—M.S. (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas. . . . ¶ Eastside Playhouse; through Jan. 12.)

Nell—The title character of Michael Apted's film is a young woman (played by Jodie Foster) who has been brought up in a remote cabin in the North Carolina woods, and who speaks a private language. The filmmakers set up an irresistible human mystery, but the closer they get to Nell the less interesting she becomes; by the time it's over, the picture is speaking a language no one could understand. The heroine, bathed in romantic moonlight, turns into a one-woman pagan idyll, while remaining stubbornly asexual. Foster's performance, full of trick vocal effects and stylized gestures, is abstract and ultimately baffling. As you watch her swaying and gyrating sensuously to the rhythms of nature, you can't help wondering how this backwoods hermit managed to pick up all that classy Martha Graham technique. With Liam Neeson, Natasha Richardson, and Richard Libertini. Screenplay by William Nicholson and Mark Handley, from a play by Handley.—T.R. (12/19/94) (Murray Hill Cinemas, Coronet, Orpheum VII, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, and Regency.)

Nobody's Fool—Paul Newman plays Sully, a divorced, erratically employed construction worker in a dingy upstate New York town. Robert Benton's movie (based on a novel by Richard Russo) is essentially a series of low-key comic vignettes in which the hero, who presents himself as an ornery, self-sufficient loner, tries to deal with the exasperating presence of other people: irritable neighbors, demanding friends, disappointed family members. Not much happens, but the movie bobs along amiably to the rhythm of Newman's dry, deeply funny performance, and the tiny pleasures accumulate like the snow that covers the town. By the end, even the picture's dogged uneventfulness seems like a virtue. Benton doesn't oversell the significance of his characters' mundane problems, and he winds up giving us something unusual—a graceful and accurate depiction of everyday life in an old, cold place. The terrific supporting cast includes Bruce Willis, Melanie Griffith, Jessica Tandy, and Gene Saks.—T.R. (Village Theatre VII, Tower East, and Lincoln Square.)

Pulp Fiction—In Quentin Tarantino's new picture, John Travolta, Samuel L. Jackson, Uma Thurman, Tim Roth, Harvey Keitel, Christopher Walken, and Bruce Willis parade through two and a half hours of complicated, cross-weaving Los Angeles plots, some of which are more gripping than others; the talk is dirty and funny, the violence always waiting just around the corner. It's a bright and startling picture, but the next day, it seems like a dream: the film attacks your senses and gives you almost nothing to remember it by, let alone to nourish you.—A.L. (10/10/94) (Village East Cinemas, Murray Hill Cin-

ROBERT ANDREW PARKER

CURRENT FILMS—Cont'd

emas, First & 62nd Cinemas, Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy.)

Queen Margot—A historical drama, set in sixteenth-century France, about the marriage of Marguerite of Valois (Isabelle Adjani), the Catholic sister of Charles IX (Jean-Hugues Anglade), to the Protestant Henri of Navarre (Daniel Auteuil)—a wedding that preceded, by only a few days, the deaths of thousands of Protestants in the St. Bartholomew's Day massacre. Virna Lisi plays Catherine de Medici. Directed by Patrice Chereau. In French. (Angelika Film Center and Cinema II.)

Ready to Wear (Prêt-à-Porter)—Robert Altman turns his roving eye to the world of fashion. It should have been a perfect match of style and subject, but Altman seems to have decided in advance that the subject was barely worth his attention. Set amid the anarchy of Paris fashion week, the movie is so well oiled that it never snags on anything substantial, slipping from one micro-plot to the next without pausing to wonder where the center of interest lies. As in "Short Cuts," the cast is huge, but this ensemble is never put to the test. Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni are jokey and touching as long-parted paramours, but fine actors like Forest Whitaker and Lauren Bacall are wasted resources. A film that confines Tim Robbins and Julia Roberts to the bedroom is squandering its comic energies; when Roberts finally gets dressed, her smile—and her suit—remind you of what could have been.—A.L. (12/26/94-1/2/95) (Angelika Film Center, 19th Street East 6, Cinema I, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Red—The last and best film in the trilogy that began with the baffling "Blue" and continued with the more acrid "White"; here all the skills of the director, Krzysztof Kieślowski, are brought into melancholy play. Blind chance or benign fate (according to your point of view) brings Valentine (Irène Jacob), a young model living alone in Geneva, into contact with a retired judge (Jean-Louis Trintignant) with a predilection for eavesdropping on telephone conversations. In time Valentine's repulsion shades into curiosity, and from there into affection. And the movie itself shades from coldness and contrivance into a story as touching and mysterious as anything Kieślowski has ever made. At the end, Kieślowski assumes the mantle of Prospero, magically (and rather absurdly) assembling the trilogy's main players, and it's hard to begrudge the master his final flourish. In French.—A.L. (11/28/94) (Quad Cinema and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Richie Rich—Working-class parents learn that the wealthiest boy in creation is normal and lovable, not spoiled rotten—something the star, Macaulay Culkin, must want to communicate to his fans. Donald Petrie's prop-heavy version of the comic book depicts Richie in turn as a poor little rich boy and a kiddie James Bond. He has to outmaneuver a greedy underling (John Larroquette) who almost kills Richie's benevolent Dad (Edward Herrmann) and Mom (Christine Ebersole) in an attempt to grab the family's multinational corporation. As they did in "The Flintstones," the screenwriters, Tom S. Parker and Jim Jennewein, cram spoofs of corporate politics into live-action cartoons with dispiriting advertising tie-ins: Richie wins over his buddies by treating them at his in-house McDonald's.—M.S. (Village East Cinemas, First & 62nd Cinemas, Orpheum VII, 23rd St. West Triplex, 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

Rudyard Kipling's The Jungle Book—Mowgli (Jason Scott Lee) isn't a wolf boy any longer. He's a cliché Lord of the Jungle in an opulent action movie that resembles the Indiana Jones series. True to anti-imperialist P.C., Mowgli's antagonist is now a corrupt British officer (Cary Elwes). The director, Stephen Sommers, and his co-writers, Ronald Yanover and Mark D. Geldman, knock the mythic underpinnings out from under this classic. They adulterate Kipling's vision of growing up quick and strong in a sensuous, perilous environment—they transform his Law of the Jungle into Disney's Circle of Life. The resolute human cast includes Sam Neill, John Cleese, and Lena Headey (the love interest); the scene-stealers are Casey (Baloo, the bear), Shadow (Bagheera, the panther), and Bombay (Shere Khan, the tiger). The 1942 Korda brothers version had more wit, zest, and magic.—M.S. (Village East Cinemas, Gemini, 86th Street East Twin, 23rd St. West Triplex, Guild, and 84th Street Sixplex.)

Safe Passage—A Marine in the Sinai sends his folks this message via videotape: "I'm already a hero—I grew up in the Singer family and lived to tell about it." After just a few minutes of this simultaneously banal and berserk domestic drama, the audience knows what he means. The story is set during a three-day period in which the clan awaits word of whether he was killed in a bombing. Mag Singer (Susan Sarandon) sees omens everywhere; her vaguely estranged husband (Sam Shepard) goes blind periodically; and each of their six other sons has an emotional complaint. The script desperately affirms family life—everyone pulls together and everything gets resolved. But viewers may experience the film as a cautionary plea for saner, more manageable households. With Robert Sean Leonard, Sean Astin, and Marcia Gay Harden. Directed by Robert Allan Ackerman.—M.S. (19th Street East 6, Gotham Cinema, and 84th Street Sixplex.)

Sankofa—A model (Oyafunmike Ogunlano) on a photo shoot in West Africa is hurled back in time to the era of slavery, in a film written and directed by Haile Gerima. (Thalia.)

Sarraounia—The Mauritanian writer-director Med Hondo's epic, about a late-nineteenth-century tribal queen (Ai Keïta) who defends her people during the French conquest of West Africa. With Jean-Roger Milo, Feodor Atkine, and Didier Sauvegrain. In French. (Thalia.)

Speechless—Tracy-Hepburn meets Carville-Matalin. It should have made a great movie, but the director, Ron Underwood, and his writer, Robert King, have softened the blows that are needed for a battle of wits. Michael Keaton is a speechwriter working on a Republican senate campaign in New Mexico, Geena Davis his opposite number in the Democratic camp. They fall in love and then start hating each other—or so the movie would like us to believe. In fact, after one round of bitchery the tension dies, and they go back to helping each other out like best buddies. Davis dresses like a bossy schoolgirl, and, to some extent, behaves like one; she gives us a smart, winning portrait of principles under siege, but she needs something smoother to play off than Keaton's nervous stop-and-go style. (Christopher Reeve is much funnier as a hunk hack—basically, a huge grin and a pair of shorts—named Baghdad Bob). The film loses its way long before the end, and the climactic declaration of love is embarrassing and pretty unlikely. These are *journalists*, for heaven's sake.—A.L. (19th Street East 6, 34th St. East, Baronet, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Waverly, Lincoln Square, and Metro Cinema.)

Street Fighter—It's a shambles—maybe the actors chewed up the scenery faster than the moviemakers could shoot it. Set in a Southeast Asian country called Shandaloo, this spinoff from the video game Street Fighter II stars Jean-Claude Van Damme as the "Allied Nations" hero Colonel Guile and Raul Julia as the evil warlord Bison. The cast also includes Wes Studi, Simon Callow, and Roshan Seth, whose gently italicized style is soothing. Ming-Na Wen (of "The Joy Luck Club"), as a lithe, graceful martial artist, provides the one pure pleasure. Steven E. de Souza, who wrote at his usual rate of one good gag per fifty, here makes his directorial début; five editors couldn't save his ragged action.—M.S. (Village East Cinemas, Manhattan Twin, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 23rd St. West Triplex, Olympia, and National Twin.)

REVIVALS

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael. Theatre addresses and phone numbers appear with the listings following these notes.)

The Crimson Pirate (1952)—This wonderful travesty of the buccaneer film has the physical exuberance of the early Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., pictures. Burt Lancaster and his old circus partner Nick Cravat tumble and jump with exhilarating grace. They charge the film with physical sensations, and if you wanted to dance after seeing the Rogers-Astaire musicals, you'll want to get in condition after experiencing the acrobatics here. Robert Siodmak's direction is lively; Roland Kibbee's script is bright and improvisatory (much of the film's wit derives from a series of casual anachronisms).—P.K. (Museum of Modern Art; Jan. 17.)

The Green Man (1957)—Alastair Sim is so limpid of eye, so arch in speech, and so gentle,

---

THEATRE ADDRESSES

•

EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000).
Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171).
Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th (477-6600).
Village Theatre VII, 3rd Ave. at 11th (982-0400).
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th (924-3363).
Village East Cinemas, 2nd Ave. at 12th (529-6799).
19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th (260-8000).
Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th (689-6548).
34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th (532-5544).
34th St. East, 241 E. 34th (683-0255).
Eastside Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 55th (755-3020).
Sutton I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th (759-1411).
Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th (759-2262).
Plaza, 42 E. 58th (355-3320).
Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th (935-6420).
59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th (759-4630).
Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th (355-1663).
Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th (753-6022).
First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd (513-5408).
Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th (832-1670).
Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th (737-2622).
New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th (744-7339).
68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th (734-0302).
Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st (879-1313).
East 85th Street, 1st Ave. at 85th (249-5100).
Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th (534-1880).
Orpheum VII, 3rd Ave. at 86th (876-2400).
86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th (249-1144).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110).
Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd (929-8037).
Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th (929-3350).
Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th (255-8800).
Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd (513-5402).
23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd (989-0060).
Guild, 33 W. 50th (757-2406).
Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th (765-7600).
57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th (581-7360).
Carnegie Hall Cinemas, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th (265-2520).
Angelika 57, 225 W. 57th (586-1900).
Paris, 4 W. 58th (980-5656).
Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th (752-5959).
Columbus Circle, B'way at 61st (247-5070).
62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd (265-7466).
Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, B'way at 63rd (757-2280).
Regency, B'way at 67th (724-3700).
Lincoln Square, B'way at 68th (336-5000).
84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th (877-3600).
Thalia, B'way at 95th (316-4962).
Metro Cinema I and 2, B'way at 99th (222-1200).
Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th (865-8128).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th (354-0900).
Embassy I, B'way at 46th (302-0494).
Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th (730-7262).
Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way (869-8340).
National Twin, B'way at 44th (869-0950).

unctuous, and tragic of demeanor, that he suggests the modern epitome of agonized courtesy: the undertaker. In this macabre farce, he is cast just one jump away: as an assassin with the soul of an aesthete. It's unlikely that anybody in the history of movies has ever matched Sim's peculiar feat of flipping expressions from benign innocence to bloodcurdling menace in one devastating instant. As the assassin, he dispatches an assortment of expendable types: headmasters, businessmen, dictators, et al., but gets snarled up while trying to liquidate a distasteful cabinet minister. The picture isn't genteel: it has the virtues of English comedy combined with the more energetic style of satirical American comedy—it makes you laugh out loud. With George Cole, Terry-Thomas, Jill Adams, Dora Bryan, Raymond Huntley, and a string trio of ladies right out of a George Price cartoon. Written by the producers, Frank Launder and Sidney Gilliat, from their play, "Meet a Body"; directed by Robert Day.—P.K. (Museum of Modern Art; Jan. 14.)

Mahogany (1975)—Diana Ross is a garish, garbled black version of outmoded white kitsch. As a secretary from the South Side of Chicago, who becomes the first black model to crack the color bar and goes on to be a whirling international celebrity as well as a terrific haute-couture designer, and then gives it all up to help her black lover (Billy Dee Williams) fight to improve conditions at home, she has an overachiever debauch. The decadent whites who paw her or bitch at her include Tony Perkins, Nina Foch, Marisa Mell, and Jean-Pierre Aumont. Berry Gordy directed this setback to Ross's talent; he seems to have worked from a do-it-yourself kit.—P.K. (A Different Light Bookstore; Jan. 15.)

The Naked City (1948)—After the success of their "Brute Force," the producer, Mark Hellinger, and the director, Jules Dassin, returned with this fast-jabbing, empty, Manhattan-set melodrama about the Homicide Squad. The drab script is by Albert Maltz and Malvin Wald; the film is visually impressive only. (William Daniels is the cinematographer.) With Barry Fitzgerald, Howard Duff, Don Taylor, Ted de Corsia, Frank Conroy, and Tom Pedi. (Not to be confused with an infinitely superior film Dassin made in London in 1950 called "Night and the City.")—P.K. (Film Forum 2; through Jan. 12.)

Next Stop, Greenwich Village (1976)—Paul Mazursky's wonderful autobiographical lyric satire about a young comedian's life in the Village in the early fifties. With a tip-top cast headed by Lenny Baker, Ellen Greene, Christopher Walken, and Antonio Fargas, and with Shelley Winters giving perhaps her best performance—as the comedian's mother, whose unused brains and talent have turned her into a morose, irrepressible, howling freak.—P.K. (Whitney Museum; Jan. 15.)

Rififi (1955)—A quartet of thieves breaks into a jewelry store, and for a tense half hour we watch as they work, silently. The film is like a highly skilled documentary on how to disconnect a burglar alarm and open a safe, and it is thoroughly engrossing, because we see the criminals as craftsmen, and we celebrate their teamwork, their finesse, their triumph. Ironically, we find ourselves sympathizing with their honest exhaustion after their dishonest labor. From there on, this movie, made in France, by the American director Jules Dassin, follows the tradition of "Scarface," "Public Enemy," and "The Asphalt Jungle" (and of "Macbeth" before them), bringing the tragic, trapped figures (now symbols of our own anti-social impulses) to a cadaverous finish. Along the way, Dassin keeps things actively vicious, with glimpses of underworld prostitutes and hopheads and a murder, a kidnapping, and the thrashing of a faithless mistress, who is stripped. "Rififi" is the granddaddy of a batch of suspense films featuring how to knock over safes or break into banks and museums, but its own chief distinction is its nasty tone. With Jean Servais, Robert Manuel, Carl Mohner, and Dassin as the four. In French.—P.K. (Florence Gould Hall; Jan. 17.)

LATE RUNS, CLASSICS, ETC.

Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)—"Barcelona" (Whit Stillman)…. "The Specialist" (Luis Llosa)…. "StarGate" (Roland Emmerich)…. "Miracle on 34th Street" (Les Mayfield)…. "Eat Drink Man Woman" (Ang Lee; in Mandarin)…. "The Adventures of Priscilla Queen of the Desert" (Stephan Elliott).

Film Forum 2, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)—Through Jan. 12: "The Naked City" (†); and "Force of Evil" (1948, Abraham Polonsky)…. ¶ From Jan. 13: "Faster, Pussycat! Kill! Kill!" (1965, Russ Meyer).

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-1717)—"The Buddha of Suburbia" (Robert Michell).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th St. (924-3363)—"Fast Trip, Long Drop" (Gregg Bordowitz) and "The Darker Side of Black" (Issac Julien).

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—A program of films starring Burt Lancaster. Jan. 12 at 2:30: "The Killers" (1946, Robert Siodmak)…. Jan. 15 at 1: "From Here to Eternity" (1953, Fred Zinnemann)…. Jan. 15 at 3:30 and Jan. 16 at 1: "The Leopard" (1963, Luchino Visconti)…. Jan. 16 at 5: "Atlantic City" (1981, Louis Malle)…. Jan. 17 at 2:30: "The Crimson Pirate" (†)…. Jan. 17 at 6: "A Child Is Waiting" (1963, John Cassavetes)…. ¶ Jan. 12 at 3 and 6: "Media Man" (1994, Danny Lyon), a documentary…. ¶ Jan. 12 at 6: Parts 1 and 2 of "War and Peace" (1967, Sergei Bondarchuk; in Russian)…. Jan. 13 at 2: Part 3 of "War and Peace."… Jan. 14 at 12:30: Parts 1, 2, and 3 of "War and Peace" (all seven hours plus, with two intermissions)…. ¶ Jan. 13 at 3 and 6: "23 Hours 58 Minutes" (1993, Pierre-William Glenn; in French)…. ¶ A program of films written and/or directed by Sidney Gilliat. Jan. 14 at 2:30: "Inspector Hornleigh on Holiday" (1939, Walter Forde)…. Jan. 14 at 5: "The Green Man" (†)…. Jan. 15 at 2: "I See a Dark Stranger" (1946, Frank Launder)…. Jan. 15 at 5 and Jan. 16 at 1:30: "State Secret" (1950)…. Jan. 16 at 5: "The Lady Vanishes" (1938, Alfred Hitchcock)…. Jan. 17 at 3: "The Belles of St. Trinian's" (1954, Launder)…. Jan. 17 at 6: "Waterloo Road" (1944).

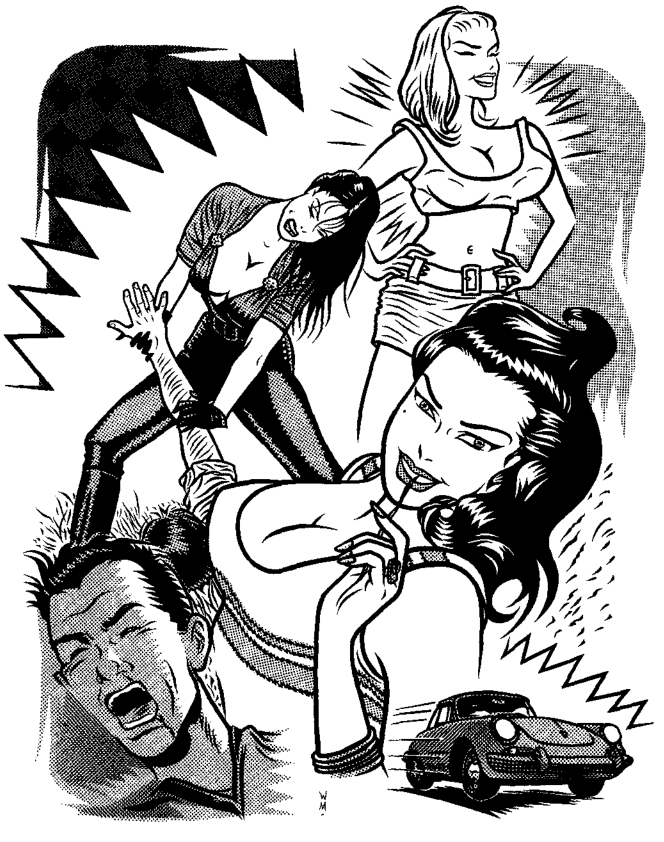
Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600)—Jan. 11-12 at 1 and 6:30 and Jan. 13 at 1: "The Kingdom" (1994, Lars von Trier)…. ¶ Jan. 13 at 6:30: "Heading Home" (1994, Maria Heritier)…. ¶ Jan. 14 at 2 and 4: "An American Tale" (1986, Don Bluth), an animated film…. ¶ "Beyond Perestroika: Jews and History in the Global Village." Jan. 14 at 8:45 and Jan. 17 at 4:15: "Freud Leaving Home" (1991, Susanne Bier; in Swedish)…. Jan. 15 at 2: "Love" (1991, Valery Todorovsky; in Russian)…. Jan. 15 at 4:30 and Jan. 17 at 2: "Balagan" (1993, Andres Veiel; in German)…. Jan. 15 at 7: "Russian Ragtime" (1993, Sergei Ursulyak; in Russian)…. Jan. 15 at 9:15: "Comrade Stalin's Trip to Africa" (1991, Irakli Kvirikadze; in Russian)…. Jan. 16 at 2: "Viva Castro" (1993, Boris Frumin; in Russian)…. Jan. 16 at 4:15: "Bye Bye America" (1993, Jan Schütte; in German)…. Jan. 16 at 6:30: "Happy New Year, Moscow!" (1993, Natalya Piankova; in Russian)…. Jan. 16 at 8:45: "Just Beyond That Forest" (1991, Jan Lomnicki; in Polish)…. Jan. 17 at 6:45: "Ladies' Tailor" (1990, Leonid Gorovets; in Russian)…. Jan. 17 at 8:45: "The Light of Dying Stars" (1993, Charles Matton; in French).

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—A program of films and videos by, or about, black American males. Jan. 11 at noon: "Norman … Is That You?" (1976, George Schlatter)…. Jan. 11 at 3:30: "Beverly Hills Cop" (1984, Martin Brest)…. Jan. 12 at 2: "Streamers" (1983, Robert Altman)…. Jan. 13 at noon: "Noir et Blanc" (1989, Claire Devers; in French)…. Jan. 13 at 3: "Robert Mapplethorpe" (1988, Nigel Finch) and three short films…. Jan. 14 at 11:30: "Tongues Untied" (1989, Marlon Riggs)…. Jan. 14 at 1:30: "Time Out: The Truth About HIV, AIDS and You" (1992, Malcolm-Jamal Warner) and two short films…. Jan. 14 at 3:30: "Paris Is Burning" (1990, Jennie Livingston)…. Jan. 15 at noon: "Next Stop, Greenwich Village" (†)…. Jan. 15 at 3:30: "Portrait of Jason" (1967, Shirley Clarke).

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—Jan. 14 at 2: "Simple Men" (1992, Hal Hartley)…. ¶ Jan. 14 at 4:40: Mr. Hartley will be present to discuss his films…. ¶ Jan. 15 at 2: "The Unbelievable Truth" (1989, Hartley)…. ¶ Jan. 15 at 4:30: "Fugitive in Paris" (1987, Joe Gibbons). Mr. Gibbons will be present.

A Different Light Bookstore, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850)—A Sunday-night series of free films (and popcorn). On Jan. 15 at 7, the feature will be "Mahogany" (†).

Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—Jan. 17 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "Rififi" (†).



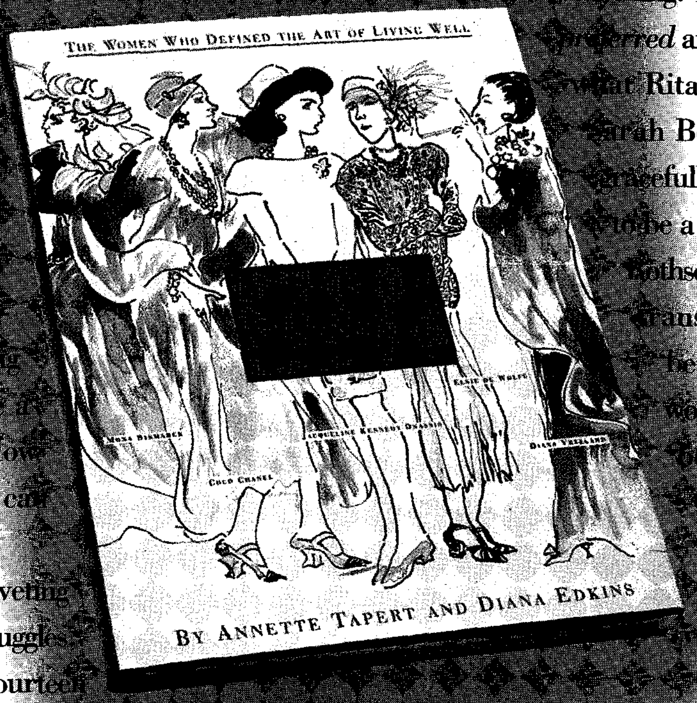
Opening January 13, at the Film Forum 2, Russ Meyer's "Faster, Pussycat! Kill! Kill!"

WALTER MINUS

What gives a woman style?

"I'M NOTHING TO LOOK AT," the Duchess of Windsor admitted. Rita de Acosta Lydig paid no attention to what was in fashion. Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis had none of the attributes of the ideal American girl, and Diana Vreeland never had money. Yet each of these women had a personal magnetism and allure so strong that she could "dominate a room from a footstool." How did they do it? And what can you learn from them?

The *Power of Style* is a riveting examination of the lives, struggles, secrets, and triumphs of fourteen women who came to represent the epitome of style during the 20th century.

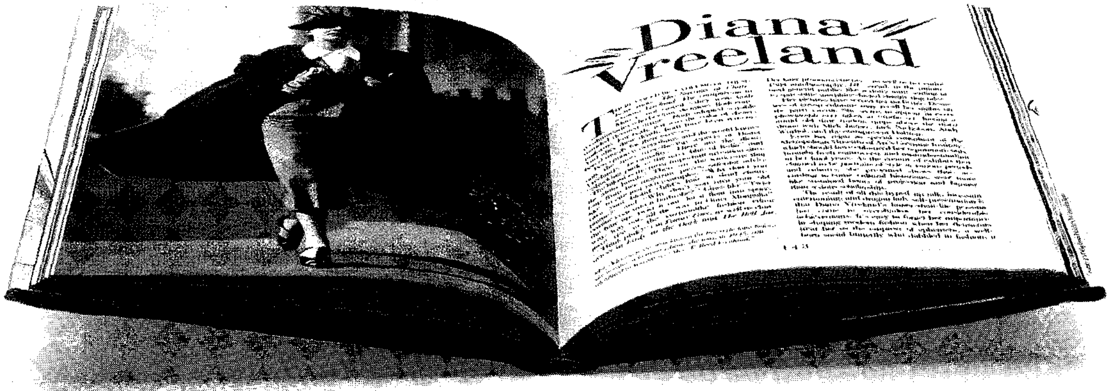


The Women Who Defined the Art of Living Well
Mona Bismarck
Coco Chanel
Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis
Elsie de Wolfe
Diana Vreeland
By Annette Tapert and Diana Edkins

In 192 handsome pages (with over 200 color and black-and-white illustrations), you'll learn everything: from why Daisy Fellowes *preferred* affairs with married men to what Rita de Acosta Lydig taught Sarah Bernhardt about walking gracefully...from what it was like to be a house guest at Pauline de Rothschild's to Mona Bismarck's transformation into the first "best-dressed woman in the world." Discover the women behind the legends: Coco Chanel...Babe Paley...C.Z. Guest...Elsie de Wolfe...*Slim Keith* and many more.

It's the most talked about book of the fashion year. And...

(Sh-sh-sh-sh! It's 20% off for you!)



Diana Vreeland

CREDIT-CARD ORDERS CALL TOLL-FREE: 800-438-9944

Please send me ___ hardcover first-edition copies of *The Power of Style* at $32,* a 20% discount off the cover price of $40, plus $3 for S&H. Send coupon and check or money order to: The Condé Nast Collection, P.O. Box 10214, Dept. 310029-031, Des Moines, IA 50336.

NAME ____________________

ADDRESS ____________________

CITY __________ STATE _____ ZIP _____

* Residents of CA, CO, GA, IA, IL, KY, MA, MI, NJ, NY, OH add appropriate sales tax. Please allow up to 4 weeks for delivery.

THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

ADAM BELLOW SEIZES THE DAY

THIRTY-SEVEN years ago or thereabouts, Adam Bellow peered out of his crib, fixed his gaze on Ralph Ellison, and said, "Sit down!" These were his first words. To be the son of the author of "Dangling Man" and to give orders to the author of "Invisible Man": this, somehow, is an appropriate way for a fledgling publisher to venture out into the realm of language.

These days, as the editorial director of the Free Press and the leading publisher of conservative books, Adam Bellow, Saul's son, is "the hottest editor in New York." So says the Washington *Post*, and perhaps, in this right-wing moment, it is true. Bellow's latest best-seller, with four hundred thousand copies in print, is Charles Murray and Richard Herrnstein's "The Bell Curve." Alternately described as baldly racist and a riveting analysis of race, class, and intelligence, "The Bell Curve" is probably the first book in the history of the written word to be the subject of an entire issue of *The New Republic* and a full hour on "Donahue." The Free Press, for its part, has been way ahead of a publishing trend that can only be cause for further depression on the left: William Bennett, Rush Limbaugh, and Wayne LaPierre, the head of the National Rifle Association, sell books; liberals (with apologies to such recent exceptions as Cornel West) do not.

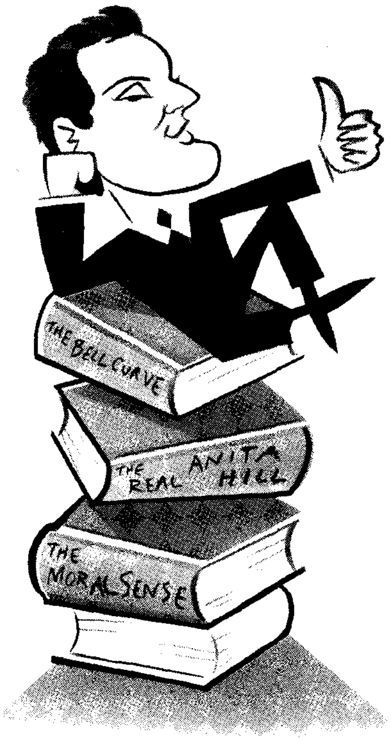
Bellow (with apologies to Newt Gingrich) sees his books as "countercultural," and he indulges an unconcealed glee in the bile they arouse in his neighbors. "I have an odd life," he said the other day over lunch. "I publish these reprehensible books and then at night I run into people from *The Nation* or the like and they say, 'How can you publish something like "The Real Anita Hill"?' "

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT RISKO

Despite his father's long-ago rejection of the left, Adam Bellow did not come naturally to his current position. His parents split when he was a year old—"My mother was 'the first Alexandra,' " the second of Saul's five wives—and mother and son eventually settled together in the liberal redoubt of West End Avenue. (The story of that acrimonious divorce became fodder, years later, for "Herzog.") Bellow went to school at Dalton, marched against the war in Vietnam, and generally inhaled the atmosphere of the Upper West Side. Sitting now on the East Side, at a nouveau-Spanish bistro, and wearing an impeccable Italian suit, Bellow laughs at the memory of his early politics. "But, you know, in a sense there really were no politics," he says. "Everyone agreed about everything. Nixon was the enemy, the war was terrible. My mother had friends who began communes in Vermont. It was the way to think and to be. It went with your privileges, frankly."

DESPITE the hard feelings between his parents, Bellow shuttled between them fairly easily, spending some weekends and vacations with his father. During their summer weeks together, the father would work until noon, and the son had to find a way to amuse himself before lunch and afternoon trips to the beach or a museum. "It wasn't always easy. Or at least it was never typical," Bellow said as he worked his way through a piece of fish. "I remember being nine and reading 'Babi Yar' at his place. It wasn't as if Saul Bellow had 'The Phantom Tollbooth' in his study.

"There wasn't any difficulty *between* us, but once in a while it was difficult being Saul Bellow's son. I was a freshman at Princeton when he won the Nobel Prize, and I remember a reporter asking me what it was like being Saul Bellow's son. I said, 'It's like stepping on a rake. Once in a while, when you're not thinking about it, it comes up and smashes you in the teeth.' "



After graduating from Princeton, in 1980, Bellow worked for a while as a copyboy at the *Daily News*. Then he took the almost inevitable plunge: he began trying to write fiction. At one point, he tried to write about a group of expatriates he had met on a trip to Kenya, but he soon discovered the project was somehow beyond his skill: "I felt I needed a broader world view to interpret modern characters. I didn't feel I had the equipment. My father said I should talk to Allan Bloom, and Allan Bloom said, 'Come to Chicago. We'll fix all that.' "

Bellow arrived at the University of Chicago and entered the long tunnel of the Committee on Social Thought's Ph.D. program. He promptly fell under the sway of the late Professor Bloom, the classical scholar whose 1987 cultural critique "The Closing of the American Mind" was a trendsetter for conservative best-sellers. Bellow left Chicago after only a year, but he returned to New York utterly changed. Everything he had inhaled growing up on the Upper West Side, Bloom helped press out of him. He would come to believe that the most vital thinking around was coming from conservatives out to challenge a liberal orthodoxy that had steadily drifted to the left.

Back in New York, Bellow discovered another mentor and a new employer: Erwin Glikes, who had landed "The Closing of the American Mind" when he was an editor at Simon & Schuster, and who took over the Free Press in 1983. Glikes thought of himself as a contrarian in a publishing world of liberal élitists. "I'm regarded by a lot of other publishers and friends as a charming man, but different, other," Glikes once said, "not a member of the club." His young editors, including Bellow, learned to feel the same way. After the sale last spring of the Macmillan Publishing Company, the parent company of the Free Press, to Simon & Schuster, Glikes quit to go to Viking Penguin. A few weeks later, he died of a heart attack. In the meantime, Bellow had taken over at the Free Press.

As Bellow tries to expand on what Glikes accomplished, the self-image of the brave contrarian is less tenable: not only has conservatism become the intellectual fashion—it has also become big business. "The Real Anita Hill," for all its shoddiness, sold far more copies than the recent pro-Hill book, "Strange Justice"; the Pope's book is a gold mine for Knopf; Rush Limbaugh is a hotter literary property than Jackie Collins and Judith Krantz combined. And the Free Press, which has always made its profits on social-science and business books, is now "rolling in money," Bellow said, thanks to "The Bell Curve."

"There's been an expansion of the reading public that has been created by conservative books," he said. "Publishing tends to be counter-cyclical. People tend to buy more books in bad times. When times are bad, or confusing, people have the need to investigate, synthesize, put things together. In the Depression, you had a global crisis that affected people individually. Now you have a similar situation, a global crisis in which orthodoxies are everywhere crumbling. This presents us with a situation in which people are open to new ideas."

This year, the Free Press is publishing a string of conservatives: Dinesh D'Souza, Glenn Loury, Irving Kristol, and Ben Wattenberg among them. There will also be a biography of John Wayne. And Bellow has taken on a new business: New Republic Books, most recently an imprint of Basic Books, will now become an imprint of the Free Press.

"Maybe the good old days, the pioneering days, are over," Bellow said. "But so is the reigning orthodoxy. There are a lot more conservative authors out there and there is a demonstrated market for conservative ideas. People are out there now, and they're throwing money around trying to cash in."

LADIES WHO BUS

One sunny and brisk Saturday morning in front of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Three Sisters, Fay, Mildred, and Rosemary, were waiting for the eight-thirty bus to Loehmann's, the legendary women's-clothing outlet store. "We've been going to Loehmann's since Frieda Loehmann was first on Bedford Avenue in Brooklyn," said Fay, at sixty-eight the oldest of the three.

"Since Loehmann's sold Bill Blass back when Bill Blass *was* Bill Blass," Mildred said.

"Remember we used to see Jolie Gabor and the Gabor girls there?" Rosemary added.

At eight-thirty sharp, a green-and-white coach with a "Loehmanns" sign eased to the curb. "We love the bus," Fay said as she and about forty other women shuffled aboard. "Once a month we're here." For years, just about the only way the Three Sisters and their comrades could experience Loehmann's was by riding the No. 1 or No. 9 subway to 238th Street, in the Bronx, and then walking three blocks to the Loehmann's on Broadway, the flagship store. Then, a little over a year ago, deliverance arrived, in the form of a bus: Loehmann's began running twelve free weekend shuttles between Manhattan and the Bronx.

On this particular Saturday morning, every seat on the bus was filled. Some women sipped coffee, while others dipped into reading matter—*The New York Review of Books*, *Reader's Digest*, "Obsession: The Lives and Times of Calvin Klein." Thirty minutes later, the bus arrived outside a

PARLOR ART

Artistic chefs, beware. A person can put Mondrian on a shower curtain and Matisse on a silk scarf, but last month Michele Colonna, the owner and chief pizza cook of Café Picasso, in the Village, was surprised to find his zucchini-and-red-pepper Picasso Pizza come up in a lawsuit over the use of the great artist's name. "When they sue me, I was very sad," he says mournfully. "Every night, my customers are saying to me, 'Why are they suing you?' And that takes time from my cooking."

former ice-skating rink that sits in the shadow of the Stella D'Oro Biscuit Company. *Loehmann's.* The Sisters quickly scattered. "Three of us can really work the store," Mildred said. "That's why we come together."

In the Back Room, where designer goods are stocked, Evie, the store's manager, was in high gear. "I'm the diva of the Back Room. Ask anyone," she exclaimed. "Why do people love Loehmann's? It's all about the hunt. I was always a shopper, then I realized it should be my life. I got a job here and it was like I died and went to heaven. Look, Moschino." She pulled a multicolored vest from a rack. "See this price? A steal. Plus, you buy it now, put it away, take it out in five years and it's a collector's item. Why?" Her voice dropped to a whisper. "He's dead. He can't design anymore." Meanwhile, at the new-arrivals rack, a blond woman flicked hangers. Interrupted with a question, she snapped, "Honey, I'd love to help you, but you're breaking my concentration." Her head disappeared into a mass of black garments.

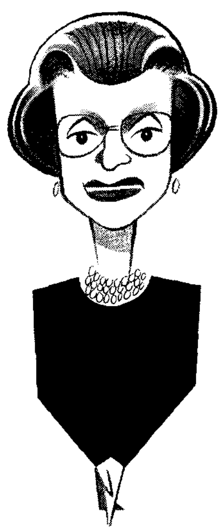
At noon, a return bus began to fill with passengers. Roosting in the front row were the Three Sisters. Only Fay had scored. The shopping bag on her lap held a red dress, by Verdi, which she had bought for seventy-nine dollars. Down the aisle, a black-haired woman wearing lumberjack boots and vermillion lipstick looked pleased. It was her first trip. "It's great. I got a Donna Karan cashmere shawl and Petra black suède shoes for two-fifty."

Back at the Met by twelve-thirty, the Three Sisters, arm in arm, scurried along East Eighty-first Street. "We've got to run," Fay said. "We have a guest coming for lunch, and there's a chicken to roast."

POLITE ANSWERS TO RUDE QUESTIONS

The true test of good manners, one might argue, is to be forbearing about bad ones. Here are some Amy Vanderbilt-approved methods of handling rude questions from boorish reporters: "One thing you can do is ask the person back a question quickly. Or you can turn it around and say, 'How would you like to be asked that question?' Or if you simply explain to the person why you don't want to answer the question that usually works, too." So counsels Nancy Tuckerman, the co-author, with Nancy Dunnan, of the newly and expansively updated "Amy Vanderbilt Complete Book of Etiquette," based on Vanderbilt's 1952 guide, which is coming out in a few weeks from Doubleday.

As the White House social secretary during the final seven months of Camelot, and the longtime spokeswoman for her close friend the late Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis, Tuckerman, who is now sixty-five, can be forgiven for having an unlisted number at home and, until she has determined the exact nature of a caller's business, a guarded tone at work. "I've never found it the least bit difficult not to answer a question," she says. "As you know, Mrs. Onassis cherished her privacy, so I did have to reject a lot of questions."



Sitting at a corner table in the Stanhope Hotel at teatime, Tuckerman, whose hands appear to be folded even when they're not, delights in nibbling tiny cucumber sandwiches in the middle of the afternoon. "I'm not a real stickler, and maybe that's what's good about my doing this book," she says, in a voice that is one part cultivated, one part flat Northeastern twang. "I'm pretty relaxed when it comes to etiquette"—she pronounces it "etteekett"—"rules."

While aware that it isn't quite comme il faut, she turns over her plate to check its pedigree. "Limoges. Very nice." While certain it isn't polite to stare, the bespectacled Tuckerman willingly surveys the room to point out any slouches in the deportment department. "That woman over there shouldn't have her napkin around her neck," she says. "Over there, it might be better if the two men were sitting opposite each other rather than next to each other." Taking note of a very relaxed diner at a neighboring table, she says, "One elbow on the table is fine. I think both elbows is a little gross."

Many such observations, along with tips about writing to elected officials, dealing with adult offspring who return to the nest—Tuckerman, who has never been married, refers to them as "boomerang children"—and composing a résumé, are included in the seven-hundred-and-eighty-six-page book. "We're targeted in the same direction as Emily Post," Tuckerman says, as a way of differentiating "Amy Vanderbilt" from the works of the wry Miss Manners. "It's serious-minded and factual. It's like the Webster's dictionary of the etiquette world."

The daughter of a New York stockbroker, Tuckerman grew up on the Upper East Side and attended the Chapin School, where she met Onassis, and Miss Porter's School, in Farmington, Connecticut, which is Onassis's alma mater as well. "We were both known as being sort of naughty," says Tuckerman. "We would maybe steal cookies from the kitchen." After graduation from Miss Porter's, Tuckerman worked for several years as a travel consultant until her former partner in petty pastry theft asked her to join the White House staff. "I think Jackie's asking me had a lot to do with friendship, because I didn't have any experience," Tuckerman says. "But I have a somewhat even nature. I get along well with people."

After President Kennedy's assassination, Tuckerman stayed on for a year to help answer condolence letters, subsequently becoming a director of public relations for Olympic Airways. "That was because of Jackie, too, I guess," Tuckerman says with seeming ingenuousness. After seven years with Olympic, Tuckerman, casting about for a change, joined Doubleday as an assistant to the publisher in 1975, encouraging Onassis to join the company as an editor a few years later.

Though Tuckerman had contributed to a 1978 revision of the Vanderbilt book, she hadn't been particularly interested in pursuing the topic further. "But I saw the book sitting on the shelf in my office becoming more and more outdated, and when a clerk at a bookstore told me other etiquette books were starting to get the edge it made me feel sad, because Amy Vanderbilt had been the top of the line," she says. "So I raised my hand." And not a moment too soon. "I think a lot of people really need guidance and want it and don't know where to turn," Tuckerman says. "Now, I would challenge anyone to ask me a question about etiquette that I don't know the answer to."

GOTTI'S JAILER

At the ceremony the other day to mark his induction as a federal judge, John Gleeson looked out over the crowd of several hundred which had gathered in the United States Courthouse in Brooklyn. Gleeson is the youngest of seven children, so there was a rich assortment of relatives as well as scores of associates from his ten-year career as a prosecutor in the very same building. "My whole life is in this room," Gleeson said. "I don't want to make you nervous, but I can think of some people who wouldn't mind at all if the roof caved in."

In fact, for all the people who came to celebrate Gleeson, there was something of a void at the festivities. The man who, in some ultimate sense, may bear the greatest responsibility for the day's event could not make it, but he did have a good excuse, seeing that he's serving a life term without the possibility of parole. Prosecutions of John Gotti served as bookends of sorts for Gleeson's career as an Assistant United States Attorney.

In 1986, Gleeson was a junior member of the team that tried Gotti, before Judge Eugene H. Nickerson, in a case that lasted nearly a year. That rancorous affair ended in a resounding acquittal and fixed Gotti's reputation as the "Teflon Don." But six years later Gleeson led another racketeering case against the Gambino family boss, and this one ended in a conviction—and the life sentence. That trial, of course, featured the testimony of Salvatore (Sammy Bull) Gravano, Gotti's onetime second-in-command, whom Gleeson recruited as a government witness and used to great success. Among Gravano's revelations was that the Gambinos had bribed a juror in the first Gotti prosecution—making Gleeson's victory, and the symmetry with the first case, all the sweeter.

As his whiskered predecessors looked down from their portraits on the wall, however, Gleeson knew that he had a way to go in his new career. Hair freshly cut, wire-rimmed glasses bouncing on his nose, he could have passed for much younger than his forty-one years. Gleeson made this vow as he ascended the bench: "I will try to get to the point where my friends and former colleagues don't burst into laughter when they see me in my robes." He did receive at least one important vote of confidence. After their tumultuous meeting in the first Gotti case, Judge Nickerson went on to become a mentor to Gleeson and a speaker at his induction ceremony. "There, but for the grace of God," Nickerson said of the new judge, "goes a great consigliere."

A NEW SPIDER WOMAN

"I'M trying to find an expert on spiders to tell me how they move. Or if they make a sound after they kill someone," Maria Conchita Alonso said, excitedly, sitting in her new apartment on the twenty-fourth floor of Olympic Tower, as a yapping white poodle hopped in and out of her lap.

Alonso's arachnophilia was inspired by her recent hiring as Spider Woman, the half-deadly-superhero, half-Maria Montez chimera in the Broadway musical "Kiss of the Spider Woman," a role that has become Broadway's most visible revolving door. Chita Rivera, astonishing with her high kicks at age sixty, was succeeded by Vanessa Williams, the pop star and defrocked Miss America, who will, in early March, hand over her gaudy showgirl feathers to Alonso, herself a Miss Venezuela of 1975. "I'm glad I never saw Chita, because critics could say I'm copying her, as we both have that Latin flavor," said Alonso, known to American audiences for her kiss-kiss or bang-bang parts in the movies "The Running Man" and "Colors" and as Robin Williams's girlfriend in "Moscow on the Hudson," and to Spanish and Latin-American audiences as a variety-show singer, soap-opera actress, and occasional bad girl.

LAST winter, Garth Drabinsky, the Canadian producer of "Spider Woman," found his show losing money, with box-office receipts stalled at around three hundred thousand dollars a week. He decided that, rather than close the show, he'd gamble on Williams. "The box-office didn't immediately ignite as I thought it would," remembers Drabinsky, who made his fortune by forming Cineplex Odeon, the movie-theatre chain. "It was difficult for an audience to accept Vanessa's move from a pop-music to a theatrical performer without the imprimatur of the critics." But what is known in Broadway parlance as a "money review" (or re-review, in this case), from the *Times*, resuscitated the show, which is now averaging four hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars a week. Drabinsky hopes that Alonso, whom he describes as having "an enormously important Hispanic presence," will draw a Hispanic audience as steadily as Williams drew African-Americans. Producers have found that putting a pop personality into a show for even a few months can help pull in a much-needed middlebrow audience. For the performers, on the other hand, the allure is the cachet of Broadway. "I chose Broadway because it's respect," Alonso said.

ON a bad day in Caracas, Maria Conchita Alonso has sometimes wished for just that. "The scandals just happen. I don't make them happen—they follow me," she protested, drawing her legs, wrapped in purple, orchidaceous pants, up toward her chin. Among the scandals that have dogged her: wearing a transparent blouse in public, driving a motorcycle, naming names in a memoir published in a glossy magazine. "Every time I'm on TV, people say, 'Listen what she does,' " Alonso mildly complained.

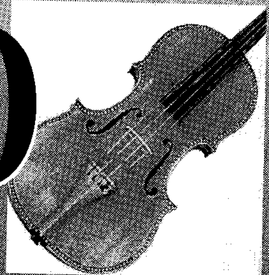
While her début in "Spider Woman" hardly brings to mind old-time Broadway, Alonso has an updated vamp quality, by way of MTV, that could freshen up the Rivera-Williams-Alonso kick line. Moving toward the windows, through which the spires of St. Patrick's Cathedral could be seen, Alonso pointed out, with some accuracy, "Cyndi Lauper and Madonna are a combination of me. I wouldn't say it's the other way around, because I started before they did." ♦

This week's contributors: David Remnick, Michael Hainey, Joanne Kaufman, Jeffrey Toobin, Brad Gooch.

INTRODUCING THE WORLD'S FASTEST GROWING CLASSICAL MUSIC MAGAZINE. START WITH A

BBC

FREE *Classical* CD



- Exclusive Magazine
- Exclusive CD
- Plus FREE CD buying service

FREE *Classical* MAGAZINE

With No Obligation... No Risk... And Nothing More to Buy, Ever! See details below.

The BBC Music Magazine.

With its broad scope and lively approach, this beautiful magazine has enormous appeal for long-time collectors as well as to those just developing an interest in classical music. It covers all aspects of classical music—live, broadcast, and recorded—in equal depth. Over 100 luxurious pages of photographs, features and columns, an international events calendar guide... plus over 100 new CDs reviewed and rated each month. Indubitably, a complete guide to classical music!

Exclusive Full-Length CD Every Month!

With every issue of the BBC Music Magazine you will also receive each month, a full-length Compact Disc that is not available anywhere else... an entire featured work (not a compilation of short excerpts) recorded to the highest quality classical standards and handsomely packaged in a jewel case... not in a paper sleeve.

A Personal CD Buying Service.

You may order CDs reviewed in the BBC Music Magazine through the BBC Classical Music Service, if you wish. A convenient way to shop but never an obligation.

For this special offer, call toll-free

1-800-972-3700

Dept. B1D or mail the postage-free reply card.

Guaranteed Price Protection: You will always be guaranteed the low price of $3.98 plus shipping and handling every month for both the magazine and CD for as long as you remain an active member in the program.

Add New Excitement To Your Collection!

The monthly CDs alone will add the cachet of exclusive, superbly recorded special performances to an already well-balanced collection. For the beginning classical library, they become the nucleus to build around. And the BBC Music Magazine's reviews and ratings of the latest CDs, and its features and columns will greatly enhance your knowledge and appreciation for classical music.

Satisfaction Guaranteed!

Simply phone toll-free or fill out and mail the coupon for your free copy of the BBC Music Magazine and free CD. Listen to the CD and read the magazine. If not satisfied for any reason, return them with no further obligation.

©1995 Warner Music Enterprises

YOUR COMPLETE GUIDE TO CLASSICAL MUSIC

Mail to: BBC Classical Music Service, Box 30628, Tampa, FL 33630-0628

☐ Yes, Please send my FREE copy of BBC Music Magazine plus my FREE CD. Bill me for just shipping and handling. Thereafter, I will receive the *BBC Music Magazine* and an exclusive CD every month. As a member, I will always be guaranteed the low monthly price of $3.98 plus shipping and handling. I may also receive, up to four times a year, special issues at the same low price plus shipping and handling. I have no obligation to buy anything ever and I may cancel at any time. B1D

☐ Check here if you prefer your monthly recording on cassettes. G4

Name (please print)

Address Apt. #

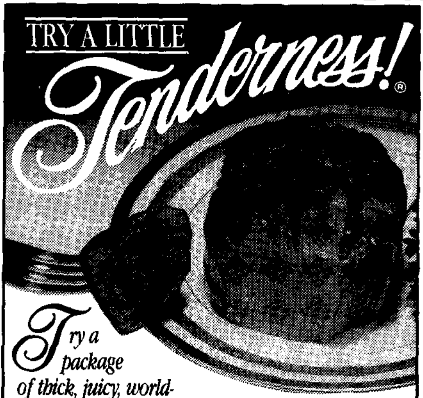
City State Zip

Phone ( ) Age

Have you bought anything by mail in the last: ☐ 6 months ☐ 1 year ☐ Never

Do you have a credit card? ☐ Yes ☐ No

We reserve the right to ask for additional information, reject any application, or cancel any membership. Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery of first issue. Limited to new members; one per family. Local tax, if any, will be added. In Canada: $5.98 Canadian plus shipping and handling and GST.



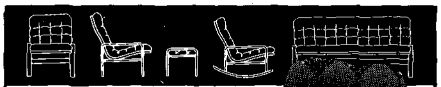
Try a package of thick, juicy, world-famous Omaha Steaks®. Luscious FILET MIGNONS, aged to tender perfection. Closely trimmed by hand. Delivered to your door, frozen under dry ice, in a reusable cooler. A FREE COOKBOOK inside. Your satisfaction is Unconditionally Guaranteed!

INTRODUCTORY OFFER...SAVE $22.00!

#469 6 (5 oz.) **FILET MIGNONS,**
each 1" thick
Regularly $51.95...for just **$29.95!**
(plus $6.95 shipping/handling*)
LIMIT OF 2 PKGS. AT THIS SPECIAL PRICE!

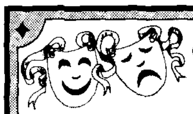
OFFER (valid in U.S. & Canada) EXPIRES 2/28/95
*(Outside mainland states, Ontario and Quebec, additional shipping applies.)
TO ORDER, CALL RIGHT NOW... TOLL FREE
1•800•228•9055
(Ask for Free Catalog & 10% Discount Coupon!)

Omaha Steaks® International®
Dept. AD5013 • 4400 So. 96th Street • Omaha, NE 68127



brigger®
is for those who love comfort, solid oak and beautiful fabrics. We ship our rockers, chairs, loveseats, sofas, and side tables free with UPS.
Write or call for brochure and direct ordering information.
toll free
1-800-451-7247

klein design, inc.
99 sadler street, gloucester, ma 01930



Get the Most Out of London Theatre

Subscribe to **LONDON THEATRE NEWS**, the illustrated monthly newsletter, and enjoy complete up-to-the-minute coverage of London theatre.

- Complete West End Theatre Listings
- Timely Recommendations • Opening Night Reviews • Exclusive Interviews
- A Convenient Ticket-Booking Service
- Dining Tips • and much more!

$21 for 3 months • $49 annually
Call toll-free **1-800-779-0077.** Or send check to: London Theatre News, Suite 620, 12 East 86th Street, New York, NY 10028

A CRITIC AT LARGE

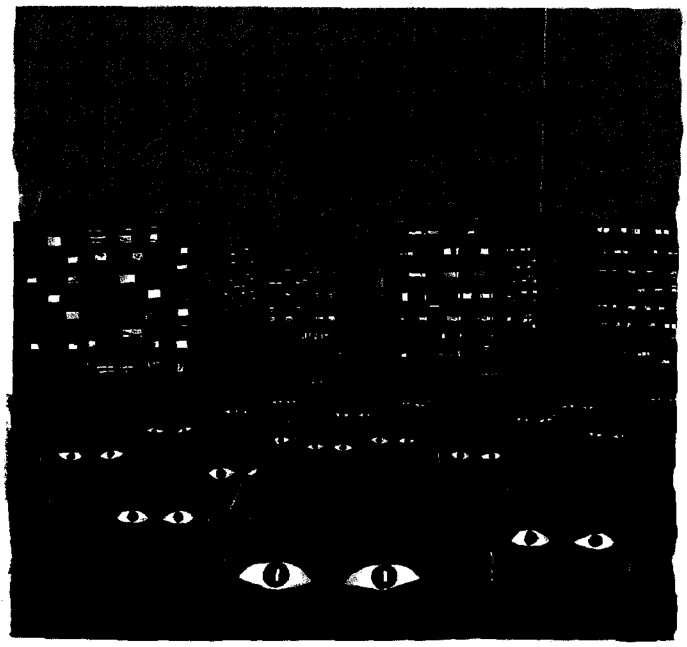
GHETTO BLASTING

At first glance, the new journalistic take on poverty seems liberal, but conservatives will find a lot to like.

BY MICHAEL MASSING

THE inner city, a subject long neglected by journalists, is suddenly in vogue. So many writers, photographers, and documentary filmmakers are heading out to housing projects and street corners that it's a wonder they don't trip over one another. Their output from the last year alone would fill a small depository. The most recent entry is the book "The Last Shot: City Streets, Basketball Dreams," in which Darcy Frey describes the world of high-school basketball players living in the bleak projects of Brooklyn's Coney Island. "Hoop Dreams," a three-hour documentary film currently playing in New York, tells much the same story, except that it's set in Chicago, and the housing project is Cabrini-Green. Cabrini-Green is also the venue for Daniel Coyle's "Hardball: A Season in the Projects," which chronicles the exploits of an inner-city Little League team. "The Ville: Cops and Kids in Urban America," by Greg Donaldson, recounts the life of an inner-city teen-ager living in the Brownsville–East New York section of Brooklyn, just down the road from Frey's Coney Island. Eugene Richards' "Cocaine True, Cocaine Blue," a collection of photographs of inner-city drug users, also focusses on East New York, as well as on North Philadelphia.

In light of the nation's political mood, this flurry would seem most timely. With Rush Limbaugh more popular than the President, the "Contract with America" in every bookstore, and Congress preparing to end welfare as we know it, the new ghetto literature might offer an alternative look at the inner city, a second opinion before the scalpel is applied to the nation's social programs. And, on the surface, these works are thoroughly good-hearted, full of solicitude and compassion for America's disadvantaged. Never before, in fact, have Americans had access to such a large and rich body of literature about the underclass. When these books are read together, though, it's striking how faithfully, if unconsciously, they affirm conservative ideas about the poor.



FILIP PAGOWSKI

THOSE ideas began jelling a decade ago, when Charles Murray came out with his book "Losing Ground." Nearly as controversial as "The Bell Curve," his current best-seller, which is about genes and intelligence, Murray's 1984 manifesto bluntly attacked the welfare state. Attempting to explain why the underclass had continued to grow despite America's expanding economy, Murray singled out the Great Society programs of the late nineteen-sixties and early nineteen-seventies. These, he argued, had inculcated in the poor a dependency mind-set, a preference for handouts over paychecks that is passed from one generation to the next. Mocking the liberal notion that economic inequities were to blame for the problems of the underclass, Murray harkened back to a time when adults were considered "responsible for the state in which they find themselves."

Liberals quickly counterattacked. Led by William Julius Wilson, a sociologist at the University of Chicago, they maintained that the growth of the underclass was due primarily to the profound changes sweeping American society. Factory jobs that had once provided a secure livelihood were fleeing the cities for the suburbs, and their places were being taken (if at all) by low-level service jobs that barely paid the minimum wage. With economic opportunities shrinking for urban minorities, more and more people were slipping into poverty. Policymakers, Wilson wrote in "The Truly Disadvantaged" (1987), "should place primary focus on changing the social and economic situations, not the cultural traits, of the ghetto underclass."

With academics wrangling among themselves, the inner city seemed a natural destination for enterprising journalists. Yet few were eager to venture there. That, however, changed in 1991, with the publication of Alex Kotlowitz's "There Are No Children Here." Kotlowitz, then a writer for the *Wall Street Journal*, told the story of two young brothers, Lafeyette and Pharoah Rivers, who lived in the Henry Horner Homes, a housing project in Chicago. For two full years, Kotlowitz hung out with the boys, visiting them at home, accompanying them to school, playing basketball with them. His book describes their heroic efforts to cope with gangs, drug dealers, decrepit apartments, and the unrelenting violence of the projects:

> Lafeyette and his nine-year-old cousin Dede danced across the worn lawn outside their building, singing the lyrics of an L.L. Cool J rap, their small hips and spindly legs moving in rhythm. The boy and girl were on their way to a nearby shopping strip, where Lafeyette planned to buy radio headphones with $8.00 he had received as a birthday gift.
>
> Suddenly, gunfire erupted. The frightened children fell to the ground. "Hold your head down!" Lafeyette snapped, as he covered Dede's head with her pink nylon jacket. . . .
>
> The two lay pressed to the beaten grass for half a minute, until the shooting subsided. Lafeyette held Dede's hand as they cautiously crawled through the dirt toward home. When they finally made it inside, all but fifty cents of Lafeyette's birthday money had trickled from his pockets.

A classic coming-of-age tale set in an urban wasteland, "There Are No Children Here" found a large and sympathetic readership. Kotlowitz was invited onto numerous talk shows. Appearing on "The Oprah Winfrey Show" with both of the boys, he so impressed Winfrey that she bought the film rights to the book. Journalists were no less impressed. Albert Hunt, then the *Journal's* Washington bureau chief, hosted a book party for Kotlowitz that was attended by many influential politicians and journalists. Kotlowitz was invited to speak by the editorial boards of a number of newspapers, and an editor at the Chicago *Sun-Times* bought two hundred copies of the book to distribute to his staff.

It was not hard to understand the book's appeal. Scrupulously documented and tender in tone, "There Are No Children Here" took the reader into the inner city as few books before it had. Kotlowitz was particularly astute in his choice of protagonists. As children, Lafeyette and Pharoah were by definition not responsible for the chaos around them, and thus provided an effective vehicle for reaching a skeptical and jaded public. For a generation of young writers, Kotlowitz's book became a model.

Its offspring are now appearing. "The Last Shot," "Hardball," and "The Ville," for instance, all focus on children or teen-agers living in, or near, housing projects. Without exception, these books have been diligently researched and sympathetically rendered. Unfortunately, they have emulated another, more problematic quality of Kotlowitz's—his tendency to champion inner-city kids at the expense of their parents.

While portraying the boys' mother, LaJoe, as basically loving and hard-working, the book depicts their father, Paul, as a junkie, and the main source of the boys' woes. Years earlier, Kotlowitz relates, Paul had promised Lafeyette that he would move the family out of the projects and into a large house in a nice neighborhood. "Nothing had seemed impossible," Kotlowitz writes. "Both he and LaJoe were working at the time, and though the two had their problems, money wasn't one of them. Until Paul's habit took over." Feeling let down, Lafeyette "deeply resented his father." And the reader does as well. Told primarily from the boys' point of view, "There Are No Children Here" does not explore how economically realistic Paul's promise was to begin with, or what transformed this once fully-employed father of eight into a deadbeat. Instead, it leaves the distinct impression that Lafeyette and Pharoah are stuck in the projects because of one man's pathology.

And, like a mutant gene, this trait has turned up in Kotlowitz's literary progeny. In their rush to embrace inner-city youths, these books have tended to marginalize inner-city adults. Daniel Coyle's "Hardball" (Putnam) is a good example. At first glance, the book seems entirely unobjectionable—a wry, affectionate look at the tiny boys of summer Coyle instructed as a volunteer baseball coach. Like a rough-edged version of the Bad News Bears, the young players razz one another more than they do the opposition, extract promises of pizza from their coaches in exchange for hits, and loosen up their arms by tossing rocks at passing El trains. During the games themselves, the kids seem in a constant state of insubordination. This leads Coyle to muse:

> Parents, of course, represented a possible cure for disciplinary ills. It was no coincidence that the two best-behaved players on the team were Maurice and Rufus, whose mother accompanied them to almost every game and practice. Bill [a coach] had made several efforts at the beginning of the season to draw parents to the games. . . . Still, practice after practice and game after game, Maurice and Rufus's mother stood alone.

When parents do show up, they rarely come off well. The mother of a player named Demetrius, we learn, "lived a few blocks away, and for some unclear reason had been declared an unfit mother by the courts. She had come to a game once, a tall, imposing woman in black tights and a zebra-striped fez, and had caused a scene by teasing the other team in a manner not unlike her son's. When a coach had asked Demetrius if the young-looking woman was his older sister, he drew close and whispered quietly, 'That's my *mother*.' " As for the fathers, most seem to be in jail, on drugs, or dead. One of the few black men portrayed sympathetically is an umpire named Anthony Garrett, a "muscular man with a coal-black biblical beard" who calls balls and strikes with "undisputed authority." Garrett, one of the coaches says, is "the kind of guy who needs to be involved in this league—a guy from the community who knows the kids." It's all just a setup, however, for at the end of the book Garrett is arrested for shooting a Cabrini-Green seven-year-old. The incident makes for a chilling coda, but the story behind it remains a mystery, and we're left with the impression that in the ghetto even a role model can become a child's worst enemy.

Darcy Frey's portrayal of black adults is more complex. In "The Last Shot" (Houghton Mifflin) he provides a sympathetic look at the mother of Tchaka Shipp, one of the high-school basketball stars he profiles. Widowed six years earlier, when her husband died of pneumonia, Annette Shipp works hard as a secretary at a community college. As she arrives home from work one day, Frey writes,

> She drops her bag in the middle of the floor, walks immediately into the kitchen, fills a pot with hot water, and sits down on the living room couch to soak her feet. "I believe this job will kill me," she announces operatically. "Yes, *it will! It will strike me* right down in the prime of my life!"

Ms. Shipp goes on to reveal that her landlady wants to sell the one-story house she is renting, and that unless the family can come up with a six-thousand-dollar down payment they might have to move into a housing project. It's a small but telling detail, one that shows how economically vulnerable many black adults have become: though working herself ragged at a full-time job, Ms. Shipp remains just a step away from the projects.

Alas, Frey does not pursue the point. For his real concern is not Ms. Shipp but her son. And while Tchaka is an interesting character in his own right—muscular, smart, and cool, he stares down a phalanx of recruiters sent to woo him—we get only fleeting glimpses of his life at home. As a result, his portrait seems oddly foreshortened. The same is true for the book as a whole. For eight months, Frey bird-dogged his players, attending their games, sitting in on their practices, driving them to McDonald's for post-game snacks. Frey blended in so well that players would entrust him with their Walkmans and gold chains before joining pickup games. And he has, in many ways, returned their trust, nicely evoking their expectations and anxieties as they try to dunk and dribble their way out of the ghetto.

Yet, for all the time he spent with these youths, Frey met only sporadically with their parents. Indeed, some of them tried to sabotage his book. The mother of one player instructed her son to stop talking to Frey; the father of another refused to coöperate without compensation. "I had been warned that dealing with Mr. Marbury might have its complications," Frey writes of the man, whose fourteen-year-old son, Stephon, was trying to make it where three older sons had failed. Frey continues:

> Years ago, when he first began showing up at [the school] to watch his son Eric play, he would stand at the sidelines yelling at [the coach], "Put my son in! That's why you're losing." So the school's athletic director started assigning a teacher to sit next to Mr. Marbury in the bleachers in order to prevent him from cursing at the ref; he was sometimes one obscenity shy of drawing a technical foul.

Ready to "cash in now" on his son's talent, Marbury tells Frey that if he wants information he will have to pay for it. A "hostile silence fell between us," Frey observes, "and we quickly parted company."

To his credit, Frey avoids making easy judgments. He describes Marbury as a man in "urgent need" who strives "to turn the meager resources at his command into something that might support a family." Frey, worried that he is being as exploitative as the recruiters, offers to draw up a contract that would allow the families to share in his book's profits, but the N.C.A.A. rules that this would endanger the players' amateur status, and so the idea is dropped. Frey's

"I'm seen as a genius, but I'm working against myself."

run-ins with the parents make for some of his book's liveliest moments. Nonetheless, by deciding to focus so narrowly on teen-agers, Frey has unwittingly turned their parents into rivals for the boys' attention, irksome to the author and therefore to the reader. And, while showing how basketball provides the boys a "last shot" at leaving the ghetto, he does little to explain why the game has become so important there, or how Coney Island—a neighborhood once associated with amusement rides and cotton candy—has become yet another economically depressed sinkhole on the American landscape.

Perhaps such explanations are too much to ask of books like these. After all, these writers are not urban scholars, and, in any case, one would not want to be overwhelmed with figures from the Bureau of Labor Statistics. Still, it does not seem unreasonable to expect at least some acknowledgment of the profound changes transforming our central cities. Only by discussing socioeconomic realities, in fact, is it possible to crack the complex code of values and attitudes that govern today's inner-city youth.

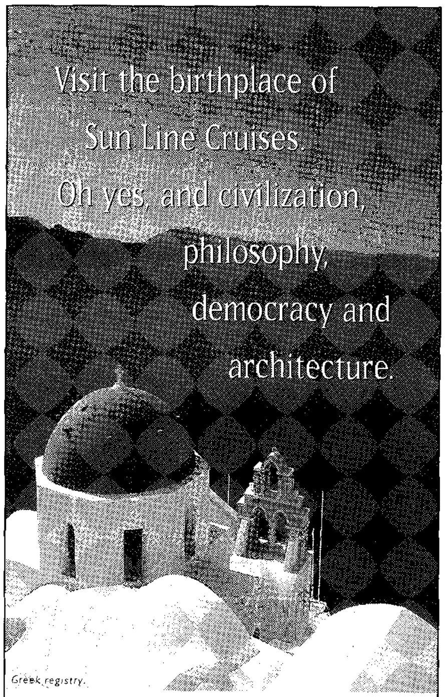
Greg Donaldson, in "The Ville" (Ticknor & Fields), shows how it can be done without getting in the way of a good story. His book has two main characters, a black cop and a black teen-ager, but it is the latter, seventeen-year-old Sharron Corley, who dominates. On the surface, Sharron (pronounced "Shar*ron*") seems just another tough-talking homeboy. He wears his hair in a three-inch-high "fade," with the top inch colored gold and the rest a deep walnut; he has a beeper on his waistband and gold caps on his front teeth. Obsessed with clothes, Sharron joins a group of young shoplifters who call themselves the LoLifes, after their favorite label, Polo.

But Sharron, bright and outgoing, wants to make something of himself. When the book opens, he is playing the lead in a school production. The life of the streets constantly beckons, however. Like most of the young males in Brownsville, Sharron seeks to amass "props" (short for "proper respect"). With so little else to fall back on, the young men in the Ville compete fiercely to obtain props. Beepers, girls, and "burners" (guns) are all means to this end. Nothing, though, rates like designer clothes, especially if they are boosted. "The world Sharron travels in is a pure consumer culture; the LoLifes are more an outlaw consumer group than a gang," Donaldson observes. Far from being rebels, he goes on, the young black men in Brownsville "indict society by their total belief in it."

The one thing that does not provide props is a nine-to-five job. Sharron, Donaldson recounts, once had a job bagging groceries at a supermarket. One day, a girl in one of his classes spotted him, and when she blurted the news in front of fellow-students, the "fear of ridicule snapped in him like a giant trap," Donaldson writes. Before the "scandal" could spread, Sharron had quit his job. On another occasion, Sharron sees a young East Indian man pumping gas at a filling station around midnight. "Times must be hard for that dude," Sharron mutters. "I would never do that."

This attitude toward menial work—common among some inner-city youths—has baffled, and angered, many middle-class Americans. Immigrants seem happy to take on such jobs; why aren't blacks? In his book Donaldson suggests an answer. The young men of Brownsville, he notes, are only too aware of the employment situation they face. Unless they have a special talent for hitting jump shots or writing rap songs, they know that the odds of finding a decent-paying job are poor. Bagging groceries and pumping gas, then, seem less like stepping-stones than like dead ends. As Donaldson puts it, "Unlike many of the Caribbean students [at his school], young men like Sharron do not see menial work as a beginning; they see it for the miserable trap it was for their ancestors."

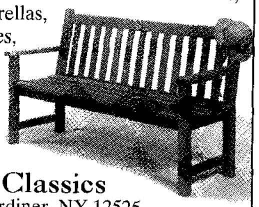
Unfortunately, few of those ancestors appear in "The Ville." In the course of four hundred pages of sharp insights into Sharron's world, Donaldson devotes some cursory passages to the boy's mother and not quite two paragraphs to the boy's father. In them we learn that he is a street hustler. How he got that way, and what impact his experiences had on Sharron, Donaldson does not say. This is typical of the book as a whole. Brownsville "is no place for old men," Donaldson writes. "Very few elderly or even middle-aged people ever walk the streets here." "The Ville" might be subtitled "There Are No Old People Here." Without them, however, we cannot envision the fate Sharron sees loom-

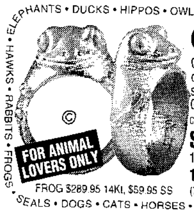


For a free 38-page Greek Islands brochure, see your travel agent or call or write Sun Line Cruises Inc., One Rockefeller Plaza, New York, NY 10020.

SUN LINE
Your Best Friends At Sea.®
1-800-872-6400
N1175

Free Catalog
Teak and Mahogany Outdoor Furniture
Precision-cut Kits or Fully Assembled
All-weather furniture of enduring beauty and character, handcrafted to last a lifetime. Benches, swings, market umbrellas, tables, chairs, lounges, and more. Available fully assembled, or as kits that are easy and fun to put together.
Wood Classics
Box 5Y03,Gardiner, NY 12525
(914) 255-5599





ELEPHANTS • DUCKS • HIPPOS • OWLS • HAWKS • MICE • LIONS • SEALS • DOGS • CATS • HORSES • OWLS • PENGUINS • FROGS • MICE • HAWKS • LIONS • DUCKS • HORSES • CATS • DOGS • SEALS • FROGS • RABBITS • HAWKS •
CLASS RING.
Graduate to this unique and stunning expression of your love for animals. Pick your favorite species/breed... Rings, Earrings, Broaches in Gold & Silver from $49.95
CALL FOR FREE CATALOG OR TO ORDER
SIGI DESIGN
1165A Castle Rd., NY, Sonoma, CA 95476
1-800-407-SIGI (7444) Visa-M/C-AMEX
(707) 939-0464 • Handcrafted in USA
FROG $289.95 14Kt, $59.95 SS

ENGLISH WANDERER
Walking holidays in the hills and along the coastal paths of Britain staying at quality country inns.
English Wanderer, 6 George Street,
FERRYHILL, County Durham, DL17 0DT, England.
Tel: 011-44-1740-653169 Fax: 011-44-1740-657996

"Alex, please. Just because I'm not home doesn't mean I'm not thinking about new slipcovers."

• •

ing and therefore cannot understand why he feels so trapped.

BLACK adults have not been entirely excluded from the recent literature on the inner city. Yet their portrayals have at times been so controversial as to spark street demonstrations. An example is Eugene Richards' "Cocaine True, Cocaine Blue" (Aperture), a photographic tour of America's drug underworld. The product of four years spent in crack dens and shooting galleries, the album depicts addicts in breathtaking acts of self-abuse. A heavy-lidded junkie nods out on a rooftop, a needle still stuck in his arm; a twelve-year-old boy shares a crack stem with his vacant-faced mother; a woman kneels before a man, preparing to perform oral sex, while a toddler sucking on a pacifier clings to her back. The book's text—mostly excerpts of interviews with addicts—is no less hair-raising:

> "You keep poking yourself, your fingers, the littlest veins. When I go to the hospital now, if they draw blood, they have to go in my neck. I keep trying, even if it takes me ten or fifteen times, until I get a hit. Anywhere. Some girls get off on their breasts, on their legs, in their privates."

When the *Times Magazine* ran a selection of Richards' photographs last winter, the Times Building was picketed by a group of blacks, and the newspaper was threatened with a boycott by Al Sharpton and was accused by the *Amsterdam News* of running "the most demeaning and degrading imagery we have seen in a reputable news organ anywhere in the world."

A similar furor erupted this fall, when the Washington *Post* ran an eight-part series about Rosa Lee Cunningham, a fifty-six-year-old black mother of eight. One of the longest series ever to appear in the paper, "Rosa Lee's Story: Poverty and Survival in Washington" offered an unsparing look at life below the poverty line. Written by Leon Dash, a veteran correspondent (who is himself black), the series described Rosa Lee's inability to read, her efforts to provide for her children, her myriad health problems. It also described her dealing heroin and marijuana from the family apartment, selling prescription pills in a McDonald's, and enlisting a grandchild in a shoplifting expedition. Under Dash's prodding, Rosa Lee even acknowledged having allowed a john to have sex with her daughter Patty when she was eleven. Aware of the sensitive nature of the material, the *Post* ran a box accompanying each day's article, providing a phone number that readers could call if they cared to comment. More than four thousand did, and while many praised the paper for devoting so much space to an important story, many others faulted the series for not being more uplifting and for perpetuating black stereotypes. Joann Byrd, the paper's ombudsman, was gently scolding in a column about the controversy. "I'm beginning to think that journalists are the only ones who believe a news story needs no objective beyond giving people information," she wrote. "The fact is that journalists place very high value on information for its own sake. They think it is quite sufficient that a story is important, or interesting, or explanatory or—like Mount Everest—there."

The implosion of the inner city is, undeniably, an excellent news story. That an uncomfortably large share of America's drug addicts and welfare recipients are black should not become a pretext for ignoring them. Certainly Dash and Richards were dogged in pursuing their subjects. Nothing, in fact, seems to have been off limits. One day, for instance, Dash is sitting in Rosa Lee's apartment when there's a knock at the door:

> It's a drug dealer who lives on the first floor. He and Rosa Lee talk quietly and the dealer leaves. I assume that Patty has persuaded Rosa Lee to buy her a bag of heroin. Sure enough, Patty brings out a metal bottle cap, mixes some powdered heroin with water in the cap, and heats it with a match. She injects herself in the abdomen.
>
> Patty motions to Rosa Lee to lie down. To my surprise, she does. Using the same needle, Patty injects her mother in the leg. Her eyes flutter for a brief second, and our eyes meet.

This is a shocking moment, just as Richards' photograph of the kneeling woman and the toddler is shocking. From a journalistic standpoint, these are stellar images, stark testimony to just how far the norms of civilized behavior have fallen in some parts of the inner city. Standing alone, however, these images are *simply* shocking. Without some sense of what has driven these people to engage in such excesses, we only can feel anger and revulsion. Neither "Cocaine True" nor "Rosa Lee's Story" provides much context for their subjects' actions. The *Post* series, for instance, in the course of its thirty-six thousand words, had little to say about the larger world Rosa Lee inhabits and the broader forces impelling her decline. Instead, the paper focussed almost entirely on her individual behavior. As Dash himself put it at the end of his series:

> Rosa Lee's fate was far from foreordained; her sons, Alvin and Eric, both of whom rejected the lure of the street, are testament to that. So are many of her brothers and sisters. They, like many others who grew up poor, learned the importance and value of personal responsibility, and it gave them the edge they needed to invent a different way to live.

Yes, but why do some learn the value of personal responsibility while so many others do not? This, of course, is the great riddle of the inner city. And on the subject Dash is, mostly, mum.

In the end, it's what these writers don't say, rather than what they do, that gives concern. As examples of urban reportage, these chronicles sparkle. One need only compare them with earlier classics to see how far we've come. Jacob Riis's "How the Other Half Lives" (1890), for instance, while amply documenting the infernal conditions in the tenements of New York, offered crude middle-class stereotypes about unwashed immigrants. And Michael Harrington's "The Other America" (1962), while exposing the underside of the American dream, provided only the most superficial glimpses of life in the ghetto; his idea of field research was to walk around Harlem with a notebook, jotting down impressions. Today's writers are infinitely more dedicated and conscientious. Spending months and even years with their subjects, they have filled many notebooks with observations about their actions, thoughts, and aspirations. The resulting works are as colorful as biography, as richly detailed as ethnography. At a time when most Americans would rather avert their eyes from the poor, these writers demand that we see them, and for this they deserve great credit.

Yet these new accounts lack something that the older ones had: a broader vision of the roots of poverty. For Riis the primary cause was the tenements themselves—febrile breeding grounds of vice and degradation. For Harrington it was the rise of labor-saving technology and the loss of semi-skilled jobs. However one-dimensional these explanations might seem, they pointed beyond the woes of particular individuals toward a more complex web of social circumstance. The very qualities that make today's journalism so compelling—the seamless narrative, the eye for detail, the blend of empathy and candor—serve also to highlight the behavior of the poor, making it seem the cause of their poverty rather than the other way around.

These journalists have sought faithfully to record the experience of their subjects, and to do so without patronizing them by imposing theories or analytic structures on that experience. But perhaps the authors respect their subjects too much. By limiting their scrutiny to the lives and behavior of individuals in the ghetto, they implicitly invite the reader to find explanations there and nowhere else. The larger economic, political, and even cultural factors that lie beyond the ghetto and the behavior of its residents—in boardrooms, say, or in Washington—also lie beyond the scope of these books.

In another era, perhaps, none of this would matter. Riis, for instance, wrote at a time of political ferment, and so his book—stereotypes and all—became a bible for housing reform. Had John Kennedy not been President when Harrington was writing, "The Other America" would probably be remembered as just another earnest treatise on the poor, rather than as the opening salvo in the War on Poverty. Today, with Newt Gingrich the Speaker of the House, the recent books on the poor seem less like clarion calls than like morality tales—political parables about the risks of illegitimacy, the dangers of drug abuse, the perils of irresponsible parenting.

The breakdown of the inner-city family is as much a tragedy for its parents as its children. Though one might be the victim of the other, parent and child are bound together in a fateful and pathetic embrace. Until black adults feel that they have a stake in society, black children will lack any hope of having one themselves. We seem to have lost sight of this. That books as compassionate as these could conceivably contribute to the current climate of disapproval and indifference is what ultimately makes them so troubling. ◆

Goose down robe

Surround yourself in warm, lightweight elegance. Superblend fabric for easy care. Contrasting piping, shawl collar and roll back cuffs. Fully guaranteed. Order cream, burgundy, peach, light blue, navy or salmon. Sizes XS, S, M, L. Regularly $160 **Sale $89** Shipping and handling, $6.50

Goose Down Slippers match robes in cream, burgundy, peach, light blue, navy or salmon. Sizes XS, S, M, L. Regularly $38 **Sale $22** Shipping $4.50

☐ Order by phone with MC or VISA, call 415/472-2154.

☐ Use MC, VISA or check for mail orders. CA residents add 7¼% tax

WARM THINGS

180 Paul Dr., Dept. NY /San Rafael, CA 94903
415/472-2154 • Ship within 48 hrs. • MC/VISA

Design at Harvard

Architecture
Landscape Architecture
Urban Design

CAREER DISCOVERY PROGRAM
June 19–July 28, 1995

For people of all ages considering career choices or changes

Harvard University
Graduate School of Design
Career Discovery Box N
48 Quincy Street
Cambridge, MA 02138
617-495-5453

14 Karat Gold
$75.00
Actual Size

SPRING HOOPS - A new choice for unpierced ears!
1-800-262-6026
Spring City Craftsman
190 No. Main St.
Spring City • Utah 84662

We accept VISA, MC, CHK, MO (Add $3.50 SH)

Free Catalogue Available

Other sizes and metals available

Country Walkers

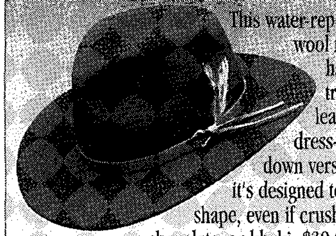
5 to 12 day luxury walking vacations in Europe, Canada, New Zealand, South America and throughout the U.S.

To request a catalog call or write
Country Walkers, PO Box 180NY, Waterbury, VT 05676
800-464-9255

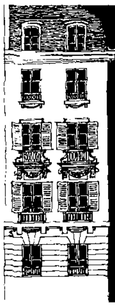
GIFTS OF WORDS
The original RIVERSTONES™ by Penelope Naylor make great gifts for garden & home. "One would serve well as a cornerstone for any of a wide range of individual or collective enterprises." (*The New Yorker, 12/2/91*). Each unique, natural stone is deeply inscribed. Choose IMAGINE, LOVE, HOPE, WELCOME, LAUGH, DREAM.
SMALL (6"-8")... $55 LARGE (12"-15")... $75
MEDIUM (9"-11") $65 X-LARGE... (by request)
Add $15 per stone for shipping & handling.
Full refund guaranteed.
SEND CHECK OR MONEY ORDER TO
Stoneworks Gallery
P.O. BOX 35-Y · TUXEDO, NY 10987
CUSTOM ORDERS WELCOME
FREE CATALOGUE · 1 800-STONE-08

Discover Winter in Santa Fe
at the Inn on the Alameda
- Intimate rooms and suites, some with fireplaces, balconies, patios
- Year-round sunshine and outdoor activities
- A stroll away from upscale shops, restaurants, galleries and the historic Plaza
- Tri-cultural history and tradition
- Minutes from Santa Fe Ski Basin
- Gourmet breakfast included w/stay

Inn on the Alameda
"That Enchanting Small Hotel in Old Santa Fe"
For Reservations 800-289-2122



A Hat For All Reasons
This water-repellent 100% wool felt outback hat is trimmed in leather for dress-up, dress-down versatility. And it's designed to hold its shape, even if crushed! Black, chocolate, or khaki. $39.95 all sizes.
To order please phone: 800-936-5646
HARTFORD YORK LTD.
BURLINGAME CALIFORNIA



PARIS
Charming apartments for holiday or business travelers
CHEZ VOUS
1001 Bridgeway, Suite 245
Sausalito, CA 94965
Call (415) 331-2535 Fax (415) 331-5296

OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

HIGH-HEEL NEIL

At some of the finer spots frequented by Southern society, one Republican businessman stands out for his love of adventure—and a well-cut dress.

BY JOHN BERENDT

ONE evening in late March of 1990, Neil Cargile stepped into his single-engine Mooney airplane in West Palm Beach and took off for Nashville. About forty miles southeast of the Nashville airport, the plane started vibrating uncontrollably. Cargile wasn't sure what had happened, but he suspected that one of his propeller blades had broken off; it had been repaired several months before. He radioed Nashville to tell them he was having engine trouble. Because of the vibrations, he said, he couldn't read his instrument panel. He was losing altitude. His radio was being shaken apart, and he would soon lose voice contact. Nashville cleared him for an emergency landing at Murfreesboro Municipal Airport, three miles from his position, but just at that moment his plane started clipping the tops of trees. Suddenly, he saw Interstate 24 spread out before him. He angled the plane for a landing on a grassy embankment and set it down perfectly, but at such speed that the plane slid onto the highway, skidding toward traffic on its belly, its landing gear still up. As he struggled to swerve onto the median strip, three sets of headlights came at him. Two of the vehicles swung off to the side, but his right wing caught the third, a van, on its underside and dragged it onto the median, where they both came to a stop. The plane was a wreck, but the van was only slightly damaged. Miraculously, no one had been hurt.

Emergency vehicles converged on the scene within minutes, along with television crews, and soon thousands of Nashvilleans were watching coverage of the accident's aftermath on the ten-o'clock news: firemen spraying foam on a huge puddle of spilled fuel, bystanders lining the side of the road, traffic backed up for miles. At the center of all this—an island of calm amid the sirens and flashing lights—stood Neil Cargile. At sixty-one, he was impressively handsome, with glinting blue eyes, a square jaw, and white hair that fell casually across his forehead. He was wearing a blue blazer, a dress shirt open at the collar, and gray slacks. Aviation officials inspecting the scene praised his skill in handling the plane. They said his cool demeanor and his more than forty years of flying experience, which included a stint as a Navy jet pilot, had probably averted a disaster. Cargile sipped a soft drink and calmly inspected the wreckage.

"You look as though you're going to a party," one of the reporters remarked.

"That's exactly what I *was* doing," he growled amiably.

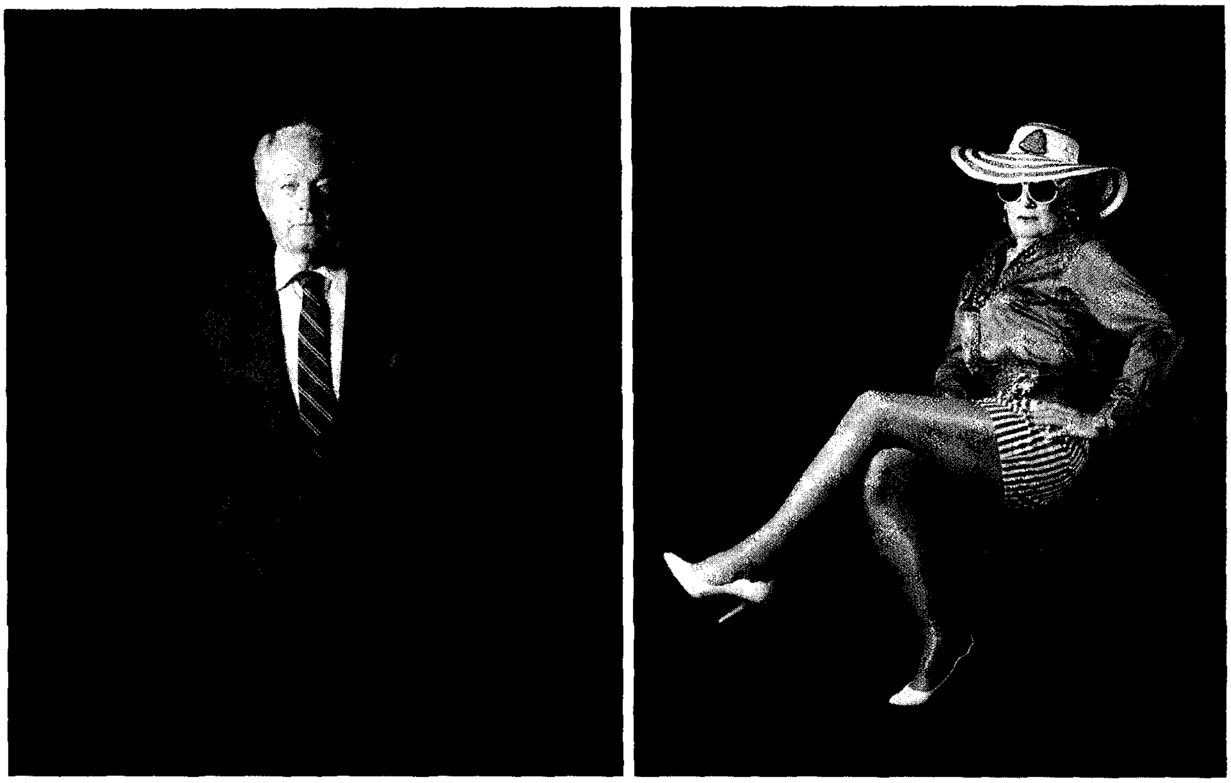
"What was the cause of the crash?"

Cargile smiled. "I like being the center of attention."

There was more than a grain of truth in Cargile's jest, as many of those who were watching the drama at home on television were well aware. Neil Cargile was a celebrated son of Nashville, a dashing figure of privilege and status who was never very far from the spotlight. He had played football at Vanderbilt, driven race cars, sailed yachts, and played polo. He was a man of action and daring—of that there was no question. And yet when his friends saw his dapper image on television that night they were all seized by the same incongruous thought: Thank God he wasn't wearing a dress.

IT is common knowledge in Nashville, especially among the social set of Belle Meade, the lush residential preserve of old Nashville, that Neil Cargile—twice married, the father of three, and decidedly heterosexual—likes to "dress up." The first time he ever wore women's clothes in public was at a Halloween party at the Palm Bay Club, in Miami, in the mid-nineteen-seventies; four women had talked him into going to the party as Dolly Parton. They'd dressed him in a blond wig, a red dress, and a pair of Charles Jourdan shoes with four-inch chrome heels. Cargile won first prize that night, and a photograph of him in all his glory was posted on the club's bulletin board, where George and Em Crook, of Nashville, happened to see it some months later. "My God, that's Neil Cargile!" Mrs. Crook exclaimed.

The Crooks assumed that the episode was nothing more than a party prank, and they held to this view for the next couple of years, even when rumors of other cross-dressing episodes began to circulate in Nashville. The other occasions were costume parties, too, and they were always out of town.



The two sides of Neil Cargile, whose motto is: "If you aren't doing something different, you aren't doing anything at all."

DAVID SEIDNER

But then Cargile began to dress up in Nashville. At first, he did it at private parties and with a degree of subtlety. He'd wear a blazer, a shirt and tie—and a kilt. Instead of the traditional knee-length woollen socks, however, he'd put on black stockings and high heels; or he'd wear the kilt and the heels with a formal dinner jacket. Eventually, he held what he called a Vice-Versa party at his home: guests were required to come dressed as a member of the opposite sex. Cargile was between marriages at the time, and his date that night came as Sir Lancelot; she rode into the house on a pony.

The Vice-Versa party and other sightings of Neil Cargile in drag caused a great deal of talk around town, but it was not until the 1979 Cumberland Caper that Nashville got a good look at Neil Cargile as a cross-dresser. The Caper is an annual costume party that benefits the Cumberland Science Museum. It has a different theme every year, and in 1979 Nashville's moneyed élite were asked to come as their favorite character in history. They arrived that evening in an assortment of decorous disguises—as George and Martha Washington, for example, and Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI. Neil Cargile showed up in a blue dress and a long blond wig. Given the theme of the evening, his choice was strangely inappropriate.

"And what historic character have *you* come as?" someone asked.

"As Neil Cargile in a dress," he replied.

NOT since Elvis Presley scandalized Nashville by wearing eyeshadow at the Grand Ole Opry in the early nineteen-fifties had the town been confronted by anything like this. Chet Atkins had said of the youthful Presley's made-up eyes, "It was like seein' a couple of guys kissin' in Key West." Twenty-five years later, Neil Cargile's friends took him aside, one by one, and asked him tactfully (and sometimes not so tactfully) if perhaps he had lost his mind.

Cargile was the antithesis of what people expected in a cross-dresser. Nothing in his life had given any hint that he would become one. He had grown up at Jocelyn Hollow, a large estate in the rolling hills of Belle Meade. As a boy, he showed a talent for mechanical engineering, and for standing out from the crowd. At the age of twelve, he set up a machine shop in his father's garage and made motor scooters out of washing-machine engines. At sixteen, he rebuilt an airplane out of surplus parts from the Second World War and flew it solo from his back yard. Local newspapers doted on his exploits, calling him a "back-yard aviator." In the air, he was a superb pilot and a daredevil prankster. He flew loop-the-loops, and he once buzzed his father on the golf course of the Belle Meade Country Club—a stunt that got him grounded for two months. He survived so many emergency landings, in fact, that he earned the nickname Crash Cargile. As an adult, he had a helicopter landing pad on the front lawn of his Nashville mansion—one of the few heliports at a private residence in Tennessee. He got involved in businesses that required grit and daring—flying crop dusters, for example, and designing, building, and operating mammoth dredges that were used for deepening rivers and harbors and recovering diamonds and gold, often in remote parts of the globe. After his exploit at the Cumberland Caper, Cargile assured his worried friends that he had not turned gay. The only reason he dressed up, he said, was that it was *fun*.

Cargile did appear to be having a rollicking good time when he was in drag. It was almost as if he regarded dressing up as a big joke, and on one level it was, since he made no attempt to pass as a woman. He did not alter his masculine voice or feminize his walk, and it was clear that he got as much pleasure out of shocking people as he did out of wearing the clothes. He especially liked to drop in at the Bargain Boutique to shop for second-hand dresses and pop out of the fitting room to ask dumbstruck ladies what they thought of the dress he was trying on. He did not merely seek the spotlight; he coveted it. When another man won the costume prize at the Cumberland Caper one year by coming as Dustin Hoffman in "Tootsie," Cargile was incensed. He swore he would never attend another Caper if people were going to horn in on his act. He had no discernible qualms about dressing up in public. He even took delight in the new nickname he'd been given: High-Heel Neil.

By the mid-nineteen-eighties, Nashville had become used to the sight of Neil Cargile in women's clothes. Out-of-towners were about the only people still taken aback by it. One evening, a woman who was visiting Nashville to see her grandparents suddenly leaned across the table at the 106 Club and told her grandfather, in an urgent but lowered voice, that a man had just come into the restaurant in a red dress. Her grandfather shrugged and went on eating. "That would be Neil Cargile," he said without bothering to turn around.

I FIRST heard about Neil Cargile during a visit to Nashville last spring. His second marriage had ended in divorce, and he was living with a girlfriend in Palm Beach, where some of his dredging operations were located. Even at that distance, he remained the talk of Nashville—most recently because he had won a trophy in the Easter-bonnet contest at the Palm Beach Polo and Country Club, which had infuriated dozens of Palm Beach matrons. They objected that they and their daughters and granddaughters had been exposed to (and defeated by) a grown man in a blazer, a miniskirt, and high heels—not to mention a broad-brimmed, lace-festooned, flowered straw hat. An account of the affair which had been published in the Palm Beach *Daily News* was circulating in Nashville when I passed through in May. It had made Neil Cargile the center of attention once again.

"I suppose he does it, as he says, for the fun of it and for the shock value," Em Crook said. "That's Neil."

Jimmy Armistead, an old Nashvillean, disagreed. "Saying it's fun is O.K. for the first few parties," he declared, "but after twenty years there has to be a better reason."

Frank Jarman, the former chairman of Genesco, thought back over Cargile's lifetime of daring exploits and concluded that cross-dressing was simply another of his adventures: "I think he just got bored." A number of people pointed darkly to a tragedy in Cargile's past—the death of his fourteen-year-old son from a burst aneurysm that occurred in the swimming pool of the Belle Meade Country Club in 1970—as if it might have somehow triggered his compulsion to cross-dress.

The Easter-bonnet affair was not, in fact, the first time a Palm Beach paper had featured Cargile in drag. A year earlier, the paper had revealed that he had given his alter ego a name: SheNeil—pronounced "chenille," as in the fabric.

Like Cargile's friends, I had always heard it said that the great majority of transvestites are heterosexual, but I couldn't understand that. Homosexual drag queens made a lot more sense to me. Of course, I had never actually met a heterosexual transvestite. Nor, I thought, was it likely that I ever would. Such people, I assumed, did their cross-dressing in private and, if they went out in public, made every effort to be undetectable.

But here was Neil Cargile—probably the most uninhibited, socially prominent cross-dresser in America since Edward Hyde served, in drag, as the governor of New York and New Jersey in the early eighteenth century. Governor Hyde explained that he wore dresses in order to represent the monarch, Queen Anne, as faithfully as possible. It occurred to me that perhaps Neil Cargile, open as he was, might be willing to shed some light on the mystery of cross-dressing, and, with this in mind, I called him in Palm Beach in early August. He said that he would be happy to tell me all he knew, but that it wasn't much. His voice had a gentle Tennessee twang, and he spoke with the measured calm of a commercial-airline pilot addressing his passengers before takeoff. He told me he would be coming to New York in a couple of weeks to discuss financing for gold-dredging operations he was setting up in South America. We could meet then. He would be travelling with his girlfriend, Dorothy Koss.

"Will you be bringing your dresses with you?" I asked.

"Hell, yes," he said. "I love wearing that stuff."

AT the appointed hour on Saturday night, I knocked on the door of Cargile's suite in the Algonquin Hotel, and in a few moments he stood before me—a towering, broad-shouldered figure, six feet four in heels. He had on a wide-brimmed straw hat, rhinestone-encrusted sunglasses, dangling blue earrings, and a tight blue-sequinned dress cut so short that it barely covered the crotch of his panty hose while displaying, at full length, a remarkably shapely pair of legs. A modest amount of hair was plainly visible on his chest and arms, but his panty hose were opaque enough to keep the hair on his legs from showing. He was smiling, and yet his smile—his whole face, in fact—was oddly out of focus, because his makeup was unevenly applied. His nose and cheeks had a blotchy coating of powder, as if he had swatted his face six or seven times with a powder puff and let it go at that. While shaving, he had missed a sizable tuft of whiskers directly beneath his nostrils, and this tuft, dusted with powder, floated like a tiny cloud under his nose, further blurring the contours of his face. Bright-red lipstick had been scrawled in haphazard strokes along the line of his lips, and generous splotches of rouge gave his cheeks a fevered blush. He shook my hand with a firm grip and then turned and walked back into the room, pulling his hem down with both hands. "I think Dorothy shortened this durn thing too much," he said, chuckling.

Dorothy came out of the bathroom. She was a pretty blonde with wavy hair, smooth skin, and makeup that was applied as artfully as Cargile's was not. Her fuchsia dress had ruffles of silk organza at the shoulders, creating an effect that was somewhat youthful for her forty-odd years. The sight of Cargile tugging at his hem made her laugh. "You wouldn't wear it at all when it was longer," she said. "Now it's just the right length to show off your legs. Trust me." She reached up and rubbed at a blot of excess lipstick on his upper lip. "I hate to see you smear up your face."

Cargile held still while she wiped his lip. "Dorothy wants me to look like a real woman," he said. "But I'm just a wild-lookin' man. Aren't I, Sweet Pea? She's my fashion consultant. She picks my clothes and designs my hats and my Elton John glasses. And she's *baaad.* She encourages me to be wilder and wilder."

"Well, you know how I feel about it, SheNeil," she said. "If you're going to take the trouble to dress up, why look like a frumpy old matron?"

Just as we were about to leave for dinner, the telephone rang. Cargile removed his left earring and answered it. Then he sat down on the edge of the bed. "That river's full of gold," he told the caller. "And right now the Venezuelans have got men out there panning for it with shovels. The computer-controlled dredge I designed can do in one hour what it takes a *thousand* men all day to do by hand. No kiddin'. And the beauty of it is we get to keep the gold. We give the Venezuelans ten per cent of what we sell it for, and then we take a fourteen-per-cent mining-depletion write-off on our U.S. taxes. We're getting offers to do the same thing worldwide, you know." Cargile pulled at his dress, which was riding up on his thighs. "Yeah. It's all outlined in the papers I sent you. . . . Sure. . . . Great! How's the wife? . . . The flu? Listen, tell her to take four times the dose of whatever the doctor prescribes. Knock the hell out of it. That's what I do. What the hell do doctors know, anyway? They're much too cautious."

Cargile hung up and put his earring back on. I asked him what the man on the other end of the line would have thought if he had been able to see as well

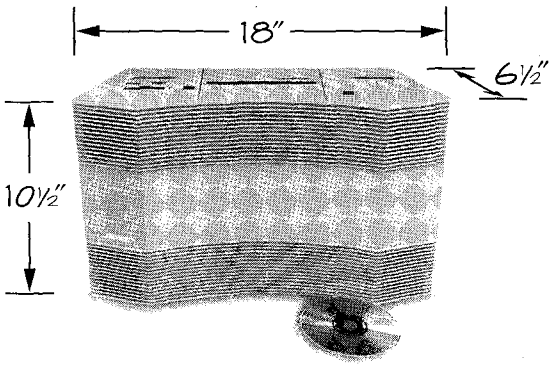
IRELAND
VACATIONS 1995

Would you kindly do us the favor of filling out this coupon? See? Even in our ads we Irish treat you differently.

We've been known to go out of our way to make guests feel welcome. Take our free vacation planner as just one example. It offers an array of vacation itineraries to suit most tastes and budgets. To experience our hospitality in more detail, plan a trip to Ireland. Mail the coupon to Ireland Vacations '95, P.O. Box 7728, Woodside, N.Y. 11377 or call 1-800-SHAMROCK, extension 168.

Name ______
Address ______
City ______ State ____ Zip ____

IRELAND
The ANCIENT BIRTHPLACE *of* GOOD TIMES.



The measure of award-winning sound.

The Bose® Acoustic Wave® music system gives high-fidelity sound a whole new dimension. And it earned Bose the prestigious "Invention of the Year" award. Our patented acoustic waveguide speaker technology delivers rich, natural, component-quality sound. Yet the system is compact and transportable, and comes equipped with compact disc or cassette player, AM/FM radio, and built-in speakers. The Acoustic Wave® music system is available directly from Bose. So call or return this coupon for our free information kit. Because now, high-fidelity sound has a new set of rules.

For a free information kit call 1-800-898-BOSE, ext. W118A.

BOSE®
Better sound through research®

Mr./Ms. Name ______ Daytime Telephone ( ) ______ Evening Telephone ( ) ______
Address ______
City ______ State ____ Zip ____
Or mail to: Bose Corporation, Dept. CDD-W118A, The Mountain, Framingham, MA 01701-9168.

© 1995 Bose Corporation. Covered by patent rights issued and/or pending.

as hear him. "He'd have dropped dead," he said.

We walked to the elevator, Cargile moving with a bouncy, athletic stride. As we passed through the Algonquin's oak-panelled lobby, I became aware of heads turning suddenly and of conversations halted in midsentence. I quickened my step to put a little distance between my two companions and me—just enough to appear unattached to them but not so much that they would notice. I thought with relief how lucky it was that I had hired a car. The three of us would not have to roam the streets looking for a taxi.

In the car, Cargile gave me an amused look. "Dorothy, I think our friend here is completely freaked out by us," he said. "But, hell, that's par for the course. I've had people cross the street rather than walk alongside me when I had a dress on."

"I used to feel the same way," Dorothy said, "but I got over it. When I first met Neil, he was wearing a navy blazer and white pants. He was very handsome, and he had the look of a man who was used to getting his way, so I fell for him. We started dating, and for the first few weeks I didn't know anything about the cross-dressing. He broke it to me gradually. He told me that sometimes his friends liked to dress him up in wild clothes. He said he hoped I could handle it. Then, one night, he appeared at my door in a blazer, kilt, and heels, and I was stunned. We continued to date, though, and I can remember standing out on my balcony one evening waiting for him and thinking, Soon I will hear the click, click, click of his high heels coming up the patio steps. This is bizarre. I don't know if I want this. But I really liked him, and eventually I came around to accepting his cross-dressing. I stopped being embarrassed. I wish he didn't cross-dress, but I won't try to change him. To me, he's a combination of Crocodile Dundee, Rambo, and Jezebel."

I had reserved a table at the Tribeca Grill, and the hip downtown crowd there took Cargile in stride. The headwaiter led us to our table without seeming to notice anything out of the ordinary. Our waitress brought us menus and took our drink orders. She winked at Cargile. "I'd kill for legs like yours," she said.

Over dinner, Cargile spoke easily about his cross-dressing. "Men are forced to wear a uniform that never changes," he said. "A jacket and trousers. Women can wear anything they want, and it's O.K. I happen to be more comfortable in a dress than in a blazer and slacks. And anyway I'm a big showoff. I have a motto: If you aren't doing something different, you aren't doing anything at all. That's the way I've always lived. When I was a kid, I had five airplanes in my back yard. Nobody else had any. When my cross-dressing got to be too much for my wife, she made me go to a psychiatrist. So I went to see Dr. Joseph Fishbein, an associate professor of psychiatry at Vanderbilt University. The first thing Fishbein asked me was did I like men. I said no. Then he told me some of his colleagues were cross-dressers, too. They'd come home at night and put on their wives' clothes. And these were *doctors!* I got the impression that Fishbein didn't think there was very much wrong with me. Anyhow, I never went back."

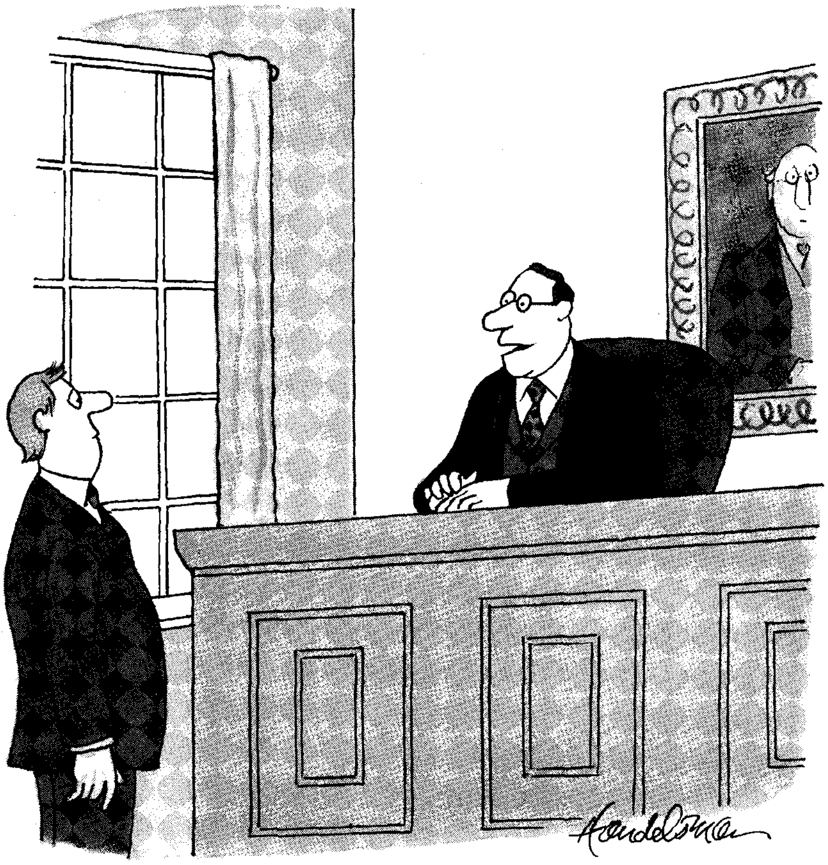
I asked how the rest of his family felt about it.

"My brother's a born-again Christian, so of course he hates it, and my teenage son, who's a big athlete, has a tough time understanding it. But my daughter handles it pretty well. Hell, she gave me a makeup kit for Christmas one year."

Were there any places he would not go in drag?

"I wouldn't go to church in a dress, and I wouldn't go to the Belle Meade Country Club or the Palm Beach Bath and Tennis Club in drag, either," he said. "Those places are hallowed ground. But I'm not *afraid* of going anywhere in drag, if that's what you mean. I know it blows people away, but that's part of what makes it fun. Of course, once in a while I've had to set people straight. Like, one night a couple of years ago I walked into a bar and heard a guy mutter 'Faggot.' Well, I just turned to him and said as nicely as I could, 'I'm Neil Cargile, and I don't think we've met.' I put out my hand, and he shook it. Now, I'm a mechanical engineer, and I work with my hands a lot. So, I squeezed that man's hand. Hard. I crunched. I cracked. And I kept on squeezing until his eyes bugged out and his body writhed and he let out the most pitiful gasp of pain. I haven't had any trouble with him since." Cargile held out his hands. They were broad and beefy, and unadorned with nail polish.

I asked Cargile several times during



"In the interest of streamlining the judicial process, we'll skip the evidence and go directly to sentencing."

dinner, phrasing it differently each time, if he knew *why*, deep down, he was compelled to wear women's clothes.

"Everybody likes to make things psychologically complicated," he replied at one point, "but there's nothing to it. For me, it has nothing to do with sex. I don't get turned on by it. It's just *fun*." He suggested that we continue the discussion the next day over lunch, and I agreed.

"How about that restaurant in Central Park?" he said. "I've always wanted to go there. Tavern on the Green."

On any Sunday, Tavern on the Green is a tourist Mecca, drawing as many as fifteen hundred people. I pictured Cargile strutting into their midst wearing God knows what, and the thought gave me anticipatory pangs.

"But it's so crowded," I protested. "And so noisy."

"Sounds perfect!" Cargile exclaimed before I could suggest another place. "Dorothy will love it!"

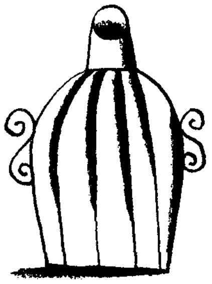
"Tell you what, Neil," I said. "Why don't you come dressed in men's clothes? That will give me a chance to see your other persona."

"Good idea," he said. "I will."

IN the morning, I rose early in order to finish perusing a stack of reading material I'd assembled as a crash course in the psychology of cross-dressing. Though Cargile's theatrics were superb, he was a bit short on theory, and I was curious to know why—apart from the fun of it—an estimated three to five per cent of the male population puts on women's clothes, at least occasionally.

I discovered that the true causes of transvestism are not known, but that psychologists have come up with explanations for a wide range of cases. At one end, women's clothes are a sexual fetish; at the other, the clothes give expression to a second self, to the "girl within." The girl-within phenomenon underscores the difference between sex and gender—between, on the one hand, a person's basic male or female characteristics (sex organs and sex drive) and, on the other, the person's masculine or feminine personality. (Some cross-dressers refer to themselves as members of "the gender community.") If the sexual orientation and the gender orientation are seriously at odds, the result can be the emergence of a second self. Cross-dressers frequently give a name to this other self. In Neil Cargile's case, apparently, it was SheNeil.

In addition to scientific studies on the subject, innumerable insights have been gained anecdotally. One psychiatrist reported encountering several cross-dressers who had been forced as children to wear clothing of the opposite sex as a form of punishment; their subsequent cross-dressing was therefore connected with a sense of humiliation. Another clinician found that male cross-dressers often tended to think women had too much power; putting on women's clothing was their way of taking back that power. A common thread seemed to be the theme of "role relief": the cross-dresser seeking to escape the pressures of being a male in a society that demands more of boys and men than of girls and women.



I was not sure where Neil Cargile stood in all this. However, I did come across a survey, conducted by Richard F. Docter, of California State University at Northridge, that tabulated cross-dressers' own explanations for why they cross-dressed. In the early years of cross-dressing, the most common reason given was that it was "sexually arousing." Over time, the sexual aspect diminished, and the primary reason became that it was "pleasurable behavior," which is, I suppose, another way of saying "fun."

THE line of taxicabs disgorging passengers at Tavern on the Green stretched all the way to Central Park West when I arrived, at noon. I made my way to the reservation desk and was informed that our table in the garden would be ready shortly. I waited in the entrance hall, keeping an eye out for Neil and Dorothy and reviewing a list of questions I had jotted down in the hope of prying a few worthwhile insights out of Neil.

A few minutes after the hour, they pulled up in a cab, and I could see, to my relief, that Neil was wearing a blazer and an open-necked shirt. He was handsome, white-haired, and suntanned—no picture hat, no rhinestone-studded sunglasses, no makeup, no earrings. This was the real Neil, King of the Dredges. Then he stepped out of the taxi, and there it was: his bottom half—a black-and-white striped micro-miniskirt, panty hose, and heels.

Neil and Dorothy were approaching the front door now. Without a moment's hesitation, I turned and retreated into the garden, where I collared the headwaiter and asked to be seated immediately. "We're just setting it up for you now, sir," he said.

Then I heard Neil call out cheerfully, "I thought I'd come half and half!"

As I turned to greet them, I heard the buzz of surprised voices, little chirps of laughter, and the scraping of metal chairs against flagstones as people rose to get a better look.

As soon as we sat down, I scanned the menu, my mind fixed on ortolans—tiny birds that used to be prepared as a delicacy in France. Ortolans are so small they can be eaten whole, in one bite, except for the beak. In order to trap the birds' aroma, restaurants traditionally provided large linen napkins to be placed over the diner's head and plate, covering them completely, like a pup tent. I had no particular interest in ortolans, but at that moment I would have given anything to cover my head with a large napkin. Already, I noticed, the traffic past our table had increased considerably. Some diners were taking circuitous routes to the bathroom.

"Dorothy and I have decided we're going shopping for dresses tomorrow," Cargile announced. "One for each of us." From across the table, Cargile looked like the conservative, Watergate-be-damned Republican businessman I knew him to be. He had a firm jaw and the bearing of a C.E.O. The picture would have been perfect had it not been for a few inches of bare knee and thigh visible along the edge of the tablecloth. Cargile had not tucked his legs under the table, as I had hoped he would. He had swung them to the side and crossed them so that they basked in full view of other diners.

"What size dress do you wear?" I asked.

"Eighteen," he said. "And an eleven shoe."

"I don't think you'll find much of anything in an eighteen at Saks or Henri Bendel," I said. I offered to find out where male cross-dressers shopped in New York.

A boy with a balloon passed the table for the fourth time in as many minutes.

"You know, I used to be so happy I was a man," Cargile mused. "But these days white males are the most disadvantaged people in the United States. Women and minorities have the edge now. The government gives it to them."

"So that's why you wear women's clothes," I said.

"No. Like I told you, I do it because it's fun."

Just then, two middle-aged women approached the table with friendly smiles and a camera at the ready. "Would you mind?" one of them said sweetly. "We are from São Paulo, and we think you look wonderful! You are why we love New York! People here are fantastic! May we take your picture?"

Cargile jumped up and struck a pose with his hands on his hips and his blazer pushed back so as to give an unobstructed view of his miniskirt. Dorothy got up, too, and stood next to him. The commotion, which had been simmering, now boiled over. Other diners simply got up from their tables and came over to watch. Waiters gathered around, trays in hand. The people seated in the glass-enclosed Crystal Room had also abandoned their tables and were massed along the wraparound windows. There was a smattering of applause. Cargile was all smiles.

When we took our seats again, he was radiant. "Did you see how everyone enjoyed themselves? That always happens when we go out in Palm Beach. The party doesn't start until I arrive. I *am* the entertainment. Dorothy and I have been talking about opening a club in Palm Beach. We'd call it Club SheNeil."

His mention of the name SheNeil reminded me of the girl-within theory that I'd read about that morning. If there was ever going to be a chance to delve beneath the surface with Cargile, this was it. Choosing my words carefully, I asked him, "When you put on women's clothes and become SheNeil, does a second self emerge? Do you feel like a different person?"

"No," he said. "I feel like Neil Cargile in a dress."

ON Monday afternoon, Neil, Dorothy, and I took a freight elevator to the third floor of a loft building in the West Village. We soon found ourselves in the vast, cluttered showroom of New York's premier shopping mart for cross-dressers and drag queens. The shop was crowded with racks of glitter and fluff in every color and metallic tint—mostly party dresses and show costumes rather than everyday street clothes. Cargile himself was wearing a silk blouse, a miniskirt, a hat, makeup, and heels. The salesman regarded him with a bland air. "Yeah, we can fit you," he said. "We go all the way up to size thirty."

The rear wall of the store was lined with high-heeled shoes. One corner overflowed with boas, and another had shelves devoted to sculptured female body parts—hips, thighs, and breasts. "This is what Neil needs," Dorothy said, looking over a display of lifelike silicone breasts. "He just stuffs extra stockings into his bra. But he'd never spend five hundred dollars on something like this." At that moment, Neil was attempting to stand up in a pair of six-inch heels.

"Oh, SheNeil," Dorothy said. "Let me get a picture of this."

"Hurry, I'm about to tip over," he said.

After the picture-taking, Neil stepped out of the shoes and went into the fitting room. He came out wearing a black dress with fringes arranged in tiers. He shimmied, and the fringes swayed. Dorothy gave it an appraising look. "It's too shapeless," she said. "It's not you."

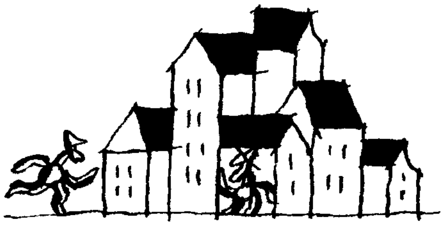
"Find me something wild, Sweet Pea," he said, returning to the fitting room.

Dorothy toured the store and came back with several dresses over her arm. She handed him a green one with a ruffled skirt.

"It doesn't fire me up," he said, giving it back.

She looked at it again. "I see what he means," she said, turning to me. "Neil doesn't wear froufrou. He likes tight skirts. This is something I might wear." She held up a blue dress for him. It was too open in the back—his Merry Widow would show, he said. "But I like that one." He picked out a red-sequinned dress. When he came out of the fitting room wearing it, Dorothy snapped another picture.

At this point, the salesman came over, looking out of sorts. "We don't allow picture-taking in here," he said as Cargile returned to the fitting room. "I'll have to ask you to leave."



"These are just for our own use," Dorothy said.

"Yeah, yeah, I know. That's the trouble. We get guys coming in here all the time trying on dresses, taking pictures, and not buying anything. Are you going to buy something?"

"Well, we're not sure yet," Cargile said, peering out of the fitting room. He had on just his corset and panty hose.

"Sure, well—I'm going to have to ask you to leave. *Now!*"

"Fine with me," said Cargile. "We're on our way." He changed back into his own clothes, and within minutes we were riding back uptown.

"What awful manners that man had," Dorothy said.

"The hell with him," Cargile said. "He thinks trying on dresses is fun. It isn't. It's hard physical labor. You can work up a sweat doing it."

Dorothy laughed. "Of all places to be thrown out of—a store that caters to cross-dressers."

"The guy probably figured I was some sort of weirdo who gets his kicks sneaking around trying on dresses and getting his picture taken."

"He probably doesn't think you have the nerve to wear them in public," Dorothy said. "If he only knew."

"Too bad for him," Cargile said. "I'd have bought the red one."

EXCEPT for lizards darting across the hot pavement, the streets of Palm Beach were virtually deserted on the Friday before Labor Day. Neil and Dorothy were planning a night on the town, and they invited me to go with them. Earlier in the day, I had joined Neil for drinks at the home of one of the investors in his venture to dredge for gold in South America. Neil wore a seersucker suit, a subdued tie, and white wing-tip shoes. We sat in a glassed-in semitropical rain forest for a discussion that consisted mostly of pleasantries, the working sessions having already been concluded. After about forty-five minutes, we rose to leave. At the front door, our host paused and fixed Cargile with a long, silent gaze. For a moment, I thought he had noticed the faint traces of lipstick on Neil's upper lip and the outline of the corset under his shirt.

"How old are you, Neil?" the man finally asked. "Sixty-five? Sixty-six? Tell me, why on earth would a man your age and in your position want to leave a beautiful place like Palm Beach and go into the goddam jungle and muck around for gold?"

Cargile put his hand on the man's shoulder. "It's real simple," he said. "No Environmental Protection Agency. No I.R.S. No unions. No attorneys. Besides—and don't tell me you don't know this already—the world's currencies are headed for the dumper, and when they get there gold will be king again."

The man smiled and shook his head and saw us out.

I made no mention of the vestiges of lipstick or the ill-concealed corset during the short ride back to Neil's house, but Neil laughingly confided to me that he was wearing panty hose under his suit. He often did that, he said, so he could make a quick change if he wanted to—he always carried a miniskirt and a pair of heels in the car.

After dinner, Neil put on a red dress and a long blond wig, and we took a tour of night spots—Chuck & Harold's, Ta-Boo, Au Bar. Neil's arrival never failed to raise the level of merrymaking. He and Dorothy would step onto an empty dance floor, and within minutes everyone in the place would be dancing, hooting, and living it up.

Neil had a business meeting scheduled for early the next morning, so at midnight I drove him home. On the ride back, he told me about some of the many close calls he had had while flying airplanes, and about how he had invented mobile feed mills, coal-washing machines, and the world's largest submersible dredge, which could be used to reclaim washed-away beaches in virtually any weather. As we pulled up to his house, I changed the subject, and made one last try for a glimpse beneath the surface. I asked him what his father would have done if he had seen him in a dress.

"He'd have killed me," he said.

"And your mother?"

"She heard about it and she confronted me. She said, 'You're the best-looking man in Nashville, Neil. Why on earth would you want to dress up in women's clothes?' "

"And what did you say?"

"I told her, 'It's fun, Mom.' " ♦

Anywhere. Or here.

Of those who travel the world, who can go anywhere, anytime, many choose to come here.

People who can make once-in-a-lifetime journeys on a whim know our staff by name. They discover their favorite seasons, make The Cloister and Sea Island part of their lives. And often return for a lifetime.

To arrange a first visit, call 800-SEA-ISLAND or 912-638-3611. Anytime.

The Cloister, Sea Island, GA 31561.

Sea Island® THE CLOISTER®

Reserve now for upcoming Spa programs, Food/Wine Classic XI, Cloister Garden Series, Financial Seminar.

Your Ultimate Cup of Coffee

Now save at least 40%

Green Mountain Coffee Roasters is the Ultimate Cup – freshly roasted and flavorful, the most delicious coffee you'll ever enjoy. For just $12.96, including shipping, we'll send you three half-pound bags of your choice!

YES! I want to try the Ultimate Cup.
Send a half-pound bag of the three coffees checked.

Colombian La Capilla™ Reg ☐ Decaf ☐
Breakfast Blend Reg ☐ Decaf ☐
Rain Forest Nut™ Reg ☐ Decaf ☐
Kenyan AA Reg ☐ Decaf ☐
Nantucket Blend® Reg ☐ Decaf ☐
Hazelnut Reg ☐ Decaf ☐

Please ship my coffee:
☐ whole bean ☐ ground for auto-drip

Payment method: ☐ check enclosed
☐ MC ☐ VISA ☐ AMEX

Card # ______________________ Exp. Date __________

Call
1-800-223-6768
or mail to:
Green Mountain
Coffee Roasters
33 Coffee Lane
Waterbury, VT 05676

©1995 Green Mountain Coffee, Inc.

Name ______________
Address ______________
City ______________
State ______ Zip ______

GREEN MOUNTAIN COFFEE ROASTERS

2915
Limit: one order per household
Offer expires Mar. 31, 1995

ANNALS OF COMMUNICATIONS

REDSTONE'S SECRET WEAPON

Who is Frank Biondi? Viacom's president and C.E.O. is nowhere near as visible as Sumner Redstone, his boss, but Biondi is the one who "makes the numbers," and last year those numbers got Paramount and Blockbuster for Viacom. Now Redstone and Biondi want Viacom to become the Microsoft of the entertainment world.

BY KEN AULETTA

ELEVEN of twelve invited executives took seats at a conference table at the headquarters of Viacom, in Manhattan, one day in late November. Frank J. Biondi, Jr., Viacom's chief executive officer, sat alone at the head of the table. An empty seat to his left was reserved for Sumner M. Redstone, the chairman and majority owner of Viacom, which is the world's second-largest media and entertainment company. Biondi picked up a phone at his elbow and dialled. "Harriet, it's Frank," he said. "Is Elvis in the building?"

As the question suggested, Redstone, who is seventy-one years old, has become a business luminary. In fact, his prominence has all but obscured Biondi. An investment banker who has worked for Viacom describes Biondi as "a battered wife," a smart cipher. Others speak of him as being tough. Those who have dealt with him know that he is intelligent, knowledgeable, and attractively modest, and makes terrific corporate presentations. Yet his role remains somewhat mysterious, because he travels just beneath the public radar.

Biondi has never been the subject of an article in a major publication. Last October, *Vanity Fair* ran a photograph of the media executives who attended the annual Sun Valley Conference, held by the investment banker Herbert A. Allen in July. Both Redstone and Biondi were at the conference; Redstone was in the picture, Biondi was not. Nor did Biondi make *Entertainment Weekly's* 1994 honor roll of the hundred and one most powerful figures in the entertainment business, even though several people who work for him did. The billionaire Redstone, who transformed a small collection of movie theatres into the country's biggest privately owned theatre chain, and who bought Viacom in 1987, was in second place on that list, after Rupert Murdoch, the chairman and C.E.O. of the News Corporation, which owns, among other properties, Twentieth Century Fox.

Casual observers might mistake Biondi, who is fifty, for an accountant. He has a handsome face and is relatively trim, but he wears boxy navy-blue suits, white shirts, sedate ties, and wire-framed eyeglasses. His hair is short and parted precisely. "I'm C.E.O., but if you read the press I don't exist," Biondi told me, in a stoic, matter-of-fact way. "Sumner is the embodiment of this place." Was this fact sometimes frustrating for him? "Sure," he responded. "It's not his fault. It just works out that way."

Over two months recently, I attended board meetings, budget summits, and strategy sessions, observed Biondi and Redstone at work in their offices, and came and went at will at the various companies that Viacom controls. Redstone bought Viacom, but Biondi is the one who has built it. It is Biondi to whom other Viacom executives come for day-to-day decisions, Biondi who tells them when they have strayed from their budget plan, Biondi who fires people, and Biondi who presides over the monthly meetings of the company's key managers. In the entertainment business, where the clash between the creative people and the business side is often intense, and those who actually make products complain about "the suits" from New York who crunch numbers, Biondi is the proverbial suit.

Last October, at a weekly luncheon meeting attended by the top four Viacom officials—Redstone; Biondi; Thomas E. Dooley, the executive vice-president who oversees finances, corporate development, and corporate communications; and Philippe P. Dauman, the executive vice-president, general counsel, and chief administrative officer—Biondi demonstrated his skill at maneuvering Redstone away from a course of action that he thought to be ill-advised. At one point, Redstone said, "You know who's called a couple of times to get together in California is Ovitz." Michael Ovitz, the head of the Creative Artists Agency, had offered to have a party for Redstone and Biondi and their team during a trip to California the week of November 7th, for strategy and budget reviews at Paramount, which Viacom had recently acquired. But Jonathan L. Dolgen, whom Biondi and Redstone had recruited in March to serve as chairman of Viacom's Entertainment Group, and oversee movie and television production at Paramount, had reservations about the idea. He did not think a party was necessary, but if there was to be one he felt it would be more appropriate if he were the host.

"Jon is dead set against it," Biondi said. "He doesn't want us brokered by Ovitz."

Tom Dooley, who, though he is only thirty-eight, has worked at Viacom since 1980 and is now the de-facto chief operating officer, said the company should defer to Dolgen's wishes.

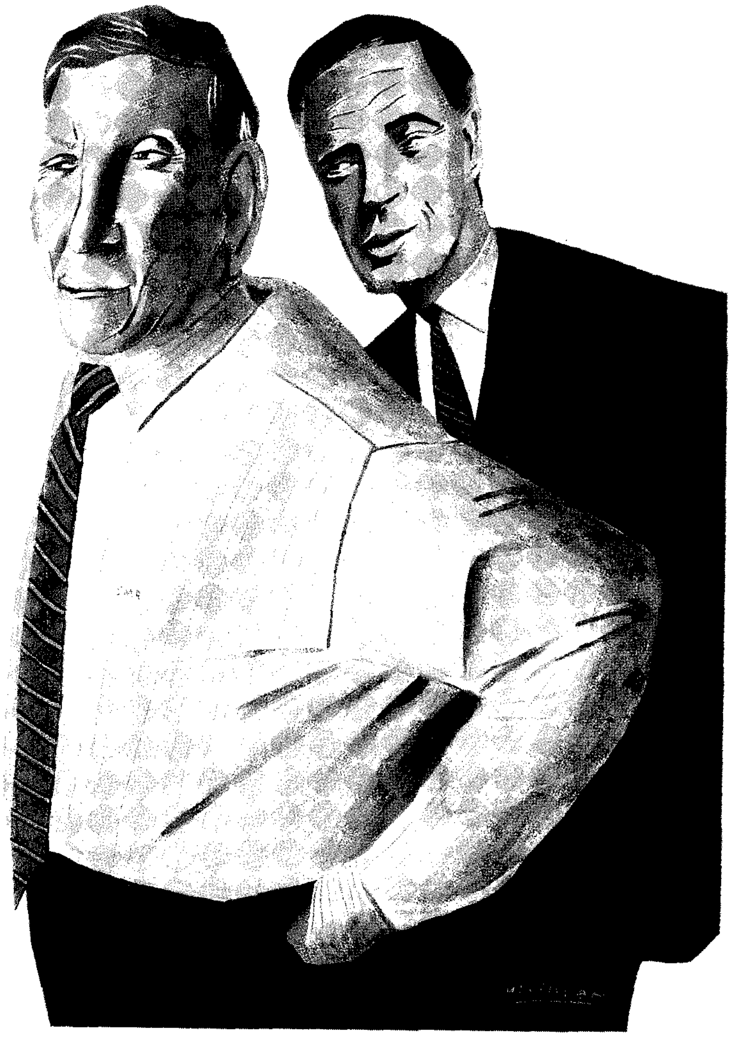
"I don't like to be restricted," Redstone said. "Ovitz is a friend."

In California a week later, Redstone went along with Biondi, and had breakfast alone with Ovitz instead of Ovitz's giving a party. Biondi had quietly got his way, avoiding a confrontation with Redstone and Ovitz.

The company that Biondi supervises has branches in almost every area of entertainment, including movie and television production (Paramount Pictures and Paramount Television); music programming (MTV and VH1); children's television programming (Nickelodeon); pay

TV (Showtime, the Movie Channel); books and CD-ROMs (Simon & Schuster). It owns the world's dominant video-store chain and one of the world's busiest music retailers (Blockbuster), and five regional theme parks. It owns twelve television stations and fourteen radio stations. Its cable systems have a million one hundred thousand subscribers. It has a seventy-eight-per-cent interest in the Spelling Entertainment Group, whose head, Aaron Spelling, is the most prolific television producer in Hollywood. It owns fifty per cent of the All News Channel and the USA Network and fifty per cent of the Comedy Central channel. Viacom is the largest single customer of the Hollywood studios (through Blockbuster, Showtime, and the Movie Channel) and of the record companies (through MTV and Blockbuster). It has joint ventures with several other companies, and this month it is launching, with Chris-Craft, a new TV network. Through Viacom Interactive Media, it is also involved with the development and distribution of interactive-television programming, video games, and on-line computer services. And it owns a library containing a total of fifty thousand hours of TV programs and feature films.

What Viacom hopes to be, apparently, is the Microsoft of the entertainment business—in effect, the essential software provider for every distributor. Viacom executives assume that desirable software can create its own distribution system, and they are planning to use Blockbuster's distribution system to gain an advantage. Last fall, Blockbuster had nearly four thousand video stores and more than five hundred music stores to provide shelf space for Viacom products. Blockbuster's forceful president and C.E.O., Steven R. Berrard, told an October meeting of employees from all the Viacom divisions how they could favor Viacom products. He said that he envisioned giving preferential, eye-level shelf space to movies from Paramount and to CD-ROMs and books from Simon & Schuster. Or Blockbuster, with a database of fifty million customers, could use this database to send a mailing to those who might like a certain Paramount film, and offer them a discount on video rentals if they produced a ticket stub to prove that they had seen the film. Or, in another area, Berrard said, it might offer ten free video rentals to new Showtime subscribers.



"Sumner Redstone is a guy who goes for the last marble on the table," one Viacom executive says. "Frank doesn't need the last marble."

MARK ULRIKSEN

Viacom even seems to make Redstone's old nemesis John Malone, of Tele-Communications, Inc., envious. On October 28th, at an outdoor cocktail party at Bear, Stearns' eighth annual media and communications conference, at the Boca Raton Resort & Club, in Florida, the two men ran into each other. Redstone was standing near the swimming pool when Malone appeared and said, "Sumner, when are you going to sell me your cable systems?" Both men smiled, knowing that their agents were negotiating for Malone's T.C.I. and a minority-controlled cable group to buy Redstone's cable systems. Both knew that the sale would go through—when federal regulatory agencies, which Redstone had done much to steam up with a 1993 lawsuit claiming that Malone was a monopolist, cooled down.

"You're in the right business, Sumner," Malone said, referring to Viacom's concentration on owning content rather than the means of distributing that content. "You can't keep up with technology, it's moving so fast." In the past year, Malone and other distributors have lost clout as telephone companies and direct-broadcast satellite dishes and wireless technologies and Blockbuster and computers have paved new roads to consumers. Programmers like Viacom gain by pitting distributors against one another. "One of your good dreams is to have a bidding war break out for your programming services," Biondi says. "That's why—with more than one wire into the home, and more than three networks, and more business overseas—we decided to concentrate on being a programming business."

FRANK BIONDI grew up in a strict Catholic home in Livingston, New Jersey. He attended Princeton and then the Harvard Business School, receiving his M.B.A. in 1968. With no particular career in mind, over the next four years he worked at various Wall Street brokerage firms, set up a financial-consulting firm, and then went to Europe for five months. In late 1972, he went to work for one of the early cable franchises, TelePrompTer, in New York, as director of business analysis. There he met Carol Oughton, who worked in the franchising department. She was as outgoing

CHAUCER

"Whan that Aprille with his shoures soote
The droghte of March hath perced to the roote . . ."
At the top of your voice, where you swayed on the top of a stile,
Your arms raised—somewhat for balance, somewhat
To hold the reins of the straining attention
Of your imagined audience—you declaimed Chaucer
To a field of cows. And the spring sky had done it
With its flying laundry, and the new emerald
Of the thorns, the hawthorn, the blackthorn,
And one of those bumpers of champagne
You snatched unpredictably from pure spirit.
Your voice went over the fields towards Grantchester.
It must have sounded lost. But the cows
Watched, then approached: they appreciated Chaucer.
You went on and on. Here were reasons
To recite Chaucer. Then came the Wife of Bath,
Your favorite character in all literature.
You were rapt. And the cows were enthralled.
They shoved and jostled shoulders, making a ring,
To gaze into your face, with occasional snorts
Of exclamation, renewed their astounded attention,
Ears angling to catch every inflection,
Keeping their awed six feet of reverence
Away from you. You just could not believe it.
And you could not stop. What would happen
If you were to stop? Would they attack you,
Scared by the shock of silence, or wanting more?
So you had to go on. You went on—
And twenty cows stayed with you hypnotized.
How did you stop? I can't remember
You stopping. I imagine they reeled away—
Rolling eyes, as if driven from their fodder.
I imagine I shooed them away. But
Your sostenuto rendering of Chaucer
Was already perpetual. What followed
Found my attention too full
And had to go back into oblivion.

—TED HUGHES

as he was private. If Biondi had any interest in Oughton at first, he concealed it well. He was all business for six months, and then one night she was working late and he wandered by and they started talking, and he asked her if she'd like to get a hamburger. "Neither one of us ever went out with anyone else again," she recalls. In November of 1973, Biondi proposed, without fuss or flowers. "It wasn't down on one knee," Carol recalls. "It was matter-of-fact." They were married at the Episcopal church in Dwight, Illinois, Carol's home town, in March of 1974. Carol Biondi could not dispel her husband's shyness, but she could temper it. Biondi's brother Michael, who is twelve years younger than Frank, observes, "Frank's marriage to Carol opened Frank up. He's much more social. He has been much more comfortable with people."

Carol introduced Biondi to Michael Fuchs, a young attorney in the business-affairs office of the William Morris talent agency, and the two became close friends. Fuchs was dating Carol's best friend. "We went everywhere together," Fuchs recalls of the Biondis. When the friend and Fuchs split up, he and Frank and Carol remained close. Fuchs also helped alleviate Biondi's shyness. "If Fuchs and I went into a room, he would go and meet everyone," Biondi remembers. When the Biondis bought a house in Riverdale, in 1974, Fuchs came up to play tennis nearly every weekend. He is the godfather of their second daughter, Jane, who was born in 1978. When the Biondis got a black Labrador, in 1981, it was named Mickey, after Uncle Mickey, which is what Jane and her sister, Anne, who is two and a half years older, still call Fuchs.

Fuchs was responsible for the second chapter of Biondi's business life. In 1973, Biondi had left TelePrompTer and started a consulting firm, focussing on the nascent cable-TV industry. A year later, he joined the Children's Television Workshop, where he was assistant treasurer and associate director of business affairs. In 1976, Fuchs left William Morris to join HBO, which was owned by Time, Inc. Eighteen months later, he was elevated to vice-president of special programming and sports, and he hired Biondi to direct the program-planning department. Fuchs recalls that soon after Biondi came to HBO he asked him how he liked his job. "Well, I'm used to a job where there are answers," Biondi said. "This is a job with no answers."

Within a year, Biondi was promoted to vice-president for programming operations. He continued to report to Fuchs, who in turn reported to the president of HBO. The pay-cable service was taking off, partly because of deals that Biondi negotiated with studios like Columbia and Orion, which gave HBO exclusive pay-cable rights to their movies, in return for HBO's underwriting a substantial portion of the production costs. By the early eighties, HBO was spending some two hundred and fifty million dollars a year to finance Hollywood movies.

In 1982, to cope with expansion, HBO reorganized itself into three basic divisions, and Biondi, Fuchs, and Winston H. (Tony) Cox, who was the senior vice-president in charge of sales and marketing, were made coequal executive vice-presidents. Fuchs would oversee programming, Biondi would run operations and finance, and Cox would supervise sales and marketing. For the first time in Biondi's career at HBO, there were tensions between him and Fuchs. Looking back, Biondi believes that Fuchs resented his being made an equal. "It was really a good partnership," he says. "The thing that disappoints me most is that I viewed our friendship as one that wasn't based on a business relationship. I worked for him for three years out of six. The relationship changed when I became a reporting equal." Fuchs, however, denies that he resented Biondi's equal status.

In February of 1983, Biondi was promoted to chief executive officer, and the fraying of his friendship with Fuchs accelerated. As he recalls, "Michael was nuclear" about the promotion. Fuchs says that he had no problem with the promotion itself but admits that he had a psychological adjustment to make. "I had been big brother," he says. "Now the roles were reversed. It was hard." What was harder, he says, was the change that came over his friend. Within forty-eight hours of Biondi's promotion, Fuchs says, "it wasn't a partnership anymore."

Biondi enjoyed successes at HBO, but he also incurred losses, and he came into conflict over them with Nicholas B. Nicholas, who had recently replaced Gerald Levin as chief of Time's video operations. The conflict was intensified by a downturn in the pay-television business, that coincided with Biondi's tenure as C.E.O.

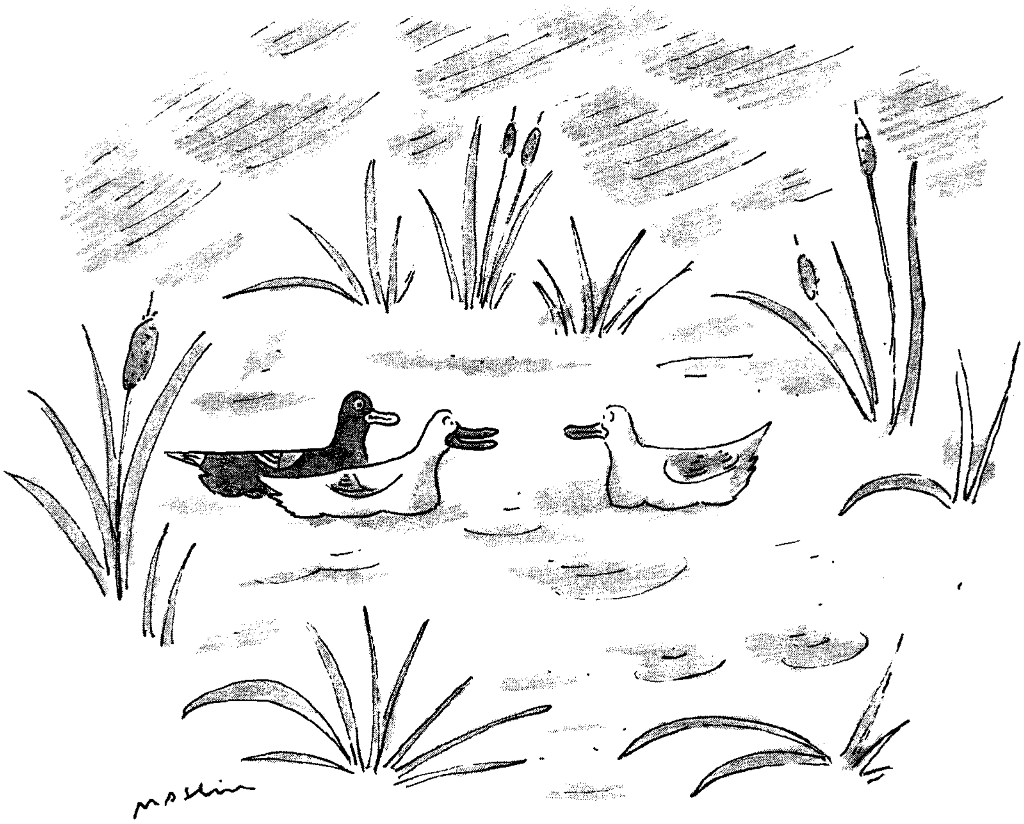
Then, one day in October of 1984, Biondi came home and announced to Carol, "I've been fired. Nicholas told me, 'You're a square peg in a round hole.' " Nicholas, who today praises Biondi for bringing "a laserlike focus" to Viacom, says, "I'm not going to tell you, in retrospect, that it was the right thing to fire him." He says that one reason he made the change was that Biondi and Fuchs and Cox "were fighting like three brothers competing with one another." Even after he told them to stop, "it didn't stop," he says. "So I changed the team." There may have been another factor: Fuchs was complaining. "I made no secret of the fact that I didn't like the way the company was being run," Fuchs says. Time, Inc., issued a press release saying that Fuchs would replace Biondi. The friendship was broken.

Biondi was shaken. But in January of 1985 Fay Vincent, who was then running Coca-Cola's Entertainment Business Sector, which included Columbia Pictures and Columbia Television, opened the third chapter of Biondi's business life, hiring him as executive vice-president of the Entertainment Business Sector. Over the next two years, the TV division accounted for all the Entertainment Business Sector profits, partly as a result of two big deals that Biondi made—for Norman Lear and Jerry Perenchio's Embassy Communications and for Merv Griffin's production company.

In November of 1986, Biondi was promoted to chairman and C.E.O. of Coca-Cola Television, and soon thereafter the Biondis sold their house in Riverdale, planning to move to Beverly Hills. Before they left, various friends and neighbors wanted to give farewell parties for them. Henry S. Schleiff, a close friend, whom Biondi had recruited, and who ran business affairs at HBO, arranged a party at his apartment, in Manhattan. Carol thought that Michael Fuchs should be invited, and, as a friendly gesture, Fuchs said that HBO would pay for the party.

ENTER Sumner Redstone, who would initiate the fourth chapter of Biondi's business life. Redstone grew up in Dedham, Massachusetts. His father managed a handful of drive-in movie theatres in the area. Sumner attended the Boston Latin School and excelled academically, graduating first in his class. He breezed through Harvard in two and a half years, and his fluent knowledge of Japanese and near-photographic memory brought him to the attention of a clandestine group of the War Department's Military Intelligence Division, which was trying to break the Japanese code. After the Second World War, he earned a degree from Harvard Law School and served as a clerk on the United States Court of Appeals, and in 1948 he joined the Truman Administration's Justice Department as a special assistant to the Attorney General in the tax division. Then, as now, he called himself a liberal Democrat. Then, as now, he loved litigating; when he left government, he joined a law firm in Washington, and he spent the next three years there.

In 1954, Redstone left the law firm to join his father's company, National Amusements. His litigating skills came in handy, for theatre owners are in a constant battle with Hollywood studios over the movies they get and what percentage



"All right, so he's wooden. But, you know, they say the same thing about Al Gore."

of ticket sales they may keep. (The split ranges between thirty-five and seventy per cent and averages about fifty per cent.) Redstone turned to lawsuits on more than one occasion. He also became known as a manager who would yell at executives when he was dissatisfied. He was a loner. He had no business heroes, then or now, he says. He proved to be a superb and tough entrepreneur, and became a pioneer in multiplex cinemas. By the beginning of this year, the company owned more than nine hundred theatres, and had become the country's preeminent privately owned chain. Phyllis Redstone, who met him when she was in high school and married him in 1947, says, "He was always competitive."

Redstone's strong will served him well in 1979, when he suffered a horrific accident. To escape from a fire in a Boston hotel, he climbed out a third-floor window and clung by his fingertips from a ledge. Although his body was engulfed in flames, he did not let go. When he was rescued, after ten minutes, the prognosis was that he would not live. He later underwent sixty hours of skin grafts. While friends say that Redstone is constantly in pain, the sole visible reminder of the fire is his right hand, which is bright purple-red, with three gnarled, nail-less fingers.

With the advent of pay TV and the videocassette recorder, Redstone realized that growth in the theatre business would level off, so he began to invest in movie studios. At one point, he owned five per cent of Twentieth Century Fox, nearly ten per cent of Columbia Pictures, and eight per cent of MGM Home Entertainment. He subsequently sold these shares for a handsome profit. In 1985, he began investing in Viacom, a cable- and media-programming company that had been formed in 1971 after the government forced CBS to divest itself of its syndicated programming holdings. Redstone found Viacom alluring, and watched intently as it grew—forming pay-TV services to rival HBO; branching into broadcast and radio stations; buying MTV Networks and Nickelodeon from Warner. In September of 1986, an investment group led by Viacom's management, which was worried about a takeover—by, among other possibilities, Redstone—proposed to take the company private, in a two-billion-seven-hundred-million-dollar leveraged buyout. Redstone, enraged at what he considered an insider's price for the stock, launched a bidding war.

The bidding spiralled upward, and Redstone sensed a deal between Viacom's board and its management to deny him victory even though he was offering shareholders a better price. He wrote to Allan R. Johnson, the chairman of the Special Committee of Viacom's board of directors, threatening litigation. He says he told Johnson, "I want you to know there is not enough money in the world to indemnify you from the suit I will bring." Johnson called Redstone the next day and assured him that the bidding process would be fair and open. On March 4, 1987, the board announced that Redstone had bought Viacom for three billion four hundred million dollars.

Redstone, searching for an experienced C.E.O., called his friends in the entertainment business, including Barry Diller, of Fox, and Lew Wasserman and Sidney Sheinberg, of MCA. Many of those he consulted told him that the ideal candidate had just accepted a promotion and was in the process of relocating his family to the West Coast. Redstone called Fay Vincent and asked for permission to talk to Biondi.

On a Friday evening in July, Redstone phoned Biondi. The two had a three-hour breakfast meeting the next morning, and that weekend a memo outlining the terms of a proposed agreement was drafted by Philippe Dauman, who at the time was at Shearman & Sterling, and was Redstone's attorney. It was on Biondi's desk Monday morning. Redstone offered Biondi a five-year contract, starting at six hundred thousand dollars a year, and stock that Redstone assured him would be worth at least fifteen million dollars in five years. A major impediment stood in the way of Biondi's accepting the offer: Could he be sure that Redstone would not interfere with him? "Everybody I knew who knew him said that he was impossible to work with," Biondi says. But finally Biondi decided to accept. "I'm fairly flexible in being able to work with people," he says.

Now Biondi had to tell Henry Schleiff to cancel his going-away party. No, Schleiff said. "We'll have the party to celebrate your staying in New York."

Michael Fuchs phoned from California and told Schleiff he had heard that Biondi was staying in New York to run the company that owned Showtime, HBO's chief competitor. There was no way that he would fly across the country on a weekend to attend a party for a competitor, Fuchs said. Eventually, however, he agreed to do so.

The party was, by most accounts, a suc-

"Come a little bit closer. You're my kind of man."

cess, but it added to the friction between Biondi and Fuchs. As soon as Fuchs arrived, Biondi recalls, he pulled Schleiff aside for what appeared to be an animated discussion. Although Biondi didn't know at the time that HBO was covering the costs of the party, he now says, "Michael was upset that he was paying for the party and I was not leaving. Two, he's giving a party for a guy who's becoming a competitor. And, third, I would probably convince Henry to leave HBO."

Fuchs confirms that he was incensed. "I made a gesture. I told Henry HBO would pay for the party," he says. "And that night Frank offered Henry a job. Henry was one of my closest associates. I thought the timing was rather inappropriate." Although Biondi denies that he had yet spoken to Schleiff, Fuchs had reason to feel aggrieved. Viacom had recently started conversations with Tony Cox, who was leaving HBO, about running Showtime, and soon Schleiff did leave HBO, to become chairman and C.E.O. of Viacom's entertainment and broadcast groups.

BRASIL
W.MACH

"I don't know who did her, but when she laughs the wrinkles go in very weird directions."

• •

In his first few months at Viacom, Biondi fired a top layer of managers. He also worked to open the lines of communication, because he realized, he says, "that no one knew anyone else." Mark M. Weinstein, who was then a senior vice-president and general counsel and today is senior vice-president for government affairs, says, "For the first time, Frank brought together the top twenty-five or so managers. He got everyone together to understand one another's business. He ran the company in a very collegial manner, with weekly executive-committee meetings of those who reported to him." He wanted people to operate freely, as long as they met their budget goals and did not hit him with surprises. Geraldine Laybourne, Nickelodeon's president, says, "Even though I didn't own Nickelodeon, I felt as if I did."

Viacom had some financial problems at first. In 1988, the company reported a net loss of a hundred and eighty-nine million dollars. Its debt burden—two billion three hundred million dollars—was steep. Redstone, having bet the store to win Viacom, now acted conservatively. "In some respects, business is not a game in which you hit nine hundred," Biondi says. "If seven out of ten decisions are good, you're probably not taking enough chances. At Viacom, because of the debt, we did not have the luxury of taking risks."

The company did make a few good, inexpensive deals, but luck was also a factor. In 1988, the year after Redstone and Biondi arrived, Viacom sold the rerun-syndication rights to "The Cosby Show" for five hundred and fifteen million dollars, the highest gross in the history of TV syndication. Redstone's litigiousness also helped, particularly when it was aimed at Michael Fuchs and Time, Inc., which would merge with Warner Communications in July of 1989. In May of that year, Viacom filed a two-billion-four-hundred-million-dollar antitrust action against HBO, its parent, Time, Inc., and a Time-affiliated cable company, claiming that by making exclusive movie deals with several major Hollywood studios HBO was denying movies to subscribers to Showtime and the Movie Channel, and that Time would not allow its cable systems to carry Showtime or the Movie Channel.

At first, Biondi and other Viacom executives resisted the idea of bringing an embarrassing lawsuit. Redstone would not be deterred. "He is an extremely tough negotiator," Tom Dooley says. "Sumner is a guy who goes for the last marble on the table. Frank doesn't need the last marble. He has a reputation in the community as a very fair person to deal with." Another Viacom executive described the difference this way: "Business for Sumner Redstone is personal. Winning and losing is personal. That's what being an entrepreneur is all about. For us professional managers, it's more an intellectual challenge."

But Redstone knew that lawsuits—as had been true in National Amusements' battles with the Hollywood studios and in his fight with the Viacom board—could bring adversaries to the bargaining table. By late 1989, the two sides were already talking privately about a settlement, and had begun negotiations.

Meanwhile, in April of 1990 Viacom inaugurated a channel called HA!, to compete with HBO's Comedy Channel. Eight months later, the two companies—which, by splitting the market, had both been losing money—agreed to merge their comedy channels into a joint venture, now known as Comedy Central. Fuchs had been Time Warner's chief negotiator. The day after the agreement was made, Biondi wrote to Time Warner's chairman, Steve Ross:

> Dear Steve,
>
> Ordinarily, I would simply call to say it's nice to have part of our differences behind us and that we look forward to great success in Comedy TV with HBO and Time Warner.
>
> I would be remiss in not mentioning that this simply could not have happened if it were not for Michael's effort, which was bold and thoughtful on a corporate and personal level.

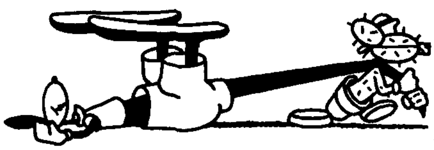
There are two competing explanations for Biondi's letter. The first is that, as friends say, he is a generous man, who sees it as a mark of maturity to be ecumenical. This interpretation seems to be supported by his statement "The two most difficult things I had to learn in life were to deal with losing and not to hold grudges." The second explanation is that Biondi was just being practical, and that cunning should not be confused with virtue. This interpretation seems to be supported by his statement "I learned that *what goes around comes around*. You treat people well, and though you may not see them for nine, ten years, the next time you do they'll feel good about doing business with you."

Two years later, the lawsuit was dropped, in return for a complicated settlement that included a substantial cash award to Viacom.

By the end of 1993, Viacom's revenues topped two billion dollars; its consolidated earnings from operations were three hundred and eighty-five million dollars and had grown for the sixth straight year. And in 1993 MTV Networks alone had worldwide earnings from operations of two hundred and seventy-three million dollars; since 1988, MTV's revenues had climbed at an average annual rate of twenty-five per cent.

In October of 1993, *Forbes* calculated the net worth of Redstone, who owned eighty-three per cent of Viacom, at five billion six hundred million dollars, making him one of the world's wealthiest billionaires. Still, Redstone felt that Viacom needed the film-and-TV-production capacity and the library of a Hollywood studio. When it had those, he believed, his software factory would be so potent that no distributor could deny it shelf space. To that end, he was secretly courting Martin Davis, the chairman of Paramount Communications. This heightened interest in a studio coincided with a desire to become more active in running Viacom. After Rupert Murdoch announced, in 1992, that he was moving to Los Angeles to be more active in Fox, Barry Diller, Fox's chairman and C.E.O., decided politely to leave the company. And when Jeffrey Katzenberg, at Disney, pressed Disney's chairman, Michael Eisner, for a bigger title and a bigger job last year, and was spurned, he noisily left Disney. Biondi, however, appeared to be unfazed by Redstone's desire. "As Paramount became more of a reality, three, four years ago, Sumner wanted to be more involved, and he said so," he recalls. "I said, 'Fine. It's your company.' There are a few C.E.O.s who have autonomy, but they are very few. The flip side of it is that it's very nice to have your shareholder sit next to you. I never came into this thinking, It's all mine. I've always reported to someone."

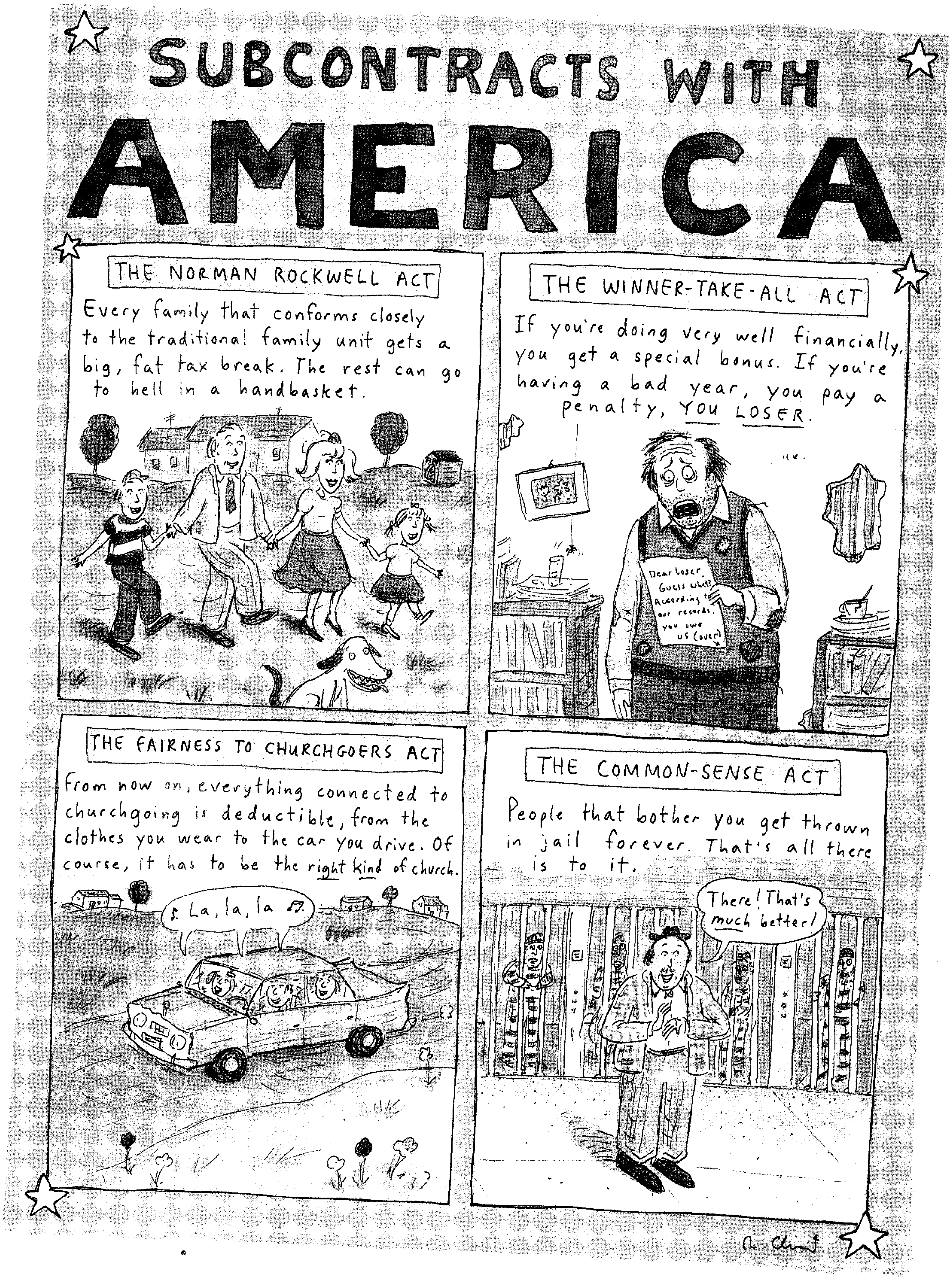
In September of 1993, after protracted, unpublicized negotiations, Redstone and Davis stood together on a platform in Viacom's employee cafeteria and announced a friendly merger. Redstone would be chairman and majority owner of the enterprise, and Davis, not Biondi, would be Paramount's C.E.O. Redstone and Biondi suggest that this arrangement was a precondition of the friendly deal. Before they agreed, Redstone says, "I went to Frank and said, 'If we want to do this thing, it's in the interest of Viacom to make Martin Davis C.E.O.' " Since Davis was sixty-five, Biondi says, he knew that he would not have to wait long to become C.E.O. of the merged company. "Sumner said, 'Trust me on this,' " Biondi recalls.



Soon Redstone was calling the merger "the deal from Hell." Eight days after the announcement, Barry Diller, now chairman of the QVC home-shopping network—echoing the charge that Redstone had made against Viacom's management in the mid-nineteen-eighties—claimed that Redstone was paying too little for Paramount, and made a higher bid. His backers included the Comcast Corporation and Liberty Media Corporation, a subsidiary of T.C.I. If Diller felt that Redstone was shortchanging Paramount shareholders, Redstone felt that Diller, the man he had once called "my best friend on the West Coast," was betraying him personally. Meanwhile, through Viacom, Redstone had been readying a familiar weapon—an antitrust lawsuit—to attack one of Diller's key allies, John Malone, of T.C.I., who had been looking at Paramount himself for a year. The suit ran to ninety-one pages, and contained claims that Malone's company had used its power as the No. 1 cable distributor to force competitive programming networks like Viacom to pay hefty fees—or lose their channel space. QVC filed its own lawsuit, claiming that Viacom and Paramount had made a deal that deprived shareholders of the best possible price.

The battle turned exceedingly ugly. Diller supporters charged that Redstone had inflated Viacom's market price by purchasing his own stock, through Viacom's parent company, in July and August, and that Redstone's motivation was to drive the stock up in order to keep the purchase price down. In early December, the *Times* reported that WMS Industries, a video-game company that Redstone personally owned a quarter of, might have propped up Viacom's stock price by aggressively buying shares in late September and early October. Redstone issued a statement saying that he had traded in Viacom stock, as he had in the past, in July and August, when he thought the Paramount deal was dead; he insisted that he was ignorant of WMS's trading.

Diller was incensed. He knew that Viacom was using Kroll Associates, a leading investigative company, to look at him and his business partners. The charges against Malone were personal, portraying him as a business gangster.


SUBCONTRACTS WITH AMERICA
THE NORMAN ROCKWELL ACT
Every family that conforms closely to the traditional family unit gets a big, fat tax break. The rest can go to hell in a handbasket.
THE WINNER-TAKE-ALL ACT
If you're doing very well financially, you get a special bonus. If you're having a bad year, you pay a penalty, YOU LOSER.
Dear loser, Guess what? According to our records, you owe us (over)
THE FAIRNESS TO CHURCHGOERS ACT
From now on, everything connected to churchgoing is deductible, from the clothes you wear to the car you drive. Of course, it has to be the right kind of church.
♪ La, la, la ♫
THE COMMON-SENSE ACT
People that bother you get thrown in jail forever. That's all there is to it.
There! That's much better!

Malone's friend and business associate Peter Barton, the president of Liberty Media, whose chairman is Malone, says, "They did tremendous damage to us in Washington, and to John personally. It was mean and ruthless." According to Barton, "There was evidence of wiretapping," but, he says, "both Frank and Sumner said that they were not responsible for wiretaps, and I believe them."

Malone himself, when I asked, said, "This is the first I've heard of it." But he had heard of other acts: "Someone rifled our offices a couple of times—broke in and rifled through our files. There is a suspicion that this might be related to the lawsuit, but who knows? People tend to get paranoid about these things." As far as the personal attacks on him in Viacom's lawsuit, he says, "The attack was more personal than it should have been, in my opinion. Sumner later apologized to me for making the suit so personal."

"I never apologized to him," Redstone says. "I might have said, 'John, I'm sorry you took this as a personal attack.' " But, since "T.C.I. is John Malone," he says, there was no way for Viacom to protect its interests and at the same time "insulate" Malone. When he first heard about the alleged wiretapping, Redstone says, he asked his people point blank if they knew anything about it. They said they did not, and he believes them. "If I found out that anyone—no exceptions—wiretapped John Malone or anyone else, they'd be fired the next day." He had not heard of the rifled files before, but he says, "I'd rather lose the battle for Paramount than do that." Jules Kroll, the chairman of Kroll Associates, which counted both Viacom and Paramount as clients, says wiretapping and rifling files are "totally beyond the pale," adding that exaggerated claims are common in heated battles where people "come to feel like victims."

Now, nearly a year and a half after this bitter fight commenced—after Malone's wife urged him to get out of the business rather than endure such attacks, after aides predicted that he would never again do business with Redstone—T.C.I. is about to participate in the purchase of Viacom's cable systems. I asked Malone if it was difficult for him to swallow his anger, or even pride, and negotiate with Redstone? "No," Malone replied, as if surprised by the naïveté of the question. "I'm a businessman."

"On the other hand, it's nice to see women in positions that go beyond mere tokenism."

Redstone's differences with Malone and Diller were not the only ones that surfaced during the negotiations for Paramount. A disagreement that arose between Redstone and Biondi was reported in the *Wall Street Journal* on September 23, 1993. Viacom's stock price had been falling, and the company feared that it was because of investors' belief that Diller had made the better bid and their concern that Redstone was so emotionally engaged in the contest that he would pay any price to win. At a lunch of the company's top four executives, Biondi and Dooley recall, it was agreed that Biondi would do a series of press interviews in which he would make it clear that Viacom's approach was dispassionate. "I thought I'd take the pressure off by showing that we might not get Paramount," Biondi says. One paragraph in the *Journal* quoted Biondi as saying that he "did not rule out a sweetened bid, but said 'that is not the only option.' " The next paragraph quoted Redstone's response: "Maybe Frank is not as precise or articulate as I am, but there has absolutely not been any discussion or contemplation of increasing our bid." Biondi felt humiliated. He remembers thinking, Who needs this shit? He says that he thought of quitting.

Philippe Dauman, whom Redstone appointed senior vice-president and general counsel in early 1993, also provoked tension between Biondi and Redstone. In the spring and summer of that year, he played a pivotal role in the Paramount negotiations, sometimes circumventing Biondi. Biondi says that he was angry, because Dauman was acting more like Redstone's personal attorney than like Viacom's counsel, talking directly to the investment banker Robert Greenhill, the chairman and C.E.O. of Smith Barney, who was Viacom's principal investment banker, and working around him and Tom Dooley. "Tom and I said, 'Time out. It's not the way we play the game here,' " Biondi recalls. "Philippe came in and said, 'Can we talk about this?' From that point on, he did a one hundred and eighty." Today, their relationship is harmonious, and Biondi says of Dauman, "He's a very smart guy and a terrific lawyer." (Dauman recalls "a brief conversation in which I made it clear that it had been my intention to work as a team." Regarding his relationship with Biondi, Dauman says, "We get along spectacularly well.")

Dauman, who is forty, had reason to see his role in a special way initially. "I have a close relationship with Sumner that goes beyond the corporate relationship," he says. Having represented Redstone in the acquisition of Viacom, Dauman was invited to join the boards of Viacom and, later, its parent company, National Amusements. He is one of the executors of Redstone's estate. Although it is not generally known, Dauman is listed in the will as Redstone's successor as chairman. According to Redstone, the will makes Dauman chairman for a transition period of between two and three years, and stipulates that the company will not be sold during that time. Redstone also makes it clear that he doesn't envision his son, Brent, or his daughter, Shari—both are attorneys, who joined the Viacom board in 1994—or Dauman as a replacement for Biondi, and says, "I don't want to see them in Frank's role—for now, at least." NYNEX, joining the Paramount bidding as Viacom's ally, invested a billion two hundred million dollars in Viacom, but before it did NYNEX executives wanted to make sure that the company would not be disrupted or sold upon Redstone's death; they were told, a NYNEX negotiator says, that Dauman, as a family representative with knowledge of the Redstone estate and Viacom's operations, would insure continuity and could effectively block an unlikely family putsch.

THE RED HAT

It started before Christmas. Now our son
officially walks to school alone.
Semi-alone, it's accurate to say:
I or his father track him on the way.
He walks up on the east side of West End,
we on the west side. Glances can extend
(and do) across the street; not eye contact.
Already ties are feeling and not fact.
Straus Park is where these parallel paths part;
he goes alone from there. The watcher's heart
stretches, elastic in its love and fear,
toward him as we see him disappear,
striding briskly. Where two weeks ago,
holding a hand, he'd dawdle, dreamy, slow,
he now is hustled forward by the pull
of something far more powerful than school.

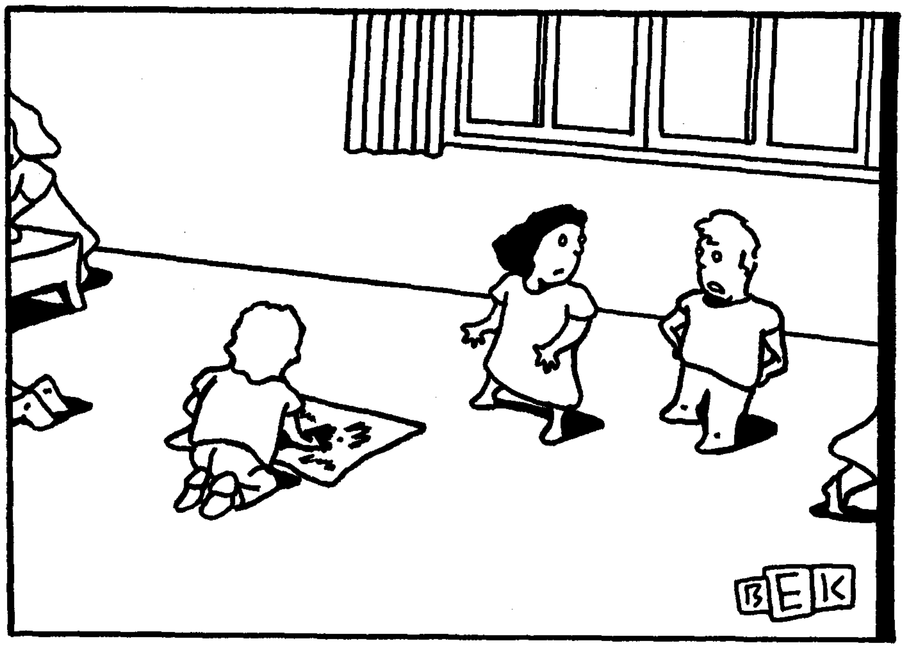
The mornings we turn back to are no more
than forty minutes longer than before,
but they feel vastly different—flimsy, strange,
wavering in the eddies of this change,
empty, unanchored, perilously light
since the red hat vanished from our sight.

—RACHEL HADAS

REDSTONE won the battle for Paramount by bidding nearly ten billion dollars—an offer that was made possible, in part, by Viacom's plan, announced on January 7th of last year, to acquire Blockbuster, for eight billion four hundred million dollars.

Blockbuster's chairman, H. Wayne Huizenga, had surprised people by agreeing to sell his company, which he had expanded from nineteen video stores in 1987 to nearly four thousand stores by the time it merged with Viacom, in late September. By then, Blockbuster was expanding at a rate of one new outlet every seventeen hours and hiring five hundred new employees a week. Huizenga says that despite Blockbuster's brisk growth—and Wall Street's projected net cash flow for the company (after purchasing inventory, paying taxes, and building outlets) of three billion dollars from 1994 through 1999—its stock multiples "were half what they should be." The market, he feared, would never reward Blockbuster with the stock price it deserved, because investors had come to feel that Blockbuster was already outmoded—a middleman that would be supplemented by video-on-demand services.

While Redstone at first saw Blockbuster as a source of cash to pay for Paramount, Biondi saw Blockbuster as a strategic "layup." He was certain that, along with MTV Networks, it would become one of Viacom's two most profitable divisions over the next five years. "I was much more certain of Blockbuster than Sumner was," he says. "Sumner was much more certain of Paramount, maybe because he has lived in the motion-picture business, and I haven't." Despite all the talk about how video-on-demand and an information superhighway would weaken Blockbuster, Biondi thought that this new world would dawn much more slowly than, say, Time Warner and most telephone companies imagined. And while movie-theatre revenues had been holding steady at five billion dollars a year for several years, the video-store business in North America was generating nearly three times as much, and its revenues were being projected at twenty-one billion dollars a year by the end of the century. Overseas, growth opportunities were even more abundant, since seventy per cent of all households with VCRs were outside the United States, and yet there were not many video superstores. Blockbuster planned to plug this gap, doubling its overseas stores to more than two thousand by 1998. The opportunities for leverage were also enormous. Blockbuster was Hollywood's largest single revenue source, spending about a billion dollars annually to buy videos. Blockbuster combined with MTV would be the foremost customer of the ten-billion-dollar-a-year domestic record industry as well. And, through a joint venture with I.B.M., Blockbuster hoped to become tomorrow's electronic jukebox, sending



"Of all the finger-painting classes in all the day-care centers in all the world, you had to walk into mine."

• •

video-on-demand to customers' homes.

The problem for Biondi and Redstone was not tomorrow, however; it was today. The merger with Blockbuster was to be financed by Viacom stock, but investors, feeling that Viacom had paid too much for Paramount, were skittish, and Viacom's stock price was dropping. Blockbuster shareholders would be receiving paper that was worth less than they had anticipated; debt-laden Viacom would drag down Blockbuster. The Blockbuster merger was agreed to in the fall of 1993, but the deal remained uncompleted through the summer of '94. If Viacom's stock price didn't rise, the deal was off. Huizenga urged Redstone to offer shareholders a better price; Redstone refused. Redstone, Biondi, and other Viacom executives went on the road, peddling the message to Blockbuster shareholders and Wall Street investors and analysts that Viacom was a quiet giant, whose strength would become apparent after it owned both Paramount and Blockbuster. It didn't hurt that the investor Kirk Kerkorian, who happened to be an old business acquaintance of Redstone's, was buying Viacom stock, and inviting speculation whether this was chance or collusion. Viacom's stock price steadily rose, from nearly twenty-eight dollars in June to about forty dollars by the end of September, when Blockbuster's and Viacom's shareholders voted to approve the merger.

THE successful road show that Redstone and Biondi put on reflected, in part, the varied talents of each man. "I do the so-called passion bit at the beginning of a presentation," Redstone says. While Biondi makes a persuasive case by marshalling facts and figures, Redstone waves his arms and gets red in the face. He never tires of reciting the same script. "I think I brought a vision," he says. "It's hard to believe that we started with a theatre chain—we had maybe two hundred and fifty screens at the time—when we went for Viacom. My vision has always been the same. I didn't know Viacom's business. But my basic instinct was right, which was to ride the escalator of home entertainment." Redstone's friend George Abrams, who is also his attorney, observes that he is "more a catalyst than a manager." Redstone himself says that he contributes something else: he thinks like an entrepreneur. "We needed that," he says. "But without the management team Frank assembled we could not have done it."

The two men share some common attitudes. Both live relatively modestly, and both have an aversion to flaunting their wealth. Perhaps the trust between the two men can also be explained by Biondi's candor. In the two months I spent around Viacom, Biondi never ducked a question about his new six-year contract, which will pay him a million dollars annually (and far more in bonuses), about whom he voted for (George Pataki), about Michael Fuchs.

To put it another way, Biondi provides ballast. While Viacom executives are often frustrated by his cryptic manner—unlike Redstone, he is stingy with praise and is not physically demonstrative—he does convey stability. Redstone is "the king of good news," as a Showtime manager says. "He doesn't know how to deal with bad news. If we came in and said, 'Subscribers are down for August,' Sumner would get very excited and say, 'Maybe we ought to sell Showtime?' " Frederic V. Salerno, a vice-chairman of NYNEX, who joined Viacom's board in 1994, describes Biondi as "an unbelievably even-tempered person, who also has a remarkable sense of humor." He adds, "Yet he always has time to talk to you. He never seems to be overburdened with work."

Not that Biondi has no temper—particularly when his sense of Team Viacom is involved. One blowup came around the time of President Clinton's Inauguration, when Biondi learned that MTV was giving an inaugural ball that would be attended by Hillary and Bill Clinton. Biondi says that he found out when a printed invitation arrived. Referring to MTV Networks' chairman and C.E.O., Thomas E. Freston, and an outside public-relations adviser, he explains, "Without asking, they did up an invitation saying, 'Tom Freston and Ken Lehrer invite you . . .' I was really pissed. Lehrer is a consultant. Where were Sumner and myself? Where was Viacom?" Although he holds both men in high regard, both received the verbal equivalent of a whipping. These outbursts probably carry more weight because they are relatively rare.

Geraldine Laybourne, of Nickelodeon, who is a former schoolteacher and the founder of the nonprofit Media Center for Children, is lavish in her praise of Redstone. Of Biondi, she says, "Frank's more stable, analytical approach is reassuring. You know you won't go too far off. The real tribute to him is that he allows us to run our businesses without conformity. He won't impose his style on us." The only point Biondi insists on, she says, is that Viacom's divisions "make the numbers."

Making the numbers was partly what Biondi wanted to emphasize during the visit to Paramount in early November. He and Redstone met with Jonathan Dolgen, of Viacom's Entertainment Group; Sherry Lansing, the chairman of Paramount Pictures; Kerry McCluggage, the chairman of the Paramount Television Group; and their key executives. Biondi and ten other Viacom executives from New York sat on one side of an immense, horseshoe-shaped table in Paramount's boardroom, directly across from Dolgen and his team. While Biondi rarely spoke, the meeting illustrated both his laid-back style and a technique that he has used to help make Viacom the world's fastest-growing communications company. He had come to California with several goals. He wanted to get to know his team better, he said, to exchange information, to talk about strategy, and, above all, to send the same message that he is trying to send throughout Viacom. The message is that everyone has to concentrate on growth and the bottom line.

The problem for Viacom, he explained to me before flying to California, was that it had guaranteed a certain stock price to Blockbuster and Paramount shareholders. If Viacom's stock price, then approximately forty dollars a share, rose about twenty-five per cent in the next six months, under the terms of the merger agreements with Blockbuster and Paramount Viacom would owe nothing. But if the stock price did not rise Viacom would be compelled to pay shareholders a penalty, in cash or stock, totalling anywhere between a few million dollars and more than a billion. Because of this requirement, Viacom saw 1995 as the most important year of the next several years. One way to raise the stock price, Biondi felt, was to demonstrate that Viacom would continue to be a growth company, and would increase its operating cash flow, from Wall Street's estimate of a billion nine hundred million dollars in 1994 to at least two billion three hundred million dollars this year, when Blockbuster is part of the company. The idea was to impress Wall Street analysts and the financial press. One means of doing this would be for Viacom to exceed its 1994 profit performance this year, and in particular to do better than the Wall Street analysts predicted, especially in the first two quarters.

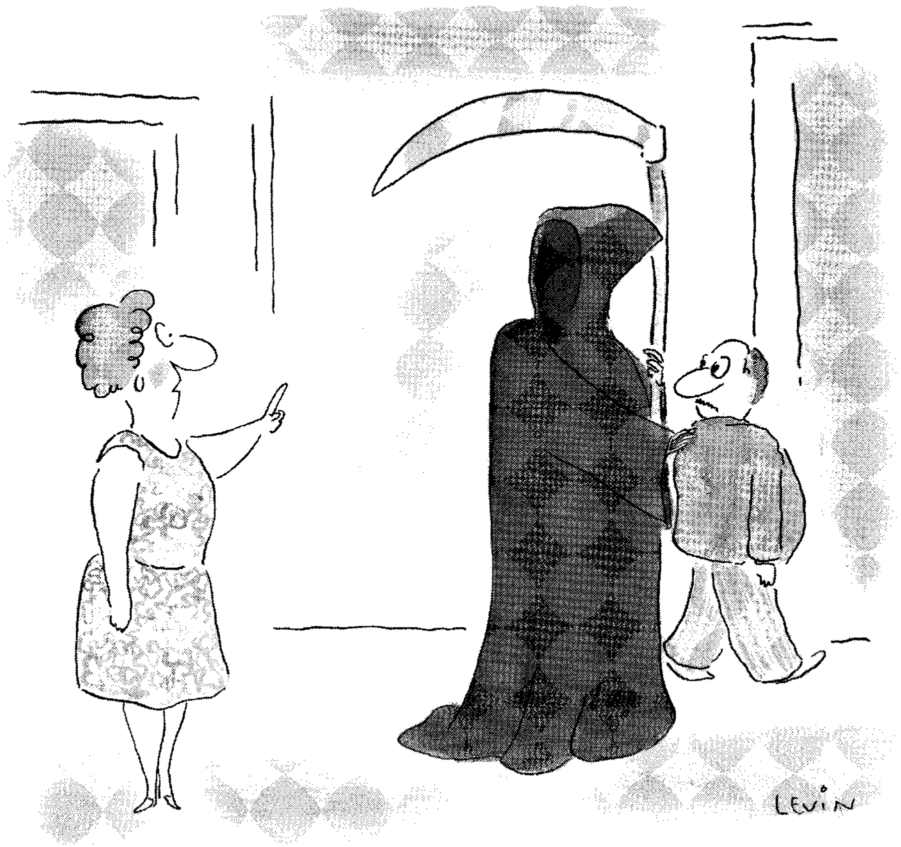
Some of the numbers that the Paramount executives presented were not displeasing to Biondi. Since the merger of Paramount and Viacom, the number of employees of the combined entertainment divisions had been reduced by ten per cent, without a single layoff, Dolgen reported, and he had pared administrative overhead at the studio by forty-nine million dollars. These were not particularly big numbers, of course. Paramount spent more money to market the fifteen films it produced in 1994—an average of between twelve and fifteen million a picture—than it spent on its employees. Since the film studio's revenues were estimated by Wall Street to be a billion four hundred million dollars in fiscal 1994, with profits of a hundred and twenty million dollars, the big targets lay elsewhere.

The average cost of a Paramount movie is thirty-two million dollars, a Paramount executive explained to the group, and if the cost of the five big, or "tent pole," movies scheduled for 1995 was subtracted the average cost would drop to twenty-three million dollars. The rub, the executive went on, was this: big movies are less risky. That was another way of saying that, just as best-selling books and hit albums carry most publishing and record companies, big movies do the same in the movie business.

Studios, said Sherry Lansing, who sat beside Dolgen at the meeting, usually lose the most money on the so-called medium-priced movies, which don't have big stars.

Paramount Television presented a different set of problems. Wall Street analysts project that this year Paramount TV—its library, its TV stations, the programs it produces for both independent and network stations—will take in revenues of just over a billion dollars, with profits of a hundred million. Like all studios, Kerry McCluggage said, Paramount financed the shows that it sold to the networks at a deficit, hoping to recoup the loss if the shows were hits and the studio could sell them to local stations for reruns.

"The Street is worried about deficits," Biondi told McCluggage. "There are two prisms we are looking at—reality and perception. The perception of the Street is key." The price of Viacom stock might

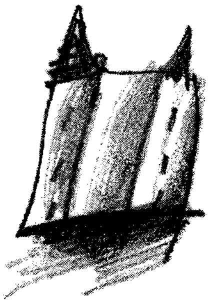


"Hey, don't I get a receipt?"

be kept down, according to Biondi, if investors felt the company was wasting money by running deficits to finance network shows.

McCluggage argued that the money was hardly wasted, noting that since 1967 the various activities of Paramount's Television Group had generated profits of a billion three hundred million dollars. "Star Trek" alone had produced more than a quarter of a billion dollars in profits.

Biondi was not unsympathetic to the facts, but the point was perception, not reality. A top Viacom executive confided to me near the end of the four days of budget reviews that the Viacom executives from New York hoped to induce Paramount, as well as the other divisions, to improve its profit goals. This executive said that division heads tended to be conservative in their forecasts, since their compensation rises as they exceed their goals. Biondi's task, this executive suggested, was to coax more out of Paramount without ordering it.



Jonathan Newcomb, the president and C.E.O. of Simon & Schuster, who was accustomed to the more hierarchical corporate culture of Paramount, says of the Viacom executives, "They put a premium on give-and-take, on dialogue. It's an informal culture. There's not a lot of paper or memos." Once division heads have agreed on their revenue and profit goals for the year with Biondi and Dooley, they are left alone. Except for a secretary, Biondi has no staff aides. His appointment calendar is surprisingly light. He makes time to see old business associates, like Robert Bookman, of the Creative Artists Agency, and Lou Weiss, the chairman emeritus of William Morris, when they call for breakfast or lunch. Jonathan Newcomb says that he speaks to Biondi on the phone maybe three times a week, and Tom Freston, of MTV Networks, says that he speaks to him perhaps twice a week; Jonathan Dolgen speaks to him more often.

Before the Paramount and Blockbuster deals, Biondi conducted weekly executive-committee meetings, but he now plans to have just one a month. Hoping to promote collegiality and to generate ideas for new synergies among the various companies, Biondi invites the head of each division to the budget reviews of all colleagues. At the Paramount budget review, for example, Geraldine Laybourne sat in on all four days. At one session, Sherry Lansing asked Laybourne—who Lansing says "knows more about family films than anyone in the world"—if she would read a film script and share her thoughts on it. "There's a family style to this company," Lansing says. "There's a really sharing, informal style. People don't feel nervous around Frank or Sumner, because they make you feel comfortable."

THIS relaxed, sharing culture is, of course, the same one that summarily dismissed Richard Snyder, the chairman and C.E.O. of Simon & Schuster, last June. No one accused Snyder of lacking vision or of producing inadequate profits. "He did a great job—and I mean a great job—of building a publishing company," Redstone says. Then what happened? Perhaps the first clue surfaced when Snyder and Biondi had lunch at the Four Seasons earlier that spring. After lunch, Biondi said goodbye outside the restaurant and began walking west, toward Viacom's offices. Snyder headed toward a waiting chauffeured Lincoln Town Car, but as he neared it he paused, turning toward Biondi. Just then, Biondi turned and saw Snyder standing beside an open door.

Snyder asked, "Can I give you a ride?"

"Just drop me off at your office and I'll walk," Biondi said. He recalls thinking that the situation was like a microcosm of the different styles of the two organizations. At Viacom, no one, including Redstone, had a car and driver (though Redstone now uses Martin Davis's car and driver). Biondi drives a 1991 Acura to work. There was no corporate jet, in contrast to Paramount, which had two. So unconcerned with money was Redstone that he didn't even draw a salary from Viacom or National Amusements. Viacom counted its pennies—one reason for its obsession with a relatively petty expense like a chauffeured car.

The stylistic contrast became even more pronounced that spring as Viacom executives came to feel that Snyder was resistant to their collegial ways. Snyder had toiled in Martin Davis's fear-inspiring hierarchy, and had exhausted a lot of energy trying to protect his people from Davis's whims; perhaps he somehow learned the wrong lessons. Psychologically, Snyder felt liberated when Viacom bought Paramount—so much so, the former colleague says, that "Dick saw it as an opportunity to run his own shop." If Snyder had read the signals correctly after the merger, he might have been free to run his own shop.

Snyder says that he was not trying to circumvent Viacom: "I wanted to be part of a team, because I was coming out of ten years of purgatory." Viacom executives saw Snyder as guarded, and protective of information, insisting that information for Viacom from his people go through his office. Last winter, Biondi says, when he asked whether a rumor that the high-profile editor Judith Regan was leaving was true, Snyder told him that he expected her to stay. When she did leave, Redstone and Biondi were annoyed that their no-surprises policy had been flouted, although Snyder says he had warned them that she might leave. Dauman and Dooley reinforced Biondi's concerns. "We're informal," Dauman says. "We call up someone and ask for information. We found that after we called we'd get a call back and we were asked, 'Why do you want that information?' " Snyder, however, says he felt that Viacom wasn't letting him in. "This was a club that no one was welcome in," he says. "We were bought, and no one called us. We were flabbergasted. Since they didn't know the publishing business, I suggested weekly or biweekly meetings to Biondi. He said it wasn't necessary, because they would have regular meetings with our lawyer, our chief financial officer, and others. These meetings were held, and I was not present at them." This didn't rankle him, he says, but the feeling of being excluded did: "As a Paramount executive said to me, 'We weren't bought. We were conquered.' "

Complicating these differences was the matter of Snyder's contract. Last spring, Snyder told Biondi that although his contract would not expire for nearly five years, he and many of his managers had been treated inequitably by Davis, and he wanted to renegotiate it. "Biondi said to me, 'Why don't you give me your wish list.' " So Snyder came up with a list and hired the noted attorney Joseph Flom to renegotiate his contract. Viacom, which had just recently announced that it was going to reduce its costs and sell certain assets to lower its ten-billion-dollar debt, was now confronted by contract problems with an executive whom Redstone and Biondi had not warmed to. They thought that Snyder's requests were excessive: a longer contract, the potential for more generous bonuses, stock options. Snyder thought he was producing the "wish list" that Biondi had requested.

By chance, Snyder's contract was mentioned at the weekly luncheon of the company's top four executives. "There were some issues that Dick had raised about his contract that caused us to start talking about Dick Snyder and publishing," Dauman recalls. "As we talked about it, we realized that we had all come to the same conclusion about Dick Snyder." Tom Dooley recalls, "It sort of hit us all at once." Although Redstone had recently praised Snyder publicly and was scheduled to have dinner at his home in a week—a small dinner, to which Biondi was not invited—the group concluded that Snyder would not change. Biondi suggested that they end the relationship. Redstone's secretary cancelled the dinner. A few days later, on June 14th, Biondi asked Snyder to join him in his office. When he got there, Snyder says, Dauman was with Biondi. In his matter-of-fact way, Biondi told Snyder that the relationship wasn't working and that he planned to announce that afternoon that Snyder was leaving to pursue other interests. Biondi handed Snyder an already drafted press release.

Snyder objected. He said that he was giving an engagement party for his son that weekend and wanted to delay the announcement. Biondi refused. He didn't tell Snyder that he had already told Jonathan Newcomb, who was Snyder's deputy and would be his successor. He did tell Snyder that people already knew and that the news would leak out anyway. Some of Snyder's friends suspected that Biondi wanted him out because he didn't want a publishing company run by someone who wished to spend more of Viacom's resources to expand. Despite Viacom's public denials, some at Simon & Schuster feared that Biondi might want to sell the company. That may be true. When Biondi is asked about the publishing company's future, he says, "Can publishing grow more than single digits? And, if not, what does that

mean?" Does it mean that Viacom might sell? The answer is "not clear," he says candidly. What is clear, he says, is that "people won't pay twelve, thirteen times cash flow" for a business that grows only in single digits.

The book world was startled by the firing of Snyder. Whatever his flaws, he was one of America's preëminent publishers. Then, there was the way in which he was fired. Barry Diller, who was once a colleague of Snyder's, was one of many people angered by the brusqueness of Snyder's termination. He says, "They could have said to Dick, 'It's not going to work out. You're here thirty-three years and we're not going to hurt you. This is a secret. Take five, six months. Quit on us. It will be your idea, your dignity.' "

Biondi asks, "How do you do it more gracefully?" He says that he derived no pleasure from the task. Yet he described this termination to me, as he had others, in such a matter-of-fact way that I was prompted to ask what he had been thinking when he was sitting across from Snyder that day. "We were very comfortable with the decision and the rationale," he answered. "But what you don't know is how emotional this will get. Whether someone will pick up a phone and throw it at you or scream and beg. Those are the worries you have. Having been on the receiving end, I know."

WHILE the words most often used to describe Biondi these days include "serene" and "nice," associates also speak of his detachment. This trait was apparent in late October, when the American Museum of the Moving Image honored Biondi and Howard Stringer, the president of the CBS Broadcast Group, at a dinner at the St. Regis—an event at which Michael Fuchs, now HBO's chairman, was serving as the master of ceremonies, and had been asked to introduce Biondi.

The room grew still as Fuchs rose and went to stand behind a lectern framed by white silk drapes. Biondi sat facing the lectern, looking serious, a forefinger pressed over his upper lip. "When I was offered a job at HBO, in 1976, the first person I called was Frank Biondi," Fuchs said, adding that after he took the job the first person he tried to recruit for HBO was Biondi. Fuchs recounted a few of their exploits. "We were brothers," he said. But by the mid-eighties "the brotherhood turned into Cain and Abel," he added. "I'm proud to say we're past the Cain and Abel stage."

Fuchs paused to look at Carol Biondi, who was smiling. She admits that, while her husband openly discusses most things with her, Fuchs remains "a sore subject." Yet, even when the rift between the two men developed, she took her daughters to lunch with Uncle Mickey. Fuchs now said of Carol Biondi, "You cannot have a more loyal friend." He rhapsodized about Jane Biondi, his goddaughter. "Even the dog, Mickey, was named after me. The Biondis, all of them, have been a part of my life for twenty years."

When the program concluded, Carol Biondi rushed up to Fuchs and gave him a prolonged hug. Her husband, a step behind, patted Fuchs on the arm and shrugged, saying, "It doesn't seem like twenty years." Fuchs leaned forward, as if to embrace his old friend, and though their cheeks brushed, both men stiffened. When Biondi was asked afterward to describe how he felt, he said, "I don't think that I was emotional." Fuchs was plainly hoping for a catharsis. "Frank asked me to introduce him," he had said before the event. "So maybe this night will be like the end of a chapter."

Listening to Biondi, friends thought that the night was more like the end of the book. "This may be a failing in me, but I can't figure out how to go back to where we were," Biondi reflected a few days later, in California. "Too many things happened. There is less time to hang out. And the fact that we're somewhat competitors makes it harder." We were in a car, on the way to a Paramount meeting, and he

"We're out of flowers."

"I'm encouraging him to stay in school and go into white-collar crime."

looked out the window at leafy Beverly Hills. "Those were good times," he said. "I often think about them the way I think of college: You can't stay there."

I asked Biondi what sort of business executive he would describe himself as, now that he had been the president and C.E.O. of Viacom for nearly eight years.

"I'm somewhere between a coach and a point guard," he said. "I hand the ball off a lot. On a personal level, I'm much more of a counterpuncher. If you watch me play tennis, I play a very good defensive game. It plays to my strengths. I'm good at analyzing a situation. I'm less confident taking the initiative. When I'm aggressive, it's because I'm very confident of the reasons and the facts on our side of the table." Friends say that Biondi's tennis game—tennis is one of the few things about which he is openly passionate—tells much about the man. Tom Bernstein, a friend and business associate who on most winter Saturdays plays tennis with Biondi, the defense attorney Paul Grand, the federal judge Pierre Leval, and the labor lawyer Jerry Kauff, says of Biondi, "He has total self-confidence and poise. He's a gentleman. He never loses his cool. It's a little unnerving." With his glasses, a trace of a paunch, and a short stride, Biondi does not suggest an athlete. But he is deceptively fast and plays an extremely consistent game; he rarely double-faults or gets excited. He cares about winning more than he lets on.

Friends relish watching Biondi play the writer Tony Schwartz, in Riverdale or in August on Martha's Vineyard, where both vacation. While Biondi is quiet, Schwartz is brash and emotional; he is a more powerful player, with long arms and rocket serves and the speed of a man ten years younger. "He breaks you down," Schwartz says of Biondi. "He plays with your mind." In one match, Schwartz told me, Biondi kept dinking the ball just over the net. Six or seven straight times, Schwartz came to the net and slammed the ball past Biondi for the point. "I became convinced that he had to change his strategy," Schwartz said, with a sigh. "He refused. He kept hitting the ball short. It's humiliating, but I've led Frank 4–2 or 5–2 at least ten times—and lost the set." Biondi notes that Schwartz has never beaten him.

It remains to be seen whether Biondi desires to do more than win. "Frank is now in a position where he has enormous influence," a good friend says. "Will he make his presence felt outside the business world? Will he broaden his reach and his concerns?" Biondi and his wife have been involved in civic and school activities in Riverdale, and have been generous financial supporters and active members of Leake & Watts, a child-welfare agency that works with inner-city children. But so far there is no evidence that Biondi wishes to use his prominence to advance a cause. He approved, but did not champion, MTV's role in urging young people to vote in the 1992 Presidential election. When Biondi is asked to describe his public purpose at Viacom, he becomes uncharacteristically vague and uncertain, as if business were divorced from his person.

The same is true of Sumner Redstone. One morning during the November visit to California, Redstone said that he was reading Doris Kearns Goodwin's best-selling biography of Eleanor Roosevelt, "No Ordinary Time," and he marvelled at how the media had allowed the Roosevelts a level of privacy that is no longer possible. Today, he lamented, the secrets that the Roosevelts kept would be trumpeted by a sensationalist tabloid press. Redstone spoke these words just hours before a meeting at which Paramount's television group presented plans for a new gossip show called "Scoop" and extolled the success of its tabloid news magazine, "Hard Copy," whose ratings and profits were up this season. During the lunch break that day, while we were waiting in a buffet line at Paramount, I asked Redstone if he had qualms about "Hard Copy," especially in light of what he had said earlier about privacy.

"I've got to be careful," he answered slowly. "I guess if it's a serious question I have to go and watch these shows. I'm not a great television watcher. Occasionally, I watch them. In general terms, we have to be financially successful." He added that "there needs to be a balance" between making profits and being "socially responsible," but he conceded that he had not thought about programming in those terms as he listened to the presentation that morning. He was clearly uncomfortable with his response, for he spotted Kerry McCluggage and beckoned him over. How, he wanted to know, would McCluggage answer the question?

"I have a quick answer," the low-key McCluggage said. "We're in the entertainment business." Many viewers, of course, think they're watching news.

IN evaluating Viacom's promising future, one may count that opaqueness in the debit column, along with Viacom's occasional cry of victimhood. Sumner Redstone is quick to complain that John Malone and T.C.I. or the six major record companies have organized a "cabal," while excusing Viacom's quest to take the risk out of capitalism by becoming vertically integrated. Internally, Blockbuster is hailed as a potent distribution system that can give preference to Viacom's products and force other companies to pay "tolls"—exactly the charges that Redstone lodged against Malone, Time Warner, and the six major record companies.

At an all-day session with Viacom's top four executives at Blockbuster's headquarters, in Fort Lauderdale, in October, the president and C.E.O. of Blockbuster, Steven Berrard, discussed the interactive-game business. He said that Blockbuster would soon have the ability to make instant copies of games or movies in each store, and to send movies out over a giant I.B.M. server, right to television sets. "The next big horizon for us is to get a royalty out of every game made," Berrard said. "Therefore, we have to participate in everything made. We have to run that server and get fifteen to twenty per cent of everything that's made. My position with Sega"—the video-game company—"is that we put up all this development money, but we want a piece." Microsoft could have said it no better.

A few moments later, Berrard added that because Blockbuster was a unique distribution system—owning nearly a quarter of all video stores, and earning more in revenues than its next five hundred and fifty competitors combined—"you can force people to bring you their projects, or else they can't get on your highway."

Berrard isn't alone in speaking this way. In addition to "growth" and "software," perhaps no word is uttered more frequently at the new Viacom than "leverage." Executives at Paramount television speak of the leverage they will gain when their new network is open for business and the other networks will have to either pay more or fret over whether they will yank "Frasier" off NBC, or "Melrose Place" off Fox. At Simon & Schuster, executives speak of the advantage of choice shelf space at Blockbuster. MTV Networks wants to team up with Blockbuster to promote its shows. The Paramount theme parks want to tap into Blockbuster's fifty-million-person database to direct-market their wares. Redstone has given passionate speeches about the monopolistic practices of predatory cable or record-company distributors, and he may be right. But Viacom is not just a software company. It seems to aspire to be something more—a software company that uses powerful brand names like "MTV" and "Paramount" to assure distribution for its lesser brands; a distribution company that uses Blockbuster to leverage competitors. According to Alan Schwartz, an investment banker for Viacom at Bear, Stearns, we are experiencing today a "new paradigm shift," in which brand names like "MTV" will be used to spawn new games, new books, new interactive forms. "Blockbuster does give you cash flow," Schwartz says. "But, more important, it gives you distribution leverage."

There are obvious questions about Viacom's future. It still has a large debt burden, which currently totals ten billion two hundred million dollars but will be reduced to about seven billion after Viacom completes its sale of Madison Square Garden and sells its cable systems, as it hopes to do this month. Annual interest payments on the debt this year will amount to about seven hundred and fifty million dollars, Dooley says—a manageable sum in a company that Wall Street estimates will have an operating cash flow of up to two billion five hundred million dollars in 1995. There is also the question of size. A major Hollywood figure says, "Size is not a friend to the creative process."

Nor is a company that is managed by the numbers necessarily a friend to creativity. There are those in Hollywood and at Viacom's New York headquarters who think that to avoid duplication of effort and to create synergies a more interventionist, more creatively driven, hierarchical management is called for. Unlike a Diller or an Eisner, however, neither Biondi nor Redstone has demonstrated a creative bent. Michael Fuchs says of Biondi, "He sops up information. He's very smart. He is versatile. But I don't think creativity is his long suit." And if Biondi maintains his current arm's-length approach, a senior creative executive at Viacom says, the central question will be whether he and Redstone understand the messy, sometimes expensive creative process. Or do they understand only numbers?

In addition to the questions about creativity, there are questions about Viacom's breadth. Besides launching the new network, which is intended to target male viewers with four hours a week of action-adventure programming, both Redstone and Biondi say they would love to buy NBC or CBS—but not at the price the owners of the networks seek. They would also like to own a large music company, and are debating whether to build such a business, as Tom Freston, of MTV Networks, urges, or to buy one. The biggest problem Viacom is facing, however, may be the eventual departure of Redstone and the loss of his catalytic passion. Would Biondi alone be able to duplicate Redstone's zeal? Would he be too much the counterpuncher and not enough the visionary leader? Would Redstone's departure fuel the same type of speculation that has bedevilled Time Warner since Steve Ross died, with some investors complaining that his successor, Gerald Levin, lacks the charisma to lead?

NOT long ago, Redstone received a hint of what things might be like for him if he were no longer running Viacom. Returning from the daylong visit to Blockbuster in Fort Lauderdale last October, Redstone, Biondi, Dauman, and Dooley had every reason to celebrate. Wall Street analysts were lavishing praise on them. "With the possible exception of Time Warner, they are the best-positioned communications company in the world," David Londoner, the entertainment analyst and managing director at Wertheim Schroder, told me. Redstone and his executives had just been at a dinner with Blockbuster's top managers, at which Redstone had announced, "Take my word for it, it won't be long before we're No. 1." Viacom would soon eclipse Time Warner as the world's biggest communications company, he predicted. Even his old nemesis John Malone tipped his hat. "I think Sumner ends up with the biggest pyramid in the desert," he told me. The balance of power in communications had shifted from distributors, like T.C.I., to providers of content, like Viacom. As the plane levelled off on the way back to New York, everyone relaxed. Redstone, with his wavy blond hair and pink cheeks, looked younger than seventy-one. He stretched out in a white leather armchair to finish Tom Clancy's latest novel while the others flipped open a table and played poker.

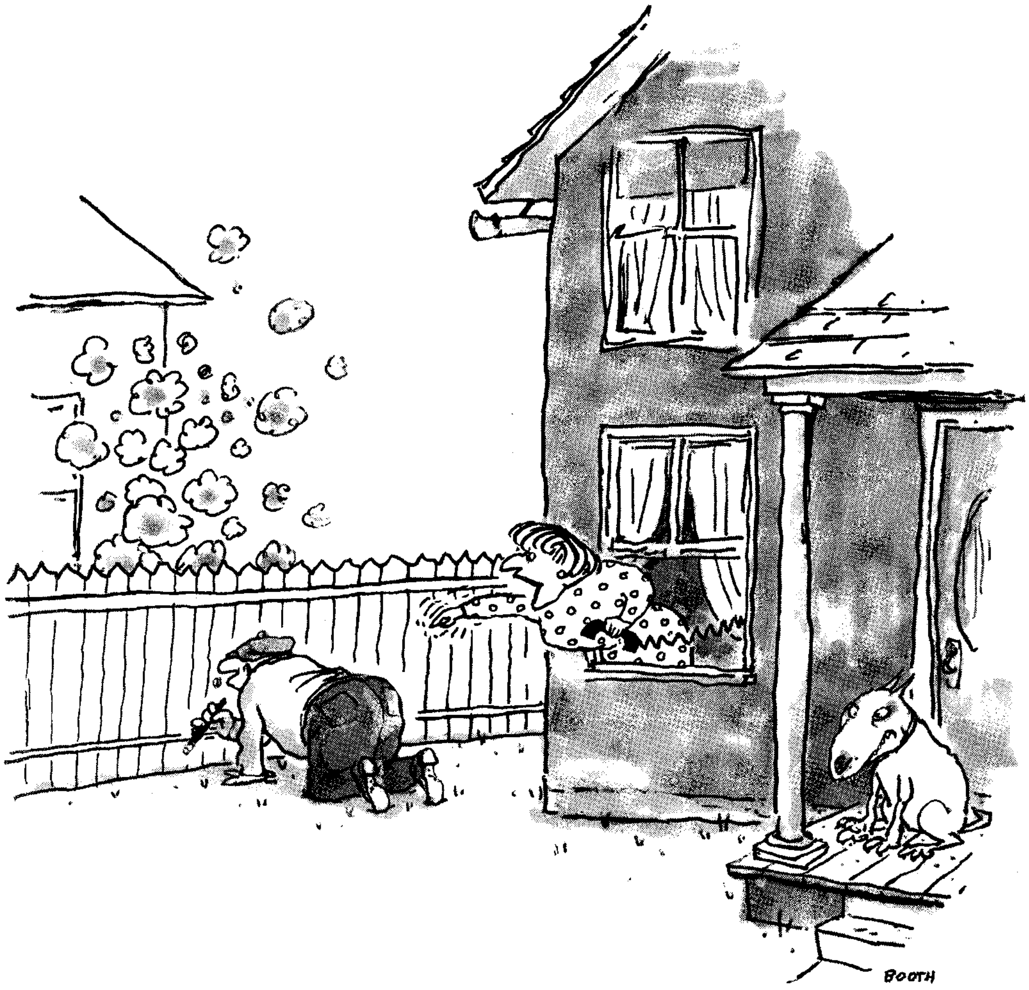
About an hour outside New York, Redstone remembered that Huizenga had given him a tape of his farewell appearance before Blockbuster shareholders, on September 30th. Although Huizenga was now vice-chairman of Viacom and chairman of the Blockbuster Entertainment Group; the sole owner of two professional sports teams; and co-owner of the Miami Dolphins, he had been noticeably subdued since agreeing to sell Blockbuster. At the meeting at Blockbuster's headquarters, for instance, Huizenga, looking pale, attended only a few of the presentations and said barely a word. On the plane now, Redstone asked the stewardess to put the tape in the VCR.

When the tape came on, Redstone was still reading and the others were occupied. "Viacom is the greatest collection of entertainment assets the world has ever seen," Huizenga declared to the assembled shareholders. The four Viacom executives looked up at the bulkhead screen. They watched as Huizenga, who read from notes, extolled the strengths of the combined companies. He made a point of saying that Viacom had granted long-term employment contracts to more than fifty Blockbuster managers, and had asked Berrard to continue to run Blockbuster and to oversee Paramount's theme parks and Viacom's Showtime. These points were meant to be soothing, but Huizenga's manner was tense.

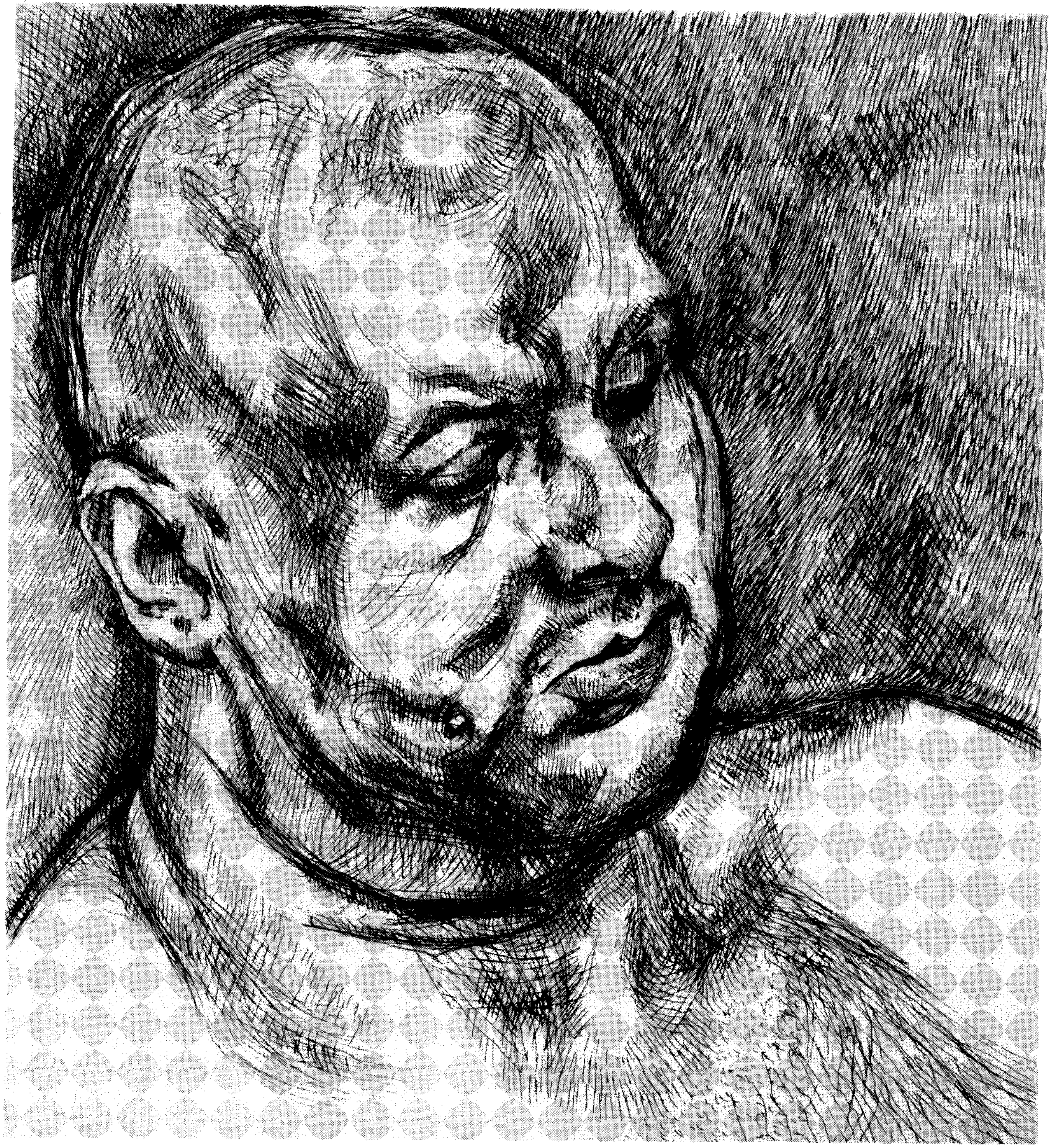
He admitted that Blockbuster was trapped: by technology, which "will threaten our video business one day"; by a stock market that wrongly "penalizes our stock"; and by economics, which made it prohibitively expensive for Blockbuster to diversify and buy a Hollywood studio. Huizenga started talking about the early days of the company. As he did, his eyes began to mist, and he started stammering. When he acquired Blockbuster, in 1987, he reminded the shareholders, many of whom had been his partners then, it was just a small company with a few stores. No one had to remind Redstone and Biondi that this was the same year they joined Viacom. In the seven years since, Huizenga said, Blockbuster's revenues had grown at a compound annual rate of ninety per cent, and its market value had soared twenty-two thousand per cent.

The voice of Louis Armstrong singing "What a Wonderful World" flooded the auditorium. As a succession of pictures capturing important moments in Blockbuster's history flashed on a screen above Huizenga's head, tears streamed down his cheeks. He paused to regain his composure, then singled out individuals for praise, then began sobbing again. Redstone closed his book, and Biondi put down his magazine. All four men sat watching Huizenga on the small screen, uttering not a word, transfixed by the sight of a winner in their yearlong quest speaking as if he had lost. And, indeed, he had—he had lost his baby. This moment was about more than business victories. Huizenga's obvious pain made them feel vulnerable at a moment when they had been feeling invulnerable.

The celebratory journey home from Florida came to resemble a wake as each man retreated into his own thoughts. Biondi said later that he thought of how he had quarterbacked HBO's triumphs, only to be discarded. Redstone says that he thought of his own mortality. The tape was a jolting reminder: although Viacom was soaring, success was often ephemeral. The next morning, Redstone immediately phoned Huizenga. "When you were crying, I absolutely understood it," he recalls telling him. "If I were you, I'd think the same thing could happen to me. Your whole life is with a company, and then it's over." ♦



"Maynard! Are you blowing smoke through the fence at Mrs. Woolsey again?"



COURTESY OF MATTHEW MARKS GALLERY, NEW YORK

POSTSCRIPT

LEIGH BOWERY: 1961-94

BY JOHN RICHARDSON

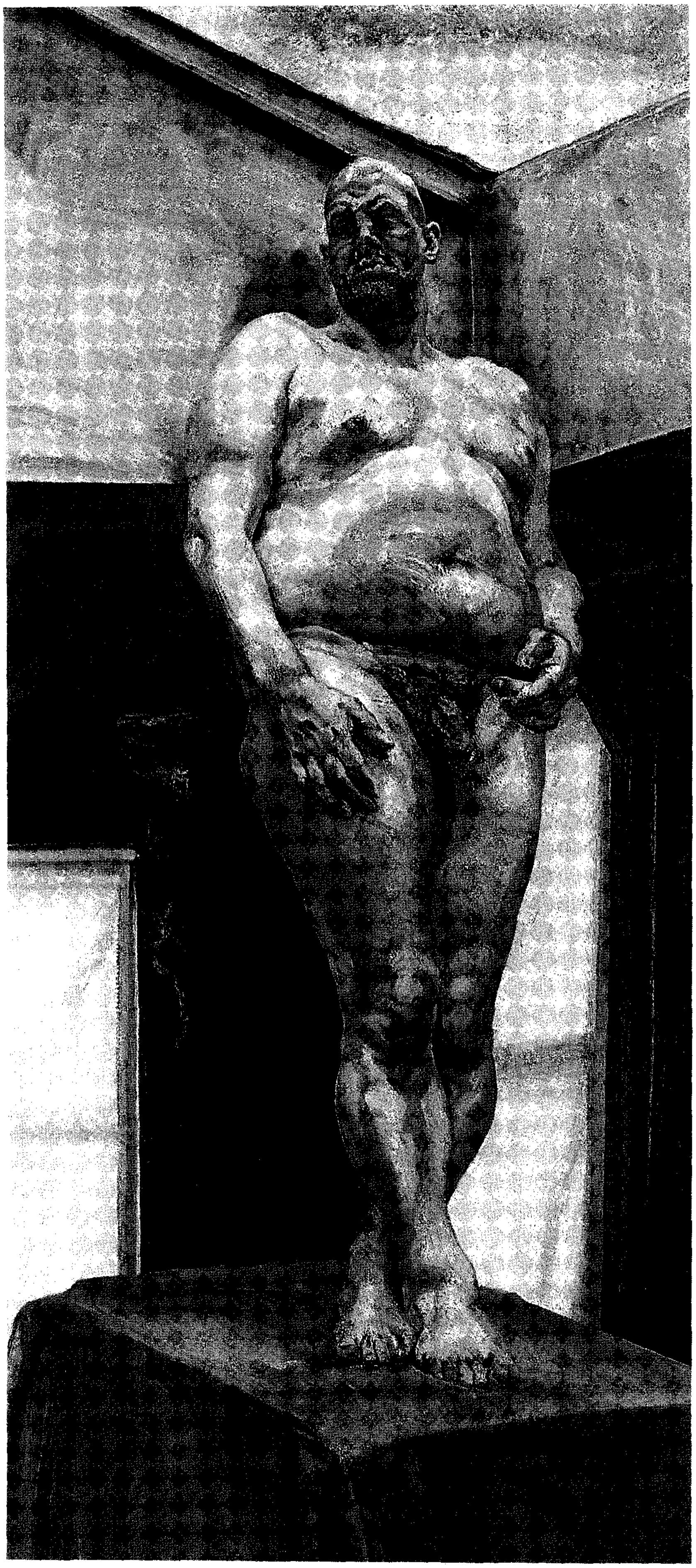
LEIGH BOWERY, the Australian designer and performance artist whose massive nakedness inspired some of Lucian Freud's greatest recent paintings, died in London very early on New Year's Eve. The cause was meningitis and pneumonia, compounded by AIDS. Leigh became Freud's model after they met in London's funky Tabou club in the early nineties. "His wonderfully buoyant bulk was an instrument I felt I could use," Freud says, "especially those extraordinary dancer's legs." These powerful limbs are posed balletically in Freud's last painting of Leigh (at right), on a dais under the studio skylight. If we compare this melancholy image with its more serene predecessors, we can see that he was already ill—something he tried to hide. Because Leigh was a performer, Freud says, "he instinctively knew what I wanted to see."

Leigh took enormous pride in being Freud's model. It gave a whole other dimension to his reputation as the freaky cult star of clubs in New York and London. He worked as a costume designer for the English choreographer Michael Clark, and achieved his greatest notoriety with late-night stage appearances in elaborate, fetishistic outfits that he designed and sewed himself. Ironically, however, it was as a nude that Leigh became an icon. Exhibitionism was the driving force, but, as Freud points out, Leigh had a shy and gentle nature, and exhibitionism was a form of self-defense.

Any appraisal of Leigh as a performer tends to involve words like punk, kink, drag, camp, schlock. To my mind, he transcended those concepts. Thanks to his twisted imagination and wit, he was able to soar above modish trashiness and establish himself as a subversive artist—a painstakingly meticulous craftsman who was also a latter-day Surrealist, as disquieting in his way as Hans Bellmer. Leigh knew just how to make fetishism work for him, and how to use his huge body as a medium for self-expression.

Early last month, Leigh announced that he was going off to Papua New Guinea. In fact, he went into the hospital. Even when his whereabouts leaked out, he kept friends from visiting him, until just before his death. He emerged briefly on December 12th to attend a special showing of four of Freud's recent paintings alongside some of the seventeenth-century masterpieces in that obscure but treasure-filled museum the Dulwich Picture Gallery. The painting reproduced here was hung next to the famous Rubens in which Venus, watched by Mars, squirts milk from her breast at Cupid.

Freud was with Leigh at the end, as were his two other models, Nicola Bateman, the whippet-thin assistant whom Leigh had married last year, and Big Sue, Freud's other mountain of flesh. Leigh was predictably stoic. Shortly before his agonizing death, he turned to Nicola and said, "My lights are still on, you know." In an obituary, Big Sue wrote, "He was wearing his favourite costume—nothing." Freud's monumental paintings are Leigh's monument. ♦



Lucian Freud's etching of Leigh Bowery, "Head of a Man," 1992 (opposite page), and his last painting of Bowery, "Leigh Under the Skylight," 1994.

COURTESY OF ACQUAVELLA CONTEMPORARY ART, INC.

LIFE AND LETTERS

THIS LIVING HAND

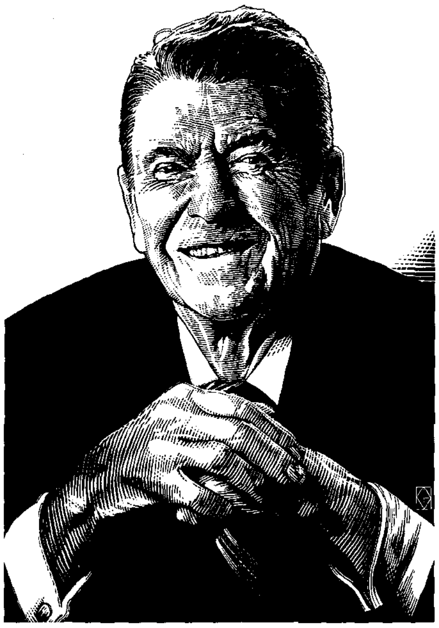
After a recent visit to Ronald Reagan, the author, who has been working on his biography for nine years, considers the particular power of the former President's handwritten farewell to the public.

BY EDMUND MORRIS

THE throb of sympathy that ran through the country last November, when Ronald Reagan wrote his farewell letter to the American people, went beyond the ordinary sorrow we all must feel on reading that someone familiar has succumbed to Alzheimer's disease. Much time and space, not to mention cyberspace, was devoted to the news, and many tears were shed, even by people who despised everything President Reagan had ever stood for. After nine years of studying him with objective coldness, I confess that I, too, cried at that letter, with its crabbed script and enormous margin (so evocative of the blizzard whitening his mind), and, above all, at the mystery of that black and scary erasure, concealing God knows what.

Script's primary power is to convey the cursive flow of human thought, from brain to hand to pen to ink to eye—every waver, every loop, every character trembling with expression. Type has no comparable warmth; matrix dots and laser sprays and pixels of L.C.D. interpose their various screens between writer and reader. If Mr. Reagan's letter (which, by the way, he composed entirely himself) had been keyboarded to the world, instead of handwritten and issued in facsimile, its poignancy would have been reduced by half.

Just a few months ago, I came across a packet of Mr. Reagan's high-school and college essays, all but the earliest (1926) as individually distinct as the Alzheimer's letter, written nearly seventy years later. His script at fifteen has the same patient punctiliousness (no abbreviations, few erasures, and generally flawless spelling) that characterizes the personal letters he wrote every Wednesday afternoon as President. But it inclines at an orthodox Spencerian angle. Only the occasional involuntary straightening of a "d" shows that the penman is forcing himself to write with his right hand, because that is what Midwestern teachers required of southpaw schoolboys in the mid-nineteen-twenties. The script becomes shapely with young Dutch's acquisition of a new fountain pen in 1927. By the summer of 1928, however, a left-handed undertow begins to hoist the masts of his perpendiculars upright, like a canvas anchor drifting contrary to the wind. Three years later, he reaches the rocking equipoise that will sustain him for the rest of his life.



Reagan still got satisfaction drawing an arrow through each appointment in his office diary, aimed at the hour that he could go home.

KENT BARTON

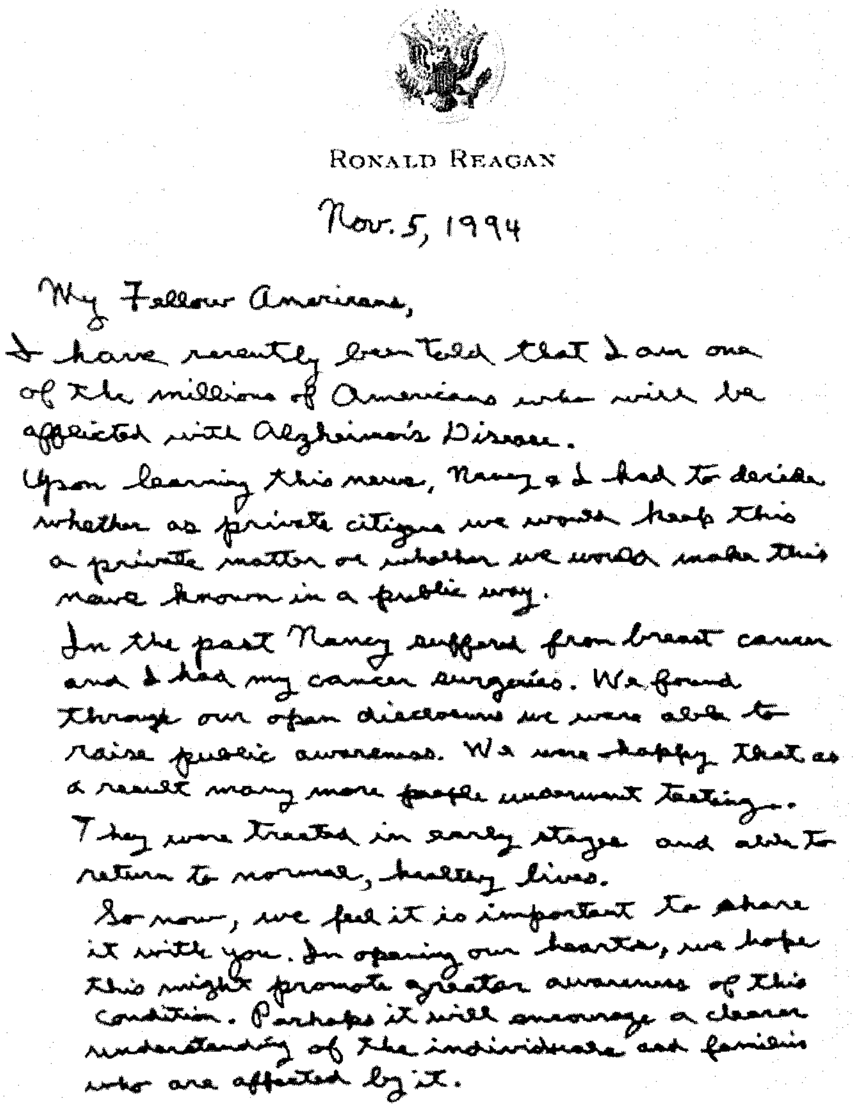
WHY, in the age of voice mail, is script still the preferred style for messages of great intimacy? Because it is both direct and enduring. Spoken words, whether recorded at long distance or whispered across an inch of pillow, may have greater impact, but they evaporate at once, like splashes of acetone. Handwritten words mean more the more they are read, and time only increases their first force.

I began work on my biography of Theodore Roosevelt by reading some typed transcripts of his "Private Diaries" (1878-85). Vivid as they were, nothing prepared me for the tactile reality of the original volumes, leaf after carefully written leaf over which *his* hand had travelled, the summer pages buckled here and there where it had perspiringly rested, an erasure even huger and more mystifying than Mr. Reagan's following the words "I am very—"

Any biographer will attest to the feeling of closeness, amounting almost to identity, that develops between scholar and subject during long hours of manuscript study. On the night that young Theodore triumphantly escorts pretty Alice Hathaway Lee from the altar to a hotel bedroom, one has to be less than flesh and blood not to feel a commensurate quickening of one's own pulse. I remember the embarrassment I felt when T.R., already sure that posterity was watching, sternly informed me that I was not to know what it was like in bed with his bride. "Our intense happiness is too sacred to be written about."

Four years later, on February 14, 1884, there was the inky ugliness of the cross with which he recorded Alice's death—obliterating her, as it were, from history—and a day or two later scrawled, in words that one can hardly bear to read, "For joy or sorrow, my life has now been lived out."

IN 1901, just as in 1981, White House secretaries used to giggle at their boss's curious insistence on penning correspondence he could well have dictated. When President Roosevelt did use stenographers, he would deliberately splatter the typescript of each letter with unnecessary commas and qualifiers, so its recipient would be reassured that he had pored over every syllable. President Reagan went so far as to address and seal his personal mail, and, like Harry Truman, he was known to lick his own stamps. I treasure several letters from him written on thick ivory gold-embossed stock, each with its matching envelope meticulously inscribed, down to the last digit of my Zip Code. He could never be made to understand that such missives were worth something on the open market, and must therefore be stuffed into larger government envelopes, readdressed, and restamped before dispatch.



RONALD REAGAN

Nov. 5, 1994

My Fellow Americans,

I have recently been told that I am one of the millions of Americans who will be afflicted with Alzheimer's Disease.

Upon learning this news, Nancy & I had to decide whether as private citizens we would keep this a private matter or whether we would make this news known in a public way.

In the past Nancy suffered from breast cancer and I had my cancer surgeries. We found through our open disclosures we were able to raise public awareness. We were happy that as a result many more people underwent testing. They were treated in early stages and able to return to normal, healthy lives.

So now, we feel it is important to share it with you. In opening our hearts, we hope this might promote greater awareness of this condition. Perhaps it will encourage a clearer understanding of the individuals and families who are affected by it.

There is indeed something treasurable about this essence Germans call the urtext, the original—fresh ink and fresh thought, virgin paper, inimitable ciphers pursuing one another across the page of history. Whether the hand behind the pen is that of someone merely famous, like Mr. Reagan, or of an authentic genius, like Johann Sebastian Bach, what it pours out is prized, and the value we ascribe to it goes beyond money.

Only a favored, scholarly few can ever hope to hold a Bach manuscript in their hands, yet anyone with rudimentary ability to read music can buy a facsimile copy of, say, the Brandenburg Concertos (the score has been widely reproduced) and match it note by note to any performance. If the performance is live, so much the better to feel the momentum, as it were, of Bach's creative impetus. Not only the script but the music itself takes on new power as ink mutates into sound, and sound moves obedient to the dictates of a quick, invisible quill.

Quick. Perhaps that's the word—used in its old, full sense of "quick with life"—which best describes the human immediacy of script. Studying it up close, one notices things too subtle to transcribe, or even photocopy. Schubert, one of the fastest of great composers, had, for example, an almost reverential habit of slowing and controlling his pen when real inspiration struck. As the music becomes more beautiful, so does the calligraphy. Mozart was at once more casual and more possessed. One looks at the manuscript of some masterpiece such as the "Ave Verum Corpus"—not so much as a nib-crab marring its ordered perfection—and one's skin prickles to think that he was very likely, as he "copied it out" by hand, already composing something else in his head.

PERHAPS as a result of our rampant cellularization, as we fax and phone and XMIT paperless messages through air and ether, we paradoxically crave, it seems, written proof that we still exist as literate creatures. Notepaper condolences, no matter how awkwardly expressed, offer more surcease than printed cards. Vast sums are paid by chirophiles for manuscripts of eminent writers who still work in longhand, or who at least hunt and peck and cut and paste. Museums are not about to display the floppies of any contemporary Flaubert.

Or, if they do, I doubt they will attract the sort of awe accorded some manuscripts of Vladimir Nabokov, which the New York Public Library's Berg Collection put on display last spring. At least two of these, delineated in colored pencil, were more design than script. One was a diagrammatic analysis of metrical variations in a poem by Vasily Zhukovsky, structured rather like a stained-glass window. Units of scansion were represented by variously colored lozenges, and ruled ligatures ran with and contrary to the rhythms, in triangular and rectangular patterns. Nearby lay Nabokov's study of some butterfly-wing configurations, just as careful, just as chromatic, generically different yet spiritually the same—products of a genius able to comprehend both extremes of the Great Chain of Being, and to balance them on the point of his pen.

A UNIVERSITY student of my acquaintance told me that she wrote many short stories and poems on her PC but routinely erased them "because they're not up to much." I remember wincing, not at her literary judgment but because I see her one day as Chief Executive of the United States. Whoever writes her biography will be deprived of the sort of *frisson* I felt when I read, in an excited pencil scrawl, the plan of one of Ronald Reagan's fictional heroes to tease his girlfriend with a piece of good news: "He'd wait until she said hello and then he would say, 'This is the President.' "

A cheap thrill, perhaps, in that the elevation being announced is merely to the presidency of a college senate. Nevertheless, that's what young Dutch's moving finger wrote in 1931—and, having writ, moved on to compose sentences of more historic import.

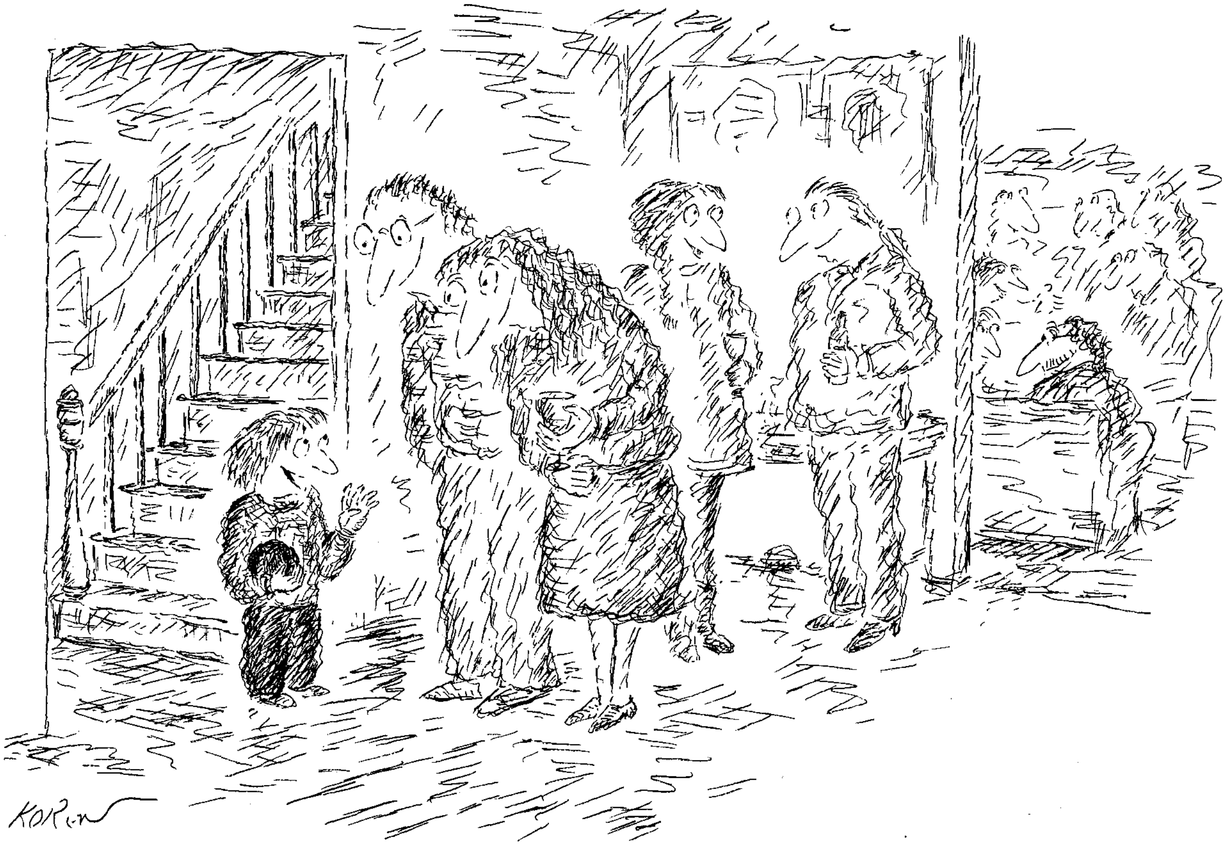
When I first looked at his juvenile holographs, I was overcome by a most unprofessional feeling of tenderness. They consist of seventeen stories, essays, and themes, set down on sixty-nine pages of lined rough, exercise-book stock, one of them still attached to a grocery flyer that reads, "Free With the Purchase of a One Pound Package of SAWYER'S SALTINE CRACKERS." Although several are mere fragments, and many are forgettable football pieces, even the blandest yield tiny explosions of personality, like specks of undissolved saffron. Together, they present a touching portrait of an ardent, if dreamy, young man. The protagonist, whether his name be "Bill Dennis" or "Bus Burke" or "Corporal Howard of the 77th," is eternally tall, tanned, graceful, genial, and aloof.

Narcissism is of course a staple ingredient of youthful literary expression. Yet what strikes one about the self-recognition in these pieces is its almost disembodied detachment. The author's pen seems to have been wielded by an admiring but passive doppelgänger. Again and again, there are nuances that only manuscript can impart. Dutch writes, for example, the following altered sentence about a coed gin orgy: "Like a man seeing his doom Jim saw the bottles shining in the lamp light ~~but he was game~~ like executioners' knives." That final image could occur only to the child of an alcoholic. But the ambivalence between crossout and superscript is telling. All his life Ronald Reagan has preserved a strange ability to join in any game, face any row of knives, without the least fear of moral compromise or threat.

There is another evocative crossout in an unfinished account of "Jerry Dale" 's return to college as a senior, accompanied by not one but three ghostly companions—himself as freshman, sophomore, and junior. As they eagerly direct their steps up an elm-lined avenue, their thoughts move ahead "like a bird in swift flight" to where, invisible around a corner, there stands "~~a white private house~~ . . ."

Revealed rather than concealed under that light overscore is the first written evidence of a recurring image in Mr. Reagan's pre-Presidential dreams: a mansion white of wall and tall of window, distant, privileged, and beckoning.

I AM finishing this essay in the plush hush of the office of Ronald Reagan overlooking Century City. The old man is next door, as courtly, soft-spoken, and



"I'm four and change."

elegant as ever. He and I have just said goodbye for, I guess, the last time. About six months ago, he stopped recognizing me. Now I no longer recognize him. For all the intimate familiarity of that face and body, for all the willingness with which he showed me his framed photographs, his jellybean jar, and his view of the Hollywood Hills, I did not feel his presence beside me, only his absence.

When I went in, he was sitting in the same quiet pose he always assumed during "personal time" in the Oval Office: glossy head tilted forward, jacket sleeves half on his desk, white cuffs protruding exactly one inch, his black Parker lying ready on its own polished leather reflection. Except now there was only one document for him to read and annotate—his daily schedule, which he seemed to be perusing with rapt interest. Time was when this thick sheet of bond bore the names of potentates, most of them lucky if they got more than ten minutes of his attention. Today, it was reduced down to three or four token "drop-by" visits, mostly from friends.

Glancing at it as I approached, I saw that he still got satisfaction out of drawing an arrowed vertical through each appointment, aimed at the hour that he could go home. It reminded me of the time I turned on my heel as I left the Oval Office, and caught him in the act of tranquilly skewering me.

"I'm not on your list today, Mr. President. Just wanted to say hi—see how you are." He rose with his usual air of gentle surprise, but I got the feeling that if I had come in through the window he would react no differently. As I made desperate small talk, he held on to the edge of his desk.

"Sir, those lead soldiers make a great display! Like when you were sick with pneumonia in 1915, and played with armies on the counterpane?"

He smiled faintly, not remembering, and I noticed something unimaginable before: a patch of silvery stubble on his chin. It glowed incandescently as a sunbeam slanted across his face.

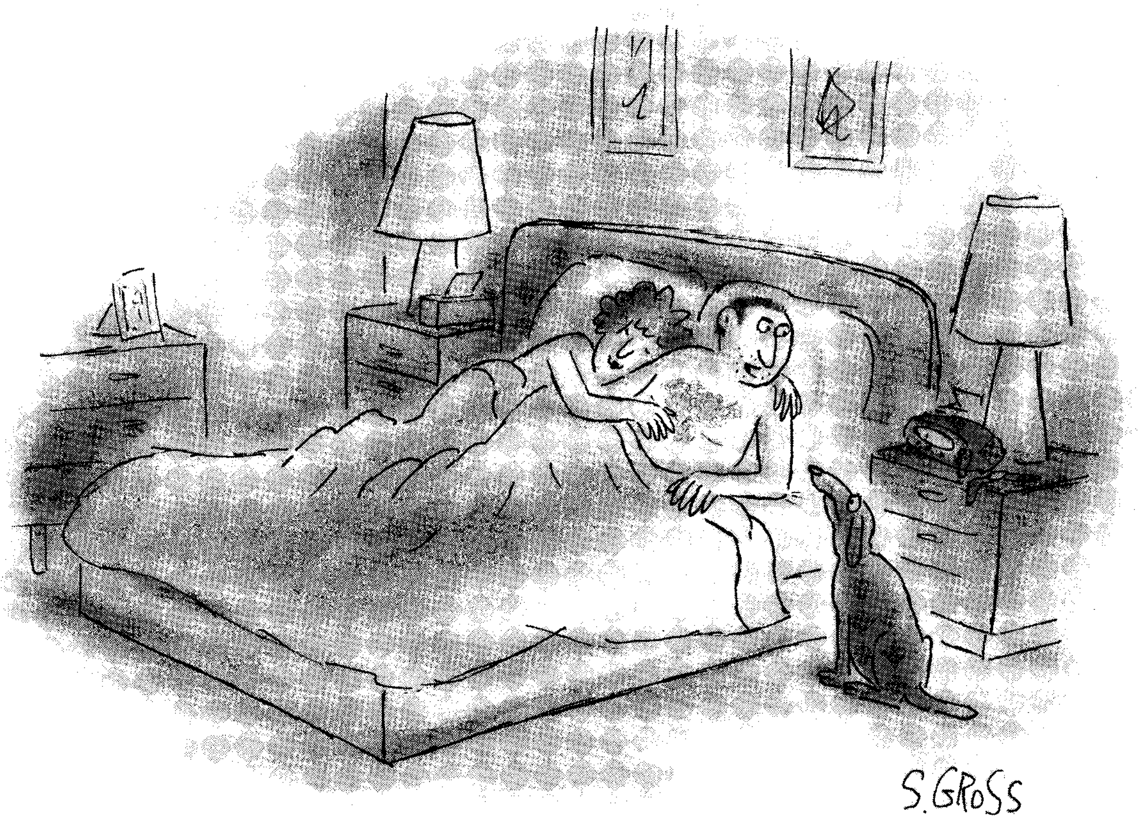
"Uh—the fellow who made them, he—uh, came . . ."

"Came and presented them to you?"

"Yes. He—we—we had to make space, uh—move those trees." Mystified, I followed his gaze, and saw only a red-bound set of "Public Papers of the Presidents: Ronald Reagan," relegated to the shelf beneath the soldiers. Well, if a poet can compare stacked volumes to garners of grain, I guess a retired statesman can call his collected works trees if he wants. They do, after all, bear fruit, in a dry sort of way. And President Reagan did love to prune speech drafts and proclamations with his sharp pen, just as he pruned the live oaks and madronas at Rancho del Cielo. "See?" he would say, after having buzz-sawed this or that grove to a Seurat-like geometry. "See where the light comes through?"

Now I sit with pen in hand and the original copy of his Alzheimer's letter—unfolded, unmailed, yet universally received—lying flat and crisp before me. Light of another sort permeates these simple words, a final lucidity before the letting go. Since writing them, Mr. Reagan's decline has been precipitous. His Presidential Library, in Simi Valley, will soon exhibit the letter, along with a few of the thirty thousand responses it elicited from all over the world. Distracted though its sender may have been, strange as he has become, here, palpably, for as long as paper and ink lasts, is Ronald Reagan: His Mark. And there comes to my mind a scribbled envoi of John Keats, effortlessly reaching across the chasm of years:

This living hand, now warm and capable
Of earnest grasping, would, if it were cold
And in the icy silence of the tomb,
So haunt thy days and chill thy
dreaming nights,
That thou would wish thine own heart
dry of blood,
So in my veins red life might stream again,
And thou be conscience-calm'd. See,
here it is—
I hold it towards you. ♦



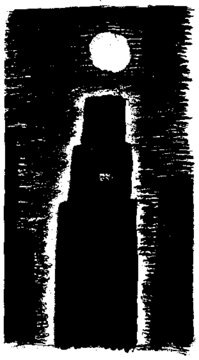
"You're my best male friend."

• •

FICTION

INFLUENZA

BY DANIEL MENAKER



I—POISON

IT was a New York I'd never seen at close range before. I'd known it only through the squibs in the papers, which reproduced what I imagined attending society events must have been like: a background blur out of which emerged one rich or famous mug after another. The pictures that floated out of the inky blackness above these name blurts always made the people look abnormal—prognathous, narcoleptic, Tourretic, or as vacant as unlaid storm-drain pipes. This was strange, because when some of these same people drove in their limos or 190 SLs over to the West Side, to drop their sons off at the Coventry School, they were handsome and cheerful, the dads in slim business suits, the moms in pricey jeans and burgundy or wintergreen sweaters or sweatshirts. Every head of hair with a suave streak or swath of gray; good skin, with crinkles instead of wrinkles; amphitheatrically perfect white teeth. Maybe the combination of dusk and engraved invitations threw them into a gargoyle phase. I taught English in the Upper School at Coventry in the late sixties and seventies, and for the first three of those years, when I was in neurotic despair and was on the outs with the school's autocratic headmaster, W. C. H. Proctor—a socialite not only because of his capital-campaign obligations but out of native hobnobbery—the world of penthouses and summers at Niantic or Hyannis or Bar Harbor and of dressage and mixed doubles and poached salmon and charity bashes seemed as distant to me as a cloud to a clam.

In the early spring of my fourth year at Coventry, my gloom began to lighten. I'd tried to stop a fight in the locker room and got knifed, and Proctor saw it as some kind of courageous act. He began to call me "Jake" instead of "Singer" or "you." As time went on, he put me on this committee and that committee, and asked me to speak on behalf of the school to parents and prospective parents and groups of alumni. I found it uncomfortable under his wing, but I also began to feel more present in my life, at least my professional life, as if some psychic clutch had finally engaged and the neurasthenic idling—

Now, really, Mr. Singer—it is most embarrassing to listen to this narrative masturbation. I know that you had a good rhythm going as you flipped through the pages of your dictionary to find all your impressive words, and I'm so sorry to interrupt, but perhaps you could try a little harder to get to the point!

This would be the voice of Dr. Ernesto Morales, the psychoanalyst I saw three times a week for all but the first of my seven years as a teacher. I internalized his Spanish accent and speech patterns and the machete-like sarcasm that he wielded in the slash-and-burn process he tried to pass off as "interpretation," and I guess such internalization is part of the point of analysis. It's true that life improved for me as I went to him, but whether if I could do it all over again I would actually choose to have the homunculus of an insane, bodybuilding, black-bearded Cuban Catholic Freudian shouting at me from inside my own head I am not sure.

Dr. M. (clearing his throat, his audible for boredom): *Please let me know when you* are *sure of something, Mr. Singer.*

Me: *Sorry.*

Dr. M.: *I'm surprised that you didn't say that you* guessed *you were sorry.*

Me: *Sorry.*

Dr. M.: (Silence).

Me: *What's wrong now, for Christ's sake? I said I was getting better—you should take it as a compliment.*

Dr. M.: *So you ask me to kiss your ass in gratitude as you waste my time with this interminable prehahmble? Even an analyst's patience has—*

Me: *Preamble.*

Dr. M.: *Pree-ahmble. Even an analyst's patience has some limit, Mr. Singer.*

Me: *O.K., O.K.*

So anyway, at school, things were going well. I gave these talks to groups of parents who were considering Coventry for their boys, and I seemed to be convincing a lot of them. Of course, I'd be so nervous I'd spend a half hour on the shitter beforehand, but—

Dr. M.: *Ah, honesty. It is always so refreshing, like a breeze through the palmettos in Havana. It is a pity we are still ninety miles off the shore of your subject.*

Anyway, there was a day in the middle of April when the air in New York was as cool and clear as—

Dr. M.: *And now we have the weather report! Isn't the news supposed to come first, Mr. Singer?*

As a day in October, while—

Dr. M.: *What about the rich and famous people?*

Me: *I'm getting there. I'm just setting this up, trying to give the whole picture.*

Dr. M.: *This giving of the entire picture, as you say, is your characteristic way of putting painful matters on the shelf for a while longer, preferably until they are stale and unappetizing. I would wager that you wish to speak of the problems that brought you to me in the first place—your rage at your mother for dying when you were six years old, the fact that months and months elapsèd when no woman even so much as glimpsèd your penis, the estrangement between you and your father, the compromises involved in your profession. Here they all are, still preying on your mind as if they were the eagle at the livers of Prometheus, no? This is what happens when a patient terminates the treatment before he should.*

Me: *But—*

Dr. M.: *But most of all you wish to avoid the recognition of the crucial role I played in your life. You cling still to the belief—no, the delusion—that one can be his own man, create himself, and as it were have no parent of any sort.*

Me: *But that's what this is about. If you'd just give me a chance to get started, you'd—*

Dr. M.: Mr. Singer, you would put off the sunrise if you were not quite ready for breakfast.

Me: *But—*

FILIP PAGOWSKI

Dr. M.: But if we could not make progress in this area in our real work together, what chance is there, I ask you, of our getting anywhere in this absurd imaginary dialogue of yours? So proceed with your meteorology, if you feel that you must, but you must also forgive me if I catch forty huinks while you do.

THERE was a Sunday in the middle of April when the air in New York was as cool and clear as it is in late October. The trees in Central Park had gone blurry with buds, the Great Lawn had begun to lose the look of an old blanket thrown down to protect the earth, and the water in the Reservoir had a fine chop, like a miniature sea. A few people—the avant-garde of the jogging movement—beetled around the gravel path. It was all down there and I was up here, fifteen stories above Fifth Avenue, on the terrace of an apartment that occupied the top two floors of a magnificent Deco building between Eighty-third and Eighty-fourth Streets. To my left, in his usual blue blazer and gray slacks, stood Coventry's headmaster, nautical in appearance and demeanor.

"Ah, fresh air, Jake," Proctor said, putting his hand on my shoulder. Fresh air was his universal restorative. "There's nothing like it, even in New York City."

To my right stood Allegra Marshall, the hostess of this Coventry fund-raising lunch. Luncheon. My first point-blank encounter with the Manhattan of pure wealth and glamour. Five round tables of eight in a huge dining room with wainscoting and a "Close Encounters" chandelier. White maids in black uniforms and white, lace-edged aprons. Cutlery, linen, chased silver. Not a bell-bottom in sight, no ankhs, no zoris, no peasant blouses. It could have been the fifties. It could have been now.

Before I escaped to the terrace, one sleek fellow, the grandfather of a student of mine, asked me where I was going over spring break, and I said, "Nowhere," and he said, "Well, what a good idea!" He and I then discussed the Yankees' prospects for the coming season, and he pointed out a relative of Jacob Rupert's across the vast living room or parlor or whatever it was. "This is a man who won't touch a drop of anything," the sleek fellow said. "I've heard that he's ashamed of his fortune." My other conversation was with the mother of one of my advanced-placement seniors who simply could not get *over* how wonderfully *detailed* my comments were on her son's papers.

When Proctor and I arrived, Mrs. Marshall gave me an automatic smile but a firm handshake—the kind that a girl's rich, manly dad or independent-minded mom tries to install at an early age. She was wearing a short black dress and a black wristband. Her husband—Coventry '59—had died, of cancer, on New Year's Day, leaving her with a six-year-old son—in first grade at the school—an infant daughter, and his millions to add to hers. The apartment was beautiful and tasteful to the point of hilarity, and its mistress, with her tall, willowy stature, pale complexion, bright-blue eyes, and long, dark, ironed-looking hair, and her aristocratic imperfection of feature—a real nose with a real bump in it, one very white front tooth slightly overlapping the other—also seemed comically perfect for her role of young society personage gamely pressing on. Now, out on the terrace, in the presence of Proctor and his bromides, she seemed sad, and her perfection looked frayed at the edges, and after a fellow-blazer-and-gray-flannelsman hailed the headmaster back inside, I thought I saw her roll her eyes.

"Sometimes I think he'd make a better admiral than a headmaster," I said. "Do you ever see any muggings down there?"

"You're Mr. Springer?" she asked.

"Singer. Jake Singer."

"You're the one who is going to do the sales pitch."

"Yes. I've done something like this three or four times now, but I keep getting stagefright. Especially here. I mean, I feel sort of out of place. And it's for money this time, not just to try to get people to send their kids."

"Proctor says you do it very well. When we set this thing up, he told me the applications pour in after you talk."

"You know, a year ago he was barely speaking to me."

"Why?"

"Oh, I was always arguing with him, always mouthing off. Nothing better to do, I guess."

"What do you mean?"

"You know, just trouble with authority."

"But he certainly likes you now."

"I just calmed down, I suppose."

"Just like that?"

"No, it probably has something to do with being in analysis, though I'm not supposed to talk about it and I don't like to give my lunatic analyst any credit."

"I'm in it, too, so you're safe."

"But you have a real reason, not just the vapors, like me. Anyway, one thing I am sure of is that it isn't Proctor who changed. He'd prescribe fresh air for you if your husband had died." Good work, Jake. "Oh, Mrs. Marshall, I'm so sorry. What an idiot I am."

"It's all right. I've discovered it's like having two heads. But when you collect yourself I hope you'll call me Allegra. And, by the way, these things make me as uncomfortable as they make you." She went back inside, leaving me alone with my clumsy self.

At lunch, Proctor and I sat on either side of our hostess, and I said how delicious the consommé was. "Actually, it's turtle soup," she said. It was difficult to eat the rest of the meal, with my foot so far in my mouth and the butterflies in my stomach. But I nodded and smiled and chewed as best I could, and I made what seemed to me an English teacher's joke—something feeble about cashing in Mr. Chips. Mrs. Marshall's frozen smile thawed into a real laugh—very musical—and I felt as if I'd done her a good turn. "Great chicken," I said when the veal chop was served, and she looked at me in proto-discomfiture until I shrugged, whereupon she got it and smiled a real smile again. Before dessert and after a trip to the bathroom, I made my speech: To afford the kind of diversity in our student body. All the way from catcher's mitts to calculators. Provide the brand of leadership that seems so sorely lacking in our nation. Instill the values, stem the rising tide of drugs. To defray cost of mandatory haircuts and install narrower and quieter ties. (*Polite laughter.*) To pay for the polish Proctor uses for his brass blazer buttons and his bald bean.

THIS last I said to Dr. Morales in his cold, cluttered office the next morning as I lay on the slab-flat couch with the cervically inimical jelly-roll headrest. It was a chilly, drizzly day, the bad side of spring. I had already told him about Allegra Marshall and my high anxiety and various faux pas. "You did not really say this about the polish, Mr. Singer," he said.

"No—it's a joke."

"I have asked you to tell me what you

"Cute, but we're up to our belly buttons in heroic-little-snowplow proposals."

said in your speech and first you drone like an old priest and then you become saracastic—sarcastic and rude, if I may say, since I, too, am bald. Why do you suppose you cry in fear before the hand?"

"Beforehand. Who said anything about crying?"

"These attacks of cramps and diarrhea—you are weeping like a frightened child, but since you are a man you must do it through your asshole. And I shall ask the questions here. Why are you so frightened of something so boring and contemptible, Mr. Singer?"

"If I don't know the drill here by now, I really should be ashamed of myself. It's *not* boring and stupid. I act that way only because I care about it so much and want so badly to do well, to appease the spirit of my dead mother, whom I magically think I must have killed when I was six, and to earn the respect of my father, who thinks I am a failure and wishes I had been a doctor like him, and to please you. Always to please you, of course."

"Again this same sequence—dull recitation with following it the scorn. Ho-hum and fuck you, is it not?"

"Well, I mean four years of—"

"No, it is thirty-two meenoose six years, Mr. Singer—twenty-six years of preventing yourself from genuine involvement in your feelings and your life. I swear to Christ that if Marilyn Monroe came to you with no clothes on and a wet pussy you would not know what to do with her. Now please listen to me. If you joke, I shall kill you and spare you the effort of this slow suicide. Is this school of yours a good school?"

"Yes. It could be—"

"*Is it a good school?*"

"Yes."

"Do your students respect you?"

"Yes." Satisfaction, as surprising as a twenty-dollar bill on the sidewalk, came to me with this answer.

"Tell me one important thing you have done for the school besides the teaching."

"Well—"

"It is dry, Mr. Singer."

"I'm helping to get scholarships for poor kids," I said, more proudly than I meant to.

"Good, there is feeling in your words at last. Anything else?"

"I'm convincing more people to apply, and now I'm helping to raise money. As of yesterday."

"Ah, your voice has fallen here. Why?"

"I don't know—the whole idea of raising money, being with rich people, glad-handing and putting on a show."

"*It is a good school!*" thundered Dr. Morales. "You are trying to make it better according to your convictions! Making a speech is not selling eslaves or torturing cute lambs! A President of the United Estates has attended this school, three or four *Nobelistas*, many professors and doctors, the director of the Peace Corps, I believe, the head of Sloan-Kettering, the man who designed—"

"How do you know all this?" I asked.

"I have looked it up. I should not have revealed this, perhaps—it is bad technique—but just maybe you will take a leaf from my tree, Mr. Singer. I am *interested* in my work. You are my work. I am *interested* in you. And one more thing—if there are rich people in the world, why should you not be among them? You yourself are hardly from the road of tobacco. If there is a rich young widow making goggle eyes at you, why should you not fuck her, I ask you. Why should you not marry her, when I come to think of it. Why didn't you mention how she looked when you were speaking of her?"

"Less Marilyn Monroe than Ali McGraw," I said. "But beautiful enough. Quite beautiful, in fact."

"In fact? I did not think it was in fiction. I do not know who is this Alice McGraw."

"She's the one in 'Love Story'—the girl who dies."

"Ah, yes. This is interesting. We must stop now, Mr. Singer, but have you by any chance happened to notice the corpses that have littered our conversation this morning like a battlefield, as if it were? Your mother, the husband of the hostess, the character of this movie."

"Marilyn Monroe."

"Very good, Mr. Singer. You are quite right, I have joined in this necrophilia. But it is *spring*, Mr. Singer. Time for the new beginnings, for the birds to tweeter and among the twigs to build their nests."

DR. MORALES'S crude incitement concerning Allegra Marshall at the end of the session had not come out of nowhere. Near the beginning, when I mentioned her widowhood and the opulence of her apartment, I could feel him coming to attention like a setter behind me. I was surprised and annoyed to feel myself coming to attention the following week, when I was in the nurse's office at school, getting a Band-Aid for a wound inflicted by the staples that had interfered with my reading of "Hester Prynne: Hawthorn's Revolutionery Heroin." A little kid was lying on the cot looking green around the gills, and the nurse, a clinical type with a neurosurgeon's hauteur and the name Gladys Knight, of all things, was on the phone saying, "You and the babysitter probably have the same organism that George has, Mrs. Marshall, with the nausea and the vertigo. I'd bring him over for you myself, but George is the fourth incidence today, so I really should stay here."

I asked if it was Allegra Marshall she was talking to and she covered the phone and scowled at me. "This is important, Mr. Singer, if you don't mind," she said. "This child *and* his mother *and* the babysitter have all come down with gastroenteritis, and we're trying to figure out how to get him home."

"I met Mrs. Marshall last week. I'd be glad to take him home—I've got two free periods. Tell Mrs. Marshall it's me."

In another five minutes, George Marshall and I went out into the April sunshine and hailed a cab on West End Avenue, after a parting advisory from Miss Knight: "One of the other children had projectile vomiting." As we drove across the park, yellow with forsythia and daffodils, George sat still and regarded me. He was small for his age but built solidly, with blond hair and a turned-up nose with a few freckles sprinkled over it—he looked nothing like his mother. "My dad died," he said when we stopped for a red light at Ninety-sixth Street and Fifth Avenue. "I know," I said. "It's very sad for you and your family." "My sister doesn't realize it," he said. "She's too little. Are you a teacher in the upper school?" I told him I was. "I thought I saw you," he said.

The taxi started up again, and George faced forward, looking sick and unhappy. His feet didn't quite reach the floor. Even though I'd never met this boy before, I knew for a fact that he believed that he had done something to cause what had happened to his family, and I wanted to reach over with both hands and shake the innocent truth into him before the guilt worked itself too deep into his heart.

George said he could go up in the elevator by himself, but the doorman said that Mrs. Marshall had asked me to take him upstairs, if it wasn't too much trouble. So up in the elaborately scrolled and panelled elevator we went. When the door opened onto the apartment's foyer, Mrs. Marshall was standing there looking very sick and forlorn herself, plain and ashen and lank-haired, so that the elegant dark-blue Chinesey housecoat she had on seemed as beside the point as the Aubusson on the floor and the modest Corot on the wall behind her. "I'm tired, Mom," George said, and he tottered away down the long hallway. "I'm going to lie down for a while."

"I'll be right there," Mrs. Marshall said.

"I hope your daughter's all right," I said. "The nurse told me your babysitter is sick, too."

"Emily is fine. And George's mother will be here in half an hour. She lives just over on Park. We'll be O.K."

"George's mother?"

"My husband's mother. My late husband's mother. Georgie is George Junior."

"Oh."

"It was nice of you to bring him home. Thank you."

"It was nothing. He's a sweet kid."

"Let me pay you for the taxi."

"Oh, no. That's all right." I looked over her shoulder at the living room, glowing with perfection in the morning light. "I know this is silly," I said, "but I wish there was something else I could do for you."

"Why is that silly?"

"I mean, I've only met you once, and—"

"Is it silly because I'm rich?"

"Yes."

"Ah—honesty. But it shows what you know." Tears were in her eyes now, and her nose looked more broken than distinguished, and she seemed skinny rather than slender and pathetic rather than tragic; and I felt ridiculous instead of gallant, and furious at Dr. Morales for his careless manipulations, and for regarding this woman so lubriciously and so lightly, like a personal ad, like a sitting duck. "I'm sorry if I've upset you," I said. "Don't worry about it," she said, pushing the elevator button.

"AND I think you should be ashamed of yourself," I said to Dr. Morales the next morning, after telling him as calmly as I could what had happened with George Marshall and his mother the day before.

"I am," Dr. Morales replied. "I am truly ashamed." He rattled some papers around and cleared his throat a few times.

I sat up and put my feet on the floor and looked at him. He had a tax form over the yellow pad he used for taking what I assumed were scathing notes about me and his other victims.

"Filing late?" I said. "I hope you applied for the automatic two-month extension."

"This is against the rules, Mr. Singer."

"You mean the New York Psychoanalytic Society has an actual rule against doing your taxes during sessions with your patients? Why, that's positively draconian."

"I shall not explain myself to you, Mr. Singer. This is as forbidden to me as sitting up is to you. But God and Freud will pardon me, I feel certain, for occupying myself with other matters when a patient enters my office in an inappropriate rage, insults me further by thinking to disguise it, and then has the amazing condescension to tell me that I should be ashamed of myself, as if I were a four-year-old child who has deliberately belchèd during Communion."

"I would never have made such a fool of myself if you hadn't—"

"Had not what, Mr. Singer? Had not held a pistol at your head to force you to volunteer to take the boy home? Had not squeezèd your heart in the taxi to make you recognize his psychological situation and sympathize with him? Had not transformed you into Sharlie McCarthy and then like Edgar Burgeon thrown my voice into you standing there in front of the mother and to diminish her humanity on account of her wealth? By the way, Mr. Singer, will you please lie down."

"You want it both ways," I said, continuing to face him. "You want me to behave the way you think I should, and then when I try and then fail you disavow any part in the matter. 'My advice is to jump, Mr. Singer, but if you break your neck, don't blame me.' "

"Had not, in general, as I was saying, miraculously reached into your soul and poured into it the poison that you are convinced is so powerful as to threaten also anyone whom you might love. Like your mother, your father, like a woman. Like me. You are not Siva, Mr. Singer, nor Attila nor Hitler, nor even Sharles Starkweather. You are not so lethal as you wish to believe. Now please lie down."

"No. I don't feel well. I'm going home."

"You know, I truly *am* ashamed that after four years of our work together you can still busy your mind with any amount of anger at yourself and at me to ignore what is really going on in your life—for example, the possibility that from the start this woman has taken some interest in you, and that this was why I tried gently and humorously to encourage your interest in her."

"*Gently*?"

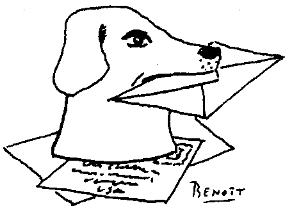
"Why else would a person divulge

within five minutes of meeting someone the highly intimate knowledge that she was in analysis, as you divulgèd it to her also—why else would she say this if she did not feel immediate trust and confidentiality? And why else would she have asked you to accompany her son in the elevator if not because she wished to see you again, and being in a very unattractive and weakened condition, what is more. Now please do lie down and try to address these matters."

"No, I really do feel ill," I said. "I'm leaving."

"So now the regression and withdrawal will be complete."

I CALLED in sick and spent the rest of the day in or very near the bathroom in my apartment. From time to time I hazarded a walk into the living room to watch TV. I would doze on the couch, wake up to a soap opera or a game show, whose gaudiness the flu rendered almost hallucinatory, get up and turn it off. And before stumbling toiletward again, I once or twice looked around my place and took stock. In January, as my responsibilities grew at school, I had through an effort of will upgraded my domestic situation. I discarded the bricks and boards and sofa *trouvé* and card table, and the bottom half of a bunk bed sold to me by the building's gaunt Croatian super for thirty-five dollars, and the dieseling vintage refrigerator, which I called the Serf of Ice Cream—another English teacher's joke—and replaced them with Door Store merchandise and new appliances. A captain's bed, a blond wall unit or two, a big, round, tan hooked rug in the living room, an oak table with a chrome base, even a Zurbarán print and a Magritte poster—that kind of thing. All in all, it had become a decent bachelor's place on the eleventh floor of a nice building on West End Avenue—plenty of light and a nice breeze in the spring and summer—just around the corner from Coventry. Rent-controlled, which you could still get back then, especially on the fringe of a bad neighborhood. But so what? It was still a pocket of isolation—especially in illness, when you'd like to be able to call on someone—and I felt like a penny in the pocket. Whatever progress I'd made was in baby steps, or in a marionette's artificial, hinged gait, with Dr. Morales pulling the strings. I felt far less desperate than I had four years earlier, but the absence of desperation is not life.



The flu subsided. I took a longer, deeper nap, looked in listlessly as Thurman Munson and his teammates braved chilly April conditions at Yankee Stadium, ate a little chicken soup, drank a lot of water, stayed on my feet, barely, in the shower, and collapsed onto my bed into an even deeper sleep, which lasted the night.

I FELT much better in the morning but couldn't face the red-letter discussion looming in my Advanced Placement class or the concluding negotiations over "A Separate Peace" in my regular junior courses, to say nothing of playing pepper with the baseball team in Riverside Park after school, so I called in sick again and read and dozed on the sofa. I was brought out of a semi-dream, in which Dr. Morales lobbied the halls of Congress on behalf of Cuban cigars, by the ringing of the doorbell. It hadn't rung in so long that I'd forgotten when the last time was. I opened it without using the little burglar scope or asking who was there. What can anyone do to me, after all, I said to myself in the self-pitying aftermath of my stock-taking and influenza.

It was Allegra Marshall, well beyond influenza and its aftermath—looking very beautiful once again, in fact, if nervous.

"I'm sorry, I should have called," she said. "I know you're sick, but you live so close to the school that I thought I would just stop by. And then the doorman said he didn't need to announce me or anything."

"It's the super," I said. "My friend the super."

"So here I am. I hope I'm not disturbing you."

"I'm much better," I said. "It's O.K. Is George all right?"

"I took him back to school yesterday, and I asked for you and they told me you were out sick. And when they told me you were out again today I felt even more guilty. You probably got this from George, or maybe even from me."

"Oh, it's going around."

"But that isn't why I was looking for you at school in the first place," she said. "I wanted to apologize for being so rude to you the other morning. Here you had done me this kindness."

"I was rude first—worse than rude," I said. "You caught me out. I asked for it."

"Well, I'm sorry anyway. Now I really should leave you alone."

She turned away and started back toward the elevator, and as she did I heard that insinuating voice, which had already installed itself in my mind, say, "Now, Mr. Singer, I ask *you*—what do you wish this woman to do, take out a full-page advertisement in the New York *Times*?" I drew a deep breath and said, just as she was about to push the "Down" button, "Wait, um, Allegra, as long as we're apologizing." She turned again, to face me. "I wasn't really doing you a kindness. I offered to take George home so I could see you. It was just an excuse. And my analyst sort of put me up to the whole thing anyway."

"You mean you *didn't* really want to see me?"

"No, I did, I probably did, or I would have, but this doctor of mine gets himself in the middle of everything, so it's hard to tell. He egged me on. He said *you* were interested in *me*."

"He was right."

"What?"

"He was right."

"He was right?"

"He was right."

II—MOTHER'S DAY

•

THEY wanted to have children right away, but she didn't get pregnant. The specialist she saw couldn't find anything wrong. Still, she and her husband had sex by the chart, she took hormones, they went on tense "relaxed" vacations. None of it worked. At length, her husband said maybe he was the one with the problem—she had to give him credit for that. The specialist he saw, who wore a bright-red toupee, said "Whee" when he looked through the microscope at the semen sample, and the subsequent, more scientific assay found nothing wrong. Now they had both no one and each other to blame. It was an open field. It's like a poison in a well that you're both drinking from, Allegra told me. They kept trying to conceive a child but meanwhile adopted a baby boy through Spence-Chapin. They gave up on biology, and on sex, a couple of years later, and a few years after that, in the midst of growing strain and louder silence between them, which they managed to hide from the Spence-Chapin social worker, they adopted another baby—a girl this time—in the hope that this would somehow solve their problems. Three months after that, her husband was diagnosed with pancreatic cancer, and three months after that he died. Their parents were friends. She had known him all her life, through Brearley for her and Coventry for him, Radcliffe for her and Yale and Wharton for him, summers at Sag Harbor, winters skiing out West. They went out with other people from time to time, but nothing came of that. They thought they were comfortable with each other. They got married when she was twenty-three and he was twenty-five. The comfort seemed to evaporate overnight. Even without all the reproductive trouble, there would have been trouble, she was sure. She should have learned something from the way the dark skinny boys with the scraggly beards and the banjos and their protest songs à la Phil Ochs attracted her in Cambridge. She should have gone to graduate school in English at Berkeley and thrown herself into the free-speech upheaval out there. She should have done a lot of things. Until her husband died, she felt as though her life had been written down before she was born, in a novel so boring and predictable that even the writer realized it and put the manuscript in some drawer and left it there. Now she had despair to add to the tedium. No one would come near her in her grief. Or maybe she pushed them away. And she *was* grieving—you can miss someone you don't much like, she had discovered. This was depressing all by itself. Men stayed away out of propriety, and just as well, in most cases. Her family and her husband's family seemed afraid of her. She loved her son and daughter so much and so feared what would happen to them if she couldn't give them what they needed that she felt it almost guaranteed that she wouldn't be able to. She sometimes had nightmares about having them taken away. Her husband had been a good father—she had to give him credit for that, too. As good as his long hours at Thomson & McKinnon, Auchincloss permitted. He hadn't had to work but he did, and that was really the only other thing she would give him credit for. Though she realized it was not a bad list and he was not a bad guy. Just the wrong guy. And she had found herself wondering, out there on the terrace when we first spoke, whether—dark and thin as I was and scraggly as my beard might be if I grew one—I played the banjo.

"Now I should leave you alone," she had said in the doorway after confirming Dr. Morales's conjecture. "I wanted to get another look at you—that's why I asked you to come up with George when you took him home. I could have just written you a note, after all."

"Well, would you like to come in?" I had said.

"Are you really feeling all right?"

"Yes."

"Then yes, I'll come in for a little while."

And that was when she sat down on my Door Store sofa and told me about herself. And then she asked me about myself. It got to be eleven-thirty, and I found I was hungry, for the first time in a couple of days, so I excused myself and went to the kitchen and wolfed down a bowl of cereal. When I went back, Allegra stood up and said, "I thought that talking to someone new or doing something different might help me out of this trap I feel I'm in."

"I'm flattered that you think of me as new and different. I feel more or less like the same old thing."

"I really should go now," she said, pulling at one of her cuticles.

"You don't have to."

"Then would you please kiss me?"

I went over to her and put my arms around her and kissed her. She tilted her head back a little and looked at me. She was so tall: eye to eye with me.

"Cheerios," she said. "Would you please really kiss me?"

I did my best.

"Good," she said. "Give me your hand." She took my hand and put it on her breast. She tilted her head back and looked me in the eye again, as if she were measuring something. "That feels very good," she said. "You don't know how long it has been."

"Yes, I do," I said. "But I think I can take it from here. I'm getting tired of people telling me what to do."

IT turned out that she wasn't really directorial about sex but, as in that firm handshake when we met, just well mannered. "May I suck your cock?" she asked, with that unnerving look in the eye, and when I said "Sure" she said "Thank you." "Would you mind if we stopped for a second so that I can get on my hands and knees?" "Could you please hold my shoulders down?" "Would you put your finger in my ass." She sprinkled these courtesies among other, much more pre-verbal utterances, and the whole effect was wonderfully, almost overwhelmingly lewd. After a while, she didn't really have to ask but I let her every now and then anyway, for the pleasure of hearing her.

"Socialite widow Allegra Marshall, after copulating with prep-school pedagogue Jake Singer," I said, while we rested.

"What?"

"You know—those society-party pictures in the papers. I've probably seen you in them and had no idea who you were. And now here you are. And you turn out to be a regular human being. So regular that you probably came over to the West Side just to use me. But if you did, I must say that I can't understand why women are always objecting to being used."

"After we fuck a few more times and then I tell you I don't care about you, you'll find out," Allegra said.

"Is that likely to happen?"

"The fucking? Oh, yes, I hope so. Right now, in fact, if you can, please. But I'll have to be discreet. I am a widow, you know. As for the rest, I have no idea. Maybe your analyst does. He seems very smart. All mine says is 'Why is that, do you think?' and 'What does this bring to mind?' "

"That sounds pretty good to me. I don't know why you need analysis—you're so direct."

"The closer I am to people, the more distant I feel, it turns out. And don't you think it's just a little bit strange for someone to tell all her secrets to someone she has had maybe fifteen minutes of conversation with before? And then beg for sex?"

"You didn't exactly beg," I said. "And anyway I don't think it's strange."

"Well, you should."

THREE weeks later, after coaching third base in the varsity's last game, against Collegiate, I went down to Tiffany's and bought Allegra a silver-and-onyx bracelet for Mother's Day. She had discreetly come to my place again a week after the first time. And I discreetly had supper once at her apartment, late one night. She cooked some kind of chicken and I made some salad. Her kids were asleep. I dried the dishes afterward—I could hardly bear to use the dish towel, it was so exquisitely folded. I left just as the sun was hitting the tops of the buildings on Central Park West. Proctor told me I looked tired when he stopped by my classroom to ask if I would say a few words at graduation. He suggested I get some fresh air after school. Luckily, all I had to do that day was give final exams.

"Mother's Day is Sunday," I said to Dr. Morales when I lay down on the couch the morning after the trip to Tiffany's. "Too bad I don't have one."

"It is indeed too bad, Mr. Singer. It is not funny."

"Well, at least I don't have to buy a present or anything," I said. "So, do you think Nixon will be impeached or not?"

"For permitting you to employ him as a red herring, do you mean?"

"For abusing his power," I said, as pointedly as I could.

"I don't know, Mr. Singer. Can we return to Mother's Day? I know you were just being humorous, but here so sadly, as you know, there are no jokes."

"Why should we talk about it? What's the point? I remember making a card for my mother when I was in first grade in Bronxville, and she loved it. And then she died. Now I don't believe in it—it's just commercial. I think that's probably because my mother is dead. Just bitter, I suppose."

"Remove the 'probably' and 'suppose.' "

"Well, so there you are."

"What about your new lover? She has children."

"So? I'm not one of them."

"I shall tell you what, Mr. Singer. I shall make a bargain with you, not because I am feeling magnanimous toward you, the good Christ knows, but because my heart goes out to this woman, this poor woman who cannot have children naturally, this woman whose husband has died, this woman who is trying to fight her way out of depression and make changes in her life, this woman who would be cut to the quicks if she could hear you speak so coldly and callously about her, this woman who has what suddenly appears to be the further misfortune of taking you into her bed. The bargain is this, Mr. Singer: Take the fee for this session and get your narrow and self-absorbèd ass off my couch and go to Tiffany's and with the money buy this woman something beautiful. And then give it to her. And do not come back here until you do."

"Free advice—a first for you," I said. "Well, even the analyst can have a breakthrough, I guess." I reached down to my briefcase, which was on the floor next to the backbuster, and took out the little blue box tied with a white ribbon and held it up over my head.

Dr. Morales was silent for a full minute. Then he said, "Why did you feel the need to tease me in this way, Mr. Singer? Could you not bear the idea that I have helped you to take such a step for once without having to get in the back of you and push?"

"I think you hit the nail on the head," I said. "When I went to buy this, I wouldn't have been surprised to find you driving the No. 4 bus down Fifth Avenue, and when I went into the store I could hear you whispering, 'Now, don't be a cheapskates, Mr. Singer,' and the only thing that almost kept me from going ahead was knowing how much satisfaction this whole thing would bring you." In the middle of this I had started crying, though my voice didn't break. Tears just ran out of my eyes as if from a spillway.

"Think instead of the person who will receive this gift and how pleased she will be."

"We even came up with the exact same store. You know, I could accept help from you a lot more easily if you were less constantly critical of me, less sarcastic about it all, and if I didn't suspect that you were getting some kind of perverted kick from disparaging me and trying to run my life."

"I think this is the *only* way you can accept help, Mr. Singer. I think I am doing what is right. I do have my own life, you may be certain of that. I am not living through you or my other patients, much as you wish to believe it so."

"Are you sure?" I said. "Was there an ounce too much protest in there somewhere?"

I WALKED back to the West Side through Central Park, trying to calm down. The morning was soft and warm; flowers were everywhere. I heard a padding behind me and the next thing I knew I was flat on my face and someone was running away with my briefcase. The next thing I knew, I was running after him and then catching up with him and knocking him flat on his face and taking my briefcase back. He got up and ran away. He was just a kid, a druggie in jeans and a black T-shirt, with a peace symbol hanging from a little chain on his narrow, sallow chest.

"HE picked the wrong guy," I told Allegra, late on Sunday night. We were in her kitchen again, eating leftovers from the sumptuous meal the cook had prepared for her and her parents and in-laws that afternoon. She had a cook. She was wearing the bracelet I'd just given her, and she paid me the compliment of saying that getting through the day had been much easier because she could look forward to seeing me at night. It was also kind of her to be so enthusiastic about my present, I thought, when she probably owned enough jewelry to sink a yacht. I went on bragging. "He couldn't have known about my blazing speed or all-around athleticism, I guess."

"I did," she said. "Proctor told me when he told me about you before the dinner last month. Did you know that the white-haired man you were talking to, Alex Something—I forget his last name—gave the school a hundred thousand dollars the next week?"

"Yes, Proctor told me. How did you hear about it?"

"In the thank-you letter Proctor sent me. He said wasn't the school lucky to have you as a spokesman, and he thinks you have a brilliant future in education."

"What would he know about education?" I said. I ate a forkful of little potatoes as perfect as pearls. "You have a *cook*."

"You know, I can see where you could be a little scary."

"But you like me," I said.

"*And* I like you," Allegra said, standing up and taking my hand. "Will you come with me now?"

"Shouldn't we clean up first?"

"Leave it for the maid this time. I really can't wait."

"You have a *maid*."

Her bedroom was huge and looked like a chamber in an English country house, with a frayed but magnificent tapestry on the wall, a washstand in front of it, a vast mahogany wardrobe against the opposite wall, and a quiet Oriental rug the size of the Caspian Sea. The bed itself seemed a Yankee interloper; a thin and complex patchwork quilt covered it, and underneath was an off-white down comforter and pillows as yielding as fresh snow. I, too, felt like an intruder there, for all of Dr. Morales's reassurances. I folded my clothes into small dimensions and put them in a little pile on a wing chair with flowered upholstery. Then I put my wallet and keys and change in a tiny pile on top of the self-effacing clothes pile. I turned off the marble-based lamp that sat on a delicate little table next to the bed.

When Allegra came out of the bathroom, I could see by the moonlight pouring in the tall window from over Central Park that she had nothing on. She stood in front of me and turned the lamp back on and said, "Do you like me, too?" She was thin, but her breasts were full and her hips curved just widely enough to escape boyishness. It occurred to me that there is something to be said for motherhood without childbearing, and the luxury of my immediate material and sexual circumstances came home to me and seemed less like a stroke than an assault of luck.

"Yes, I like you," I said.

"If it's O.K., I'd like to get astride you," Allegra said.

"All right."

After this rearrangement, she leaned over and turned the light back on again. "Would you mind talking for a few minutes while we're like this?" she asked.

"Fine with me. You are like an erotic dream come true, you know."

"I swear I've never acted like this before. I wish you could stay with me in the morning."

"I wish I could, too," I said. "But there's your children, and the babysitter. And the cook. The maid. And my classes start at 8:30."

"I don't even know what a job is like. Is that awful?"

"Teaching is wonderful when it goes well."

"But you have to do it even when you don't want to."

"That's one of the good things about a job."

"That sounds puritanical."

"I think it's just middle class."

"I don't have to do anything I don't want to do."

"Of course you do," I said. "You have to take care of sick children even when you're sick yourself."

"That's love—it's different. Speaking of love—" she said.

"So this is love," I said when she was still again. To keep myself from coming I had been trying to think about how it would feel not to have to work. This beat my dusty old delaying tactic of mowing an imaginary lawn, even though in the middle of my reverie of wealth I felt Dr. Morales's influence seep into the room like swamp gas. *"Mr. Singer, I suspect and fear that you are about to open this gifted horse's mouth and inspect its teeth, is it not?"* I could hear him say. *"Can you not resist your impulse to piss on your good fortune?"*

"It might be," Allegra said. "I feel as though we would always get along well."

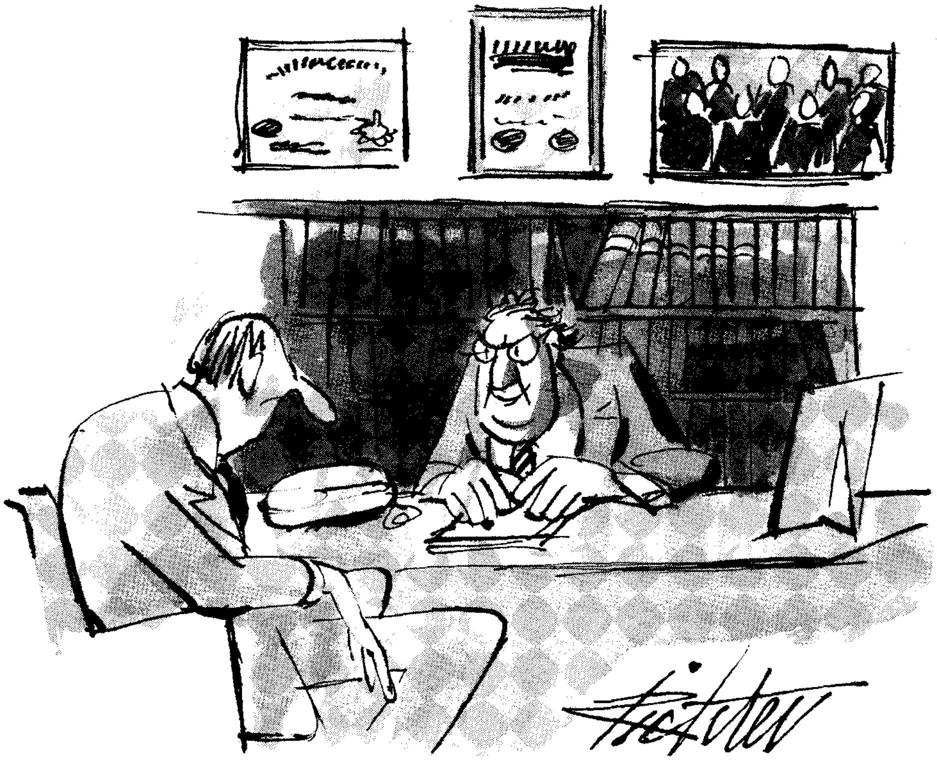
"But you don't know me at all," I was about to say, before Dr. Morales whinnied mockingly in my head to warn me away from honesty. "Would you mind if we turned the tables here again?" I said instead. "Because if it's all right with you I'd like to finish this off as if I were in control, pretty please."

Allegra laughed. "You're making fun of me," she said.

"Yes, but I really would like to do that."

"All right, turn me over now, and we can come at the same time. Let's watch each other, O.K.?"

"Sure," I said. "It would be a pleasure." And like an eight-year-old boy who has succumbed to wearing a tie for the first time, I silently added to the Dr. Morales inside my head, You win. I'll try to throw my lot in with this rich and interesting woman—who happens also to be a staggering piece of ass—and her wainscoted world. What would that world make of me, a neurotic school-teaching Jew without a Corot, Herreshoff, or nine iron to his name, I wondered—if it ever got to that point. Oh, well, I went on, I have nothing to lose. And I might have told myself that lie and forgotten about it and everything else for a little while if Allegra, holding me in her direct and at that point hectic gaze, hadn't said, "Jake, Jake, not yet, please" and I hadn't believed, for a split second, that she was begging me to cancel the calculating decision I'd just made. I did have something to lose, I realized then, as I tried to oblige Allegra—whether more for fun or strategy I was suddenly no longer sure. In fact, some part of myself had just gone out the window and was hurtling down to the sidewalk below, although I couldn't put a name to it. "Now, Jake," Allegra said, and, just before ardor obliterated all further thought, I heard my indwelling Dr. Morales say, "It is your innocence that you have lost, Mr. Singer, and for that it is a high time." ♦



"Your case has been turned down by Oprah, but we're appealing to Sally Jessy Raphael."

ADVERTISEMENT

READER SERVICE VALUE PROGRAM

R.S.V.P.

AN INVITATION TO RESPOND DIRECTLY TO THE NEW YORKER'S ADVERTISERS BY TELEPHONE.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

General Motors & The Nature Conservancy. Now, GMC Truck offers you a free one-year membership in The Nature Conservancy when you test-drive a GMC truck. For a test-drive certificate, call from any touch-tone phone by 1/31/95. (Test-drive must be completed by 2/28/95.) 1-800-447-6553 code 30253.

BOOK NEWS

Arcade Publishing. Enjoy the new year without guilt, with recipes and menus from *The (Almost) No Cholesterol Cookbook* by Jeanette Seaver. $14.95 paperback. At bookstores or: **1-800-759-0190.**

CULTURAL ATTRACTIONS

The Museum of Modern Art. Painting, sculpture, photography, architecture, design, film, video. For exhibition and film schedule, call: **1-212-708-9480.** For membership information, call: **1-212-708-9696.** For Sette MoMA Restaurant reservations, call: **1-212-708-9710.**

FINANCIAL SERVICES

The Chase Manhattan Bank, N.A. Chase PC Banking puts you in complete control of your money any time, any place, from your desktop or notebook PC. For more information, call: **1-800-CHASE-24.**

Intuit – Quicken. Quicken is the fastest, easiest way to organize personal and small business finances. And, it's the World's #1 best-seller! Quicken tracks it all—checking, savings, credit cards, investments, loans, and more. **1-800-781-5999 ext. 810-040.**

Intuit – QuickBooks. Eliminate bookkeeping hassles with QuickBooks, the hassle-free accounting software from the makers of Quicken. Try QuickBooks for only $8. Call: **1-800-781-6999 ext. 700-202.**

HEALTH CARE

Urology & You—Health Newsletter. The newsletter of genitourinary information written by Edward Moss, M.D., F.A.C.S., a urologist and a nephrologist, oncologist, and psychologist. The newsletter provides information for men and women about the prostate, bladder, impotence, kidney stones, sexual function, voiding disorders, infertility, and other topics. Questions are welcomed for the "Ask Dr. Moss" column. Published four times a year, $19.95. Call to subscribe: **1-718-275-7440.**

MOTOR VEHICLES

Cadillac – Creating a Higher Standard. For more information about the 1995 Cadillac, call: **1-800-333-4CAD.**

NON-PROFIT ORGANIZATIONS

The Humane Society of the United States. Protects animals across the globe. Please call **1-800-4-HUMANE** to join, or for information call: **1-202-452-1100.**

REAL ESTATE

Manhattan Deluxe™ Homebuyer's Guides. Provides essential information on Manhattan's finest cooperatives and condominiums—demographic data, purchase and ownership information, coop "board package" requirements, condo photos, locator diagrams, maps, and more. Please call and ask for Lawrence Daitch at: **1-212-752-7789 ext. 69.**

RETAIL

Military Mites. Toy Soldiers: Britain, Tradition, and others; sets or single figures, limited editions. Also WW1 vintage tinplate aircraft and vehicles. For serious collectors. Set of catalogs $8 (VISA/MasterCard). Write to Military Mites, Box 2324, Rockville, MD 20847-2324, or call: **1-800-296-6483.**

Recorded Books, Inc. Unabridged on audiocassette. Over 1,000 titles to choose from—histories, mysteries, classics, sci-fi and more! Professionally performed by Broadway actors! Ask about easy rental by mail. Call now for a free introductory brochure. **1-800-638-1304.**

Select Comfort. Try Select Comfort's high-quality mattress; the only mattress using adjustable air support. Select Comfort's 90-night trial program allows you to evaluate the mattress at home. For information on your in-home trial, call: **1-800-344-6561.**

The Stand-Up Desk Company. Free literature describing our custom-crafted stand-up desks and stools. Now also offering handsome solid CHERRY DICTIONARY STANDS for home or office. **1-301-657-3630.**

Warm Things. Surround yourself with the warmth and elegance of goose down. Our robes and matching slippers come in a variety of colors and are fully guaranteed. LOOK FOR OUR AD, FEATURING THE ROBE, IN THIS ISSUE OF THE MAGAZINE. To order, call: **1-415-472-2154.**

SCHOOLS

The New School. For a free New School Bulletin providing information on more than 1,500 Spring adult education courses including distance instruction and B.A., M.A., and M.S.T. degree programs, please call: **1-800-319-4321 ext. 46.**

TRAVEL

1-800-CALL-ATT. No matter where you travel in the U.S., know The Code and your calling card calls will always get through from any phone. Dial: **1-800-CALL-ATT.**

Alaska Sightseeing/Cruisewest. Close-up, casual small-ship cruises go where big ships can't, in Alaska, British Columbia, the Columbia and Snake Rivers and now Northern California. For free brochures call: **1-800-426-7702.**

Amelia Island, Florida. Your island is waiting. Extraordinary golf. Charming Victorian Bed & Breakfasts. Luxurious world-class resorts. Monumental dunes overlooking 13 miles of pristine beach. For a free brochure, call: **1-800-2-AMELIA.**

Fascinating Malaysia & Surprising Singapore. Two great countries that offer a wonderful potpourri of the East in one great, unforgettable holiday. For a free brochure, please call: **1-800-900-7788.**

Princess® Cruises. Book by February 14, 1995 and save up to $2,400 on a Princess cruise or cruisetour to Alaska. You'll see, it's more than *a cruise, it's the Love Boat®. Please call:* **1-800-LOVE-BOAT ext. 54.**

Seabourn Cruise Line. All-suite luxury cruising for the discriminating traveler. Named World's Best Cruise Line three years in a row by *Condé Nast Traveler.* For complimentary Cruise Annual, call: **1-415-391-7444.**

LEARNING VACATIONS

Earthwatch. Unique opportunities to work with renowned scholars worldwide on two-week research expeditions ranging from coral reef surveys to archaeological digs to wildlife studies. Call: **1-800-776-0188.**

TRAVEL ACCOMMODATIONS

Hotel Bel-Air Mexico. In the tradition of the famed Hotel Bel-Air in Los Angeles, the Hotel Bel-Air Costa Careyes and the Hotel Bel-Air Puerto Vallarta are now offering exceptional Winter Getaway Packages. **1-800-457-7676.**

Sanibel and Captiva Islands. A tropical paradise in Southwest Florida. Secluded beaches, golf, tennis, fishing, biking, nature trails, *wildlife sanctuary, fine dining, shopping,* and ROMANCE. Call Priscilla Murphy Realty: **1-800-237-6008.**

IF UNABLE TO REACH TELEPHONE LISTINGS, SEND REQUESTS TO **THE NEW YORKER READER SERVICES**, 20 WEST 43RD ST., NEW YORK, NY 10036, 212-536-5600.

BOOKS

FOOL BRITANNIA

New insights into why Kim Philby went out into the cold.

BY DAVID REMNICK

THE libraries of spies overflow with spy novels. When retired agents decide that it is time to tell a few half-truths about their exploits, they will say, "Oh, well, it was like something out of John le Carré"—or, less grandly, Robert Ludlum. This search for reflected glory in genre fiction is unique to spies. Doctors rarely announce that lancing Mrs. Reilly's boil, or even removing her gallbladder, was "like something out of 'Dr. Kildare Takes Charge.' " But spies require the illusion of romance to keep themselves going, be it Bond's technicolor heroics or Smiley's bookish constancy. Otherwise, the job is too awful or too ridiculous to endure. As liars and fabulists, as people who make a fetish of their own loneliness and duplicity, spies are ideal fodder for the novel; they, in turn, are always eager to read the next bit of literary product.

I have some firsthand familiarity with the strange, self-referential phenomenon of spies and their books. Several years ago, for some unfathomable reason, the K.G.B. authorities let me visit Edward Lee Howard, a disgruntled ex-C.I.A. man who had spied for the Soviet Union, betrayed a string of American assets, and then escaped to a well-guarded dacha outside Moscow. Howard did not seem to do much with his time there other than drink, play video games, and read spy novels. His favorite author was Len Deighton. Another spy, the former K.G.B. general Oleg Kalugin, displayed a literary passion that would be hilarious were it not quite so sickening. A few days after Kalugin "came out," in 1990, announcing that he was joining the pro-democracy movement, he invited me to his apartment in a Moscow housing complex reserved for the K.G.B. élite. While Kalugin went off to the kitchen to bring in refreshments, I noticed that a few of his shelves were stocked with leather-bound editions of Solzhenitsyn, Amalrik, Sakharov, and other dissidents. "We had good access," he explained later, with a thin and terrifying smile. The rest of his shelves, of course, were lined with thrillers: Ludlum, Buchan, Sayers, le Carré. "I enjoy a busman's holiday," Kalugin said.

While nearly all spy novels are infinitely more dramatic than the reality of spying, the most dramatic of all cloak-and-dagger stories was the life of Kim Philby. His career is unlikely to be surpassed, either in its scale as a betrayal of state or as a source of continuing fascination. Who does not prefer the story of Philby and his British cohorts to the drab reports of recent American traitors? Aldrich Ames, the latest of them, seems to have been interested in nothing more idealistic than a new Jaguar and a half-million-dollar house in the suburbs. Ames is distinguished only by his absence of character, his negation of espionage glamour. He himself is of less interest than the C.I.A.'s bureaucratic arrogance and self-protective mechanisms that he exposed. Among the British spies, we get Guy Burgess, the flamboyant homosexual; John Cairncross, the Scotsman, scholarship boy, and Communist idealist; Anthony Blunt, the connoisseur of Poussin and Surveyor of the Queen's Pictures; and Philby, whose tradecraft was so sparkling that it led him almost to the top of the British Secret Intelligence Service as an agent of the K.G.B. Their deceptions continue to mystify, outrage, and titillate us. Philby hovered close over every event from the Spanish Civil War to the worst excesses of the Cold War, sending dozens of men and women to their deaths. Even the footnotes to Philby's career—his marginal involvement in a Soviet plot against Franco, for instance—dwarf other espionage epics. As objects of fury or art, the British spies were positively inspiring. Alan Bennett has been at his best writing plays about Burgess and Philby in their seedy exile; George Steiner has, in analyzing Blunt, connected the skills of the obsessive academic with those of the agent; fictionalized versions of Philby are at the center of le Carré's "Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy" and Graham Greene's "The Human Factor." Moscow's issue of a Kim Philby postage stamp prompted Joseph Brodsky to write a fourteen-thousand-word diatribe.

Philby, the spy of the century, holds a press conference in 1955.

ARCHIVE PHOTOS

Philby, himself an avid reader of spy novels, has inspired a library of biographies; lately, it has been the turn of former Soviet spies to sell their memories of Lucky Kim. But the most intriguing of the recent Philby books departs sharply from the standard narrative. And, as it happens, "Treason in the Blood" (Houghton Mifflin; $29.95), by Anthony Cave Brown, a British-born espionage scholar, lends little comfort or reflected glory to the spies in the audience. Cave Brown has no illusions about Philby's sins, but he spares us the outrage. His book is cool, informed, even definitive. Typically, Cave Brown quotes Graham Greene on Philby—"He betrayed his country—yes, perhaps he did, but who among us has not committed treason to something or someone more important than a country?"—and does not feel it necessary to hammer away at the fatuousness of the statement. Quietly, Cave Brown raises his eyebrow and moves on with his incredible story, which he has recast from one of class betrayal to one of Oedipal drama. He strips the Philby story of its aristo sheen and renders a family romance of shabby gentility and an unflinching disquisition on the inheritance of acquired traits. In a story that long ago seemed exhausted, he finds a convincing new angle—in a like-father, like-son perspective in which the old man sets out on the trail of deceit, and the son picks up the family banner and carries it all the way to Moscow.

KIM'S father, H. St. John (pronounced "Sin-jun") Philby, came of age at the height of British imperialism. At the turn of the century, when he was getting his education at Westminster School and Trinity College, Cambridge, the empire was becoming, as Cave Brown writes, "the largest geopolitical entity in the history of the planet." As a son of British privilege, St. John was consumed with the exotic promise of a life on the empire's frontiers. While reading a work on Persia by George Nathaniel Curzon, First Marquess of Kedleston and Viceroy of India, St. John copied a paragraph in a notebook: "Turkestan, Afghanistan, Transcaspia, Persia—to many these words breathe only a sense of utter remoteness or a memory of strange vicissitudes and of moribund romance. To me, I confess, they are pieces on a chessboard upon which is being played out a game for the domination of the world."

Cave Brown portrays St. John as careless and selfish, a second-rate T. E. Lawrence, but one whose pathologies were of a ruder order and whose appetites were less interesting. From early on, St. John displayed a public face at odds with his real beliefs and intentions. At Cambridge, he cultivated all the outward trappings of an Edwardian scholar-gentleman, joining theological discussions at the Sunday Essay Society and arguing the government case in debates at the Cambridge Union. He won a first at Trinity in modern languages and soon developed a command of Arabic, Hindi, Baluchi, Persian, Urdu, and Punjabi. He did not lack for skills or mentors, and had little problem finding a place in the imperial bureaucracy.

St. John entered the Civil Service pledging official allegiance to the empire and all its orthodoxies. At the same time, as he explained in his autobiography, "Arabian Days," he did not advertise the fact that he had become a believer in Fabian socialism, having been attracted to "a gradual agnosticism, atheism, anti-imperialism, socialism, and general progressive revolt against the philosophical and political canons in which I was brought up." He left for India as a district officer in the Indian Civil Service in 1908, setting off on a life of conspiracy against, and disloyalty to, England. Cave Brown gives a sober rendering of St. John's odyssey, first in India and then, more important, in the Arab world. As a protégé and an adviser of the Arabian ruler Ibn Saud, St. John became a convert to Wahhabism, an Islamic fundamentalist sect that Ibn Saud had resurrected, and which St. John likened to "political socialism of the democratic type." In reward for St. John's service to the Wahhab dynasty, Ibn Saud gave him his friendship and the keys to Beit Baghdadi, a palace in Jidda. The former residence of a Turkish holy man, it had some sixty rooms, and Philby guarded it with packs of baboons. St. John repaid his patron handsomely when he advised him in the struggle against the Hashemites. He also managed to enrich the House of Saud and undermine England when he helped Standard Oil of California win the key oil concession in the region—perhaps the most lucrative prize in modern times. In short, St. John was in business for himself and as he saw fit; as a civil servant, he could be relied upon for nothing.

St. John's disdain for his own country was such that in the Gorbachev era a K.G.B. spokesman, Colonel Oleg Tsarev, said that Moscow had regarded him as "an Anglo agent but a Soviet asset—that is to say a British intelligence officer who was prepared to assist Soviet causes." Cave Brown takes this statement to mean that it was quite possible that St. John worked for the Soviets while he was in Jidda, but the matter is vague.

Ibn Saud also allowed St. John to indulge his striving for adventure and fame. With Ibn Saud's permission, St. John led a remarkable fifty-five-day expedition across the Empty Quarter, the unexplored wastes of southern Arabia. That success was considered to be on a par with Scott's journey to the South Pole or Lindbergh's flight to Paris, and it allowed St. John to return to London in 1932 as a hero of the newspapers, the BBC, and the Royal Geographical Society. No one was prouder than Kim.

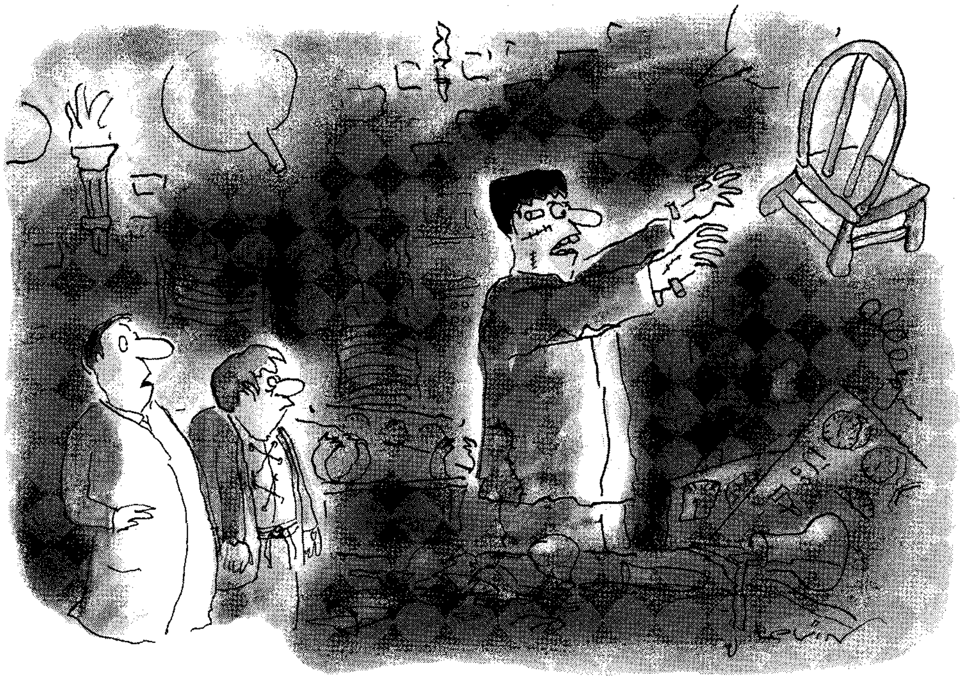
The younger Philby, who was born in 1912, spent his childhood and youth in a complicated relationship with his mostly absent father, at once admiring St. John for his sense of daring yet despising him for ignoring the family. St. John, even when living in mistress-furnished palaces provided by Ibn Saud, rarely sent enough money home for his wife and children to live well. One winter, Kim's mother, Dora Philby, wrote to her husband telling him there was not even enough money for gas, electricity, or coal: "God knows where you are and what you are up to, but I have literally no one I can turn to."

For all his resentments, Kim inherited his father's most distinctive qualities. Like St. John, he found himself in early opposition to the political and social assumptions of imperial England, even while he was enjoying its trappings. "My scepticism owed its origin to the kindergarten where the miraculous element stressed was supposedly attractive to small children," Philby once recalled. "In my case, the result was the opposite. This I contradicted in frank disbelief, repelled in particular by the wide gap between the powers attributed to Christ and the trivial use to which he put them.

Why cure one leper? Why not all lepers? and so on." Even before he reached his teens, Kim said, he had become "a godless little anti-imperialist."

And also, like his father, Kim developed a skill in deception. When St. John joined Lawrence of Arabia on an adventure in Amman, his parting words to his son had been, "Goodbye, my boy, work hard and play hard; don't do anything you are not allowed to, but, if you do, don't mind owning up." It seems that the younger Philby saw through his father's cynicism and took the advice as an instruction to do as his father did, not as he said. When Philby was fifteen, one of his tutors at Westminster wrote to say that the boy could not be trusted. His talent for duplicity was beyond the transparent lying of the average schoolboy; he was a kind of prodigy. Forty years later, Philby's close friend Nicholas Elliott, who was also a member of the Secret Service, would say that the Westminster letter was the first accurate diagnosis of a pathological liar who clearly required treatment, if only to protect society from him. Philby, Elliott said, was "a schizophrenic with a supreme talent for deception."

The Philby case shows what can happen when such a talent fastens to ideology. At Cambridge in the early nineteen-thirties, Philby came under the influence of Maurice Dobb, a revered lecturer in economics, who believed "Das Kapital" to be the most important book in history. Of course, to acquire a passion for Marxism was almost a rite of passage for many Oxbridge boys at the time, but Philby's interest was especially earnest and consuming. He was so impressed with Communism that when Trinity College awarded him a prize of fourteen pounds for his middling-to-decent degree in economics, he used the money to buy an edition of Marx's collected works. In his last week at Trinity, Philby spent an evening in his room, wondering what to do with his future. He decided to get a job with the British government and devote himself to the Soviet underground. During St. John's career in the Civil Service, his indiscretions had infuriated the British authorities and limited his promotion, but there was never a question of facing charges of treason and the prospect of exile. St. John, it seems, figured he could be fired for his behavior, but never indicted for it. For the son, the degree of rebellion was quite different, and so, therefore, was the degree of his secrecy.



"I'll bet it's that damn Pentium chip again."

• •

A belief in Communism, as opposed to Wahhabism, was incompatible with life in His Majesty's Secret Intelligence Service. Philby was so aware of the danger of his commitment to Marxism that in the early days of his association with the service, while he was working in Spain, he pretended to make a complete reversal, feigning sympathy for Franco. Throughout Philby's career, talk of his politics at Cambridge haunted him, but he was usually able to cast his Communism as a "youthful indiscretion." Philby was a master at this game. Although few took his right-wing opinions in Spain very seriously, he had an unerring education in the trappings of class, camouflaging himself with memberships in the right clubs and with the proper eccentricities. Even his disability was a disability of English privilege: a stammer.

Unlike his father, Philby came to be an extremely skilled agent, so much the consummate professional that he became a teacher of young British spies, instructing them in the arts of "the big lie," rumor-mongering, and poison-pen letters. From the start of his career, Philby was ruthless in the service of Moscow. The first assignment the K.G.B. gave its new recruit, Cave Brown points out, was to spy on St. John Philby's associates. The Soviet Union was keenly interested in gaining a foothold in the Middle East, and, toward that end, Kim's handlers had him write brief biographies about St. John's contacts in the court of Ibn Saud. Kim carried out his mission with flair. His talent was such that at the apogee of his career he was so high in the Secret Service that he was being considered to take over as its chief. Philby's self-mastery and luck were unparalleled; he was capable of deceiving no less than Winston Churchill and James Jesus Angleton, the C.I.A.'s chief of foreign counter-espionage; he exploited his wives and friends when missions demanded it. In 1963, after years of living under the close scrutiny and suspicion of MI5, he escaped from Beirut to Moscow with preposterous ease: when British intelligence made it plain that he would have to come clean on his decades as a Soviet agent, Philby made contact with his handler, boarded a Soviet steamer, and sailed for utopia.

CAVE BROWN continues his narrative until Philby's K.G.B. funeral, in May, 1988, and on the period of exile in Moscow he has ample company. With the fall of the Soviet empire and the collapse of at least some of the barriers of secrecy, the publishing industry has become awash in espionage memoirs. In "Special Tasks" (Little, Brown; $24.95) Pavel Sudoplatov, one of Stalin's spymasters, reappears, in his dotage, to describe how he engineered Trotsky's assassination and (less convincingly) the recruitment of Western atomic scientists; in "My Five Cambridge Friends" (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $23) Yuri Modin, who was in charge of British spies for the K.G.B. after the Second World War, tells us how he ran Philby, Burgess, Blunt, Cairncross, and Donald Maclean; in "The Philby Files" (Little, Brown; $24.95) Genrikh Borovik, a longtime Soviet journalist who has, to put it politely, close ties to the K.G.B., provides extended interviews with Philby in exile; and in "The First Directorate" (St. Martin's; $23.95) Oleg Kalugin tells war stories of his career as a top counter-intelligence officer and then as a K.G.B. "dissident." With the exception of Sudoplatov, who was more involved with other operations, these spies all seem to realize that even now, more than six years after Philby's death, Americans and British people can hardly resist a retelling of the Kim Philby story. In a land of economic chaos, spy stories are a bankable asset.

The latest books on the Philby gang do add to the trove of details. For one thing, they set out the depths of Philby's drunkenness and his disillusionment with the Soviet paradise following his defection. Yuri Andropov, as K.G.B. chief under Leonid Brezhnev, was realistic enough to know that the Soviet Union in its lassitude could no longer hope to attract defectors on the basis of Communist ideals. There would be no more betrayers of the ruling classes for the sake of Moscow's glorious fight against fascism and imperialism or its march toward "the shining future." Andropov knew that the only means left to him was the traditional lure of money; he had to prove that those who might need to defect to Moscow could expect to live in what passes in Russia for luxury. Philby's life had to appear more comfortable, and so Kalugin, Modin, and other agents were ordered to dissuade the old spy from drinking too much and to supply him with copies of the London *Times*, European appliances and furniture, videotapes of cricket matches, cat food from Fortnum & Mason, and jars of Cooper's Oxford marmalade (orange, extra chunky).

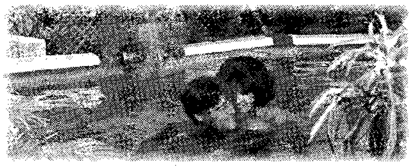
The various memoirs also make it clear that there was deep suspicion inside the K.G.B., especially in the early forties, that the British Secret Service had the upper hand in the case—that the British spies were, in the end, triple agents, reserving their ultimate loyalty for London. Elena Modrzhinskaya, an investigator at the K.G.B.'s Lubyanka headquarters, deemed their information too good to be true, but Moscow found no reason to side with her. Modin, among others, makes it plain that the K.G.B.'s suspicions eventually subsided: "Every day brought its fresh harvest of intelligence to the Lubyanka, and it was all intelligence that we had ordered, like a suit made to measure." Borovik typifies the pervasive urge to celebrate the British spies when he describes Philby in the role of St. Francis of Assisi, feeding the birds and acting like a good and heroic chap in retirement. "He picked up the breadcrumbs with the napkin, got up and went to the porch," Borovik writes. "There, so much joy and sunshine splashed him in the shape of two or three dozen little feathered creatures. They settled on his shoulders and arms. They circled his head. They sang his praises."

Considering the times and the common impulse to launder the past, this undiluted admiration for Philby and the urge to identify with him are puzzling at first. It seems odd that all these spies and cynics who have now renounced the sword and shield in order to celebrate the virtues of democracy admire an Englishman who never made that conversion. Why is Philby any more worthy of celebration to them than some other figure in Soviet history who condemned innocents to death in the name of Communism and the General Secretary? But then it comes clear: they identify with Kim. They all admire the standard version of the Philby story, the romance that casts him as the young idealist willing to betray the trappings and privileges of his class in the cause of equality. Kalugin, Modin, Borovik, and even Sudoplatov all want to be admired for their alleged idealism, and pitied for the terrible course that Communism took. They, like Philby, were victims of higher, malevolent powers in the Kremlin. They respect Philby for his tradecraft, but most of all they value him as a

What's in Turkey?
Prophet Abraham, St. Paul, St. Nicholas, Homer, Herodotus, Strabo all lived in Turkey.
Troy, Ephesus, Philadelphia, Antioch, Aphrodisias, Cappadocia and Mt. Ararat are all in Turkey.
Cultural Folk Tours Int'l & Bora Özkök
present their 17th year of:
TURKEY
Greece, Egypt & Hungary
GOURMET, MUSIC TOUR
YACHTING & CRUISES
Individual & Group Travel • Convention • Air Tickets
For a free brochure: Call:
9939 Hibert Street 1-800-935-8875
Suite 207
San Diego, CA 92131-1031 (619) 566-5951

Pity the Pickpockets!

Tilley Endurables
Smart-looking, classically styled, comfortable, "*endurable*" travel clothing. *SECRET pockets, SECURITY pockets*, and *"Give 'em hell!"* washing instructions. And, of course, the 'Tilley'—the best outdoor hat in the world.
THE FREE CATALOGUE IS A HOOT!
1-800-884-2792
300 LANGNER RD., WEST SENECA, NY 14224
VISIT OUR STORES IN TORONTO, MONTREAL & VANCOUVER
We do not solicit the patronage of those who *make* or *promote* tobacco products.

You can't live on dreams.
But you can visit them...

...at Cobblers Cove. A member of the exclusive Relais & Chateaux, Cobblers Cove brings back all the charm of an English country house.
Its elegantly casual atmosphere and award-winning cuisine are just over two hours away when you fly British Airways Concorde from New York this winter.
Make your dreams come true.
For information or reservations call:
1 800 890 6060
COBBLERS COVE
BARBADOS
RELAIS & CHATEAUX

CREATIVE TRAVEL ARRANGERS
36 Linaria Way
Portola Valley, CA 94028
TEL: (415) 854-4412
FAX: (415) 854-2102
TOUR OF ENGLISH GARDENS & CHELSEA FLOWER SHOW
May 11 to May 25, 1995
also
• Summer Gardens of England and Wales – June, '95
• Santa Fe Opera – August, '95

We Desire to Purchase...
Book Collections, Fine Bindings, First or Significant Editions: all periods, subjects and languages.
American Historical Autographs and Documents, collections or single items, Colonial period to the present.
David L. O'Neal Antiquarian Booksellers Inc.
234 Clarendon St., Boston, MA 02116 • **617-266-5790**
Free appraisals cheerfully given.

mirror. Their own spy stories were glorious (and forgivable)—just like his.

Even now, Philby exhausts his biographers with false trails and ambiguous sentiments. Cave Brown, in interviews with former spies in Moscow, says that Philby sympathized with the wing of the K.G.B. which thought that a reformer like Gorbachev was necessary to help save the empire from economic extinction. The K.G.B. man Modin says it was otherwise:

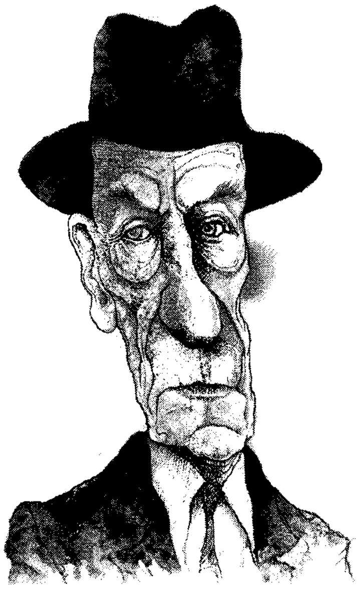
> I paid another visit to Kim after the introduction of Gorbachev's perestroika program. He was violently against Gorbachev and all his works, particularly the endless and absurd Party Congresses that were taking place at the time. According to him, the leaders of the Soviet Union had ceased to be Communists many years before. Their only goal was to stay in power by any means that came to hand. . . .
>
> I knew that Kim Philby remained faithful to his ideals right to the end; above all, he never went back on the commitment he had made as a young man. He often told me that Stalin, like Khrushchev and Brezhnev and the rest, had passed into history, but the shining ideal of Communism would never die. Even though it was wrongly put into practice almost from the first, he said, it still held out the best hope for mankind.

Although Cave Brown's book is by far the superior, Modin's provides the more satisfying ending. Spy stories often end best in misery, and there was never a spy more deserving. In his memoir, "My Silent War," Philby wrote, "As I look over Moscow from my study, I can see the solid foundations of the future I glimpsed at Cambridge." It is a shame that Philby died in 1988, too soon to witness the futility of his life's work, and too soon to join the latest parade: K.G.B. men on book tour. ♦

NIGHT CRAWLERS

The collected dreams of the ultimate Beat.

BY JAMES WOLCOTT



William S. Burroughs

HARRY HORSE

IN his study "Naked Angels," first published in 1976, John Tytell stated that William S. Burroughs "remains the least-known figure of the Beat movement." No longer. In the last two decades, his dark star has almost blotted out the other Beats. The late Jack Kerouac remains the patron saint of punch-drunk romantics, and Allen Ginsberg has become a bardic fuzzball (have Buddha, will travel); but Burroughs, described by Seymour Krim as "a quicksilver daredevil with an extra-high I.Q." in his anthology "The Beats," is the rebel spirit who has witch-doctored our culture and consciousness the most. He is a one-man media virus, scrambling codes of communication and subverting official forms of speech; his cartoonish characters (they're closer to spores) were morphing long before Hollywood special-effects wizards went digital. As keenly as Marshall McLuhan, Burroughs foresaw how new technologies would retribalize the planet: his novels "Port of Saints" and "The Wild Boys" revel in the violent rampages of pubescent virility cults. Because his delirium has a kind of multimedia effect—it's video-game spatter torn free from the connective tissue of story line—Burroughs has influenced music and movies more than fiction. His phrase "heavy metal" stuck to an entire school of thunder-god guitar rock. He was an inspiration to punk poets such as Patti Smith and Lou Reed, and to androgynous dandies such as David Bowie. David Cronenberg's movie adaptation of Burroughs' "Naked Lunch," with its Kafkaesque insect imagery and cold sweats, paid homage to his drug-hell odysseys. And Burroughs himself, dressed in trim black suits, resembling a scare-

The classic book that inspired *The Hidden Life of Dogs*, now back in print!

KONRAD LORENZ

MAN MEETS DOG

"If this is your first reading of *Man Meets Dog*, I envy you. Few books can provide so much pleasure."

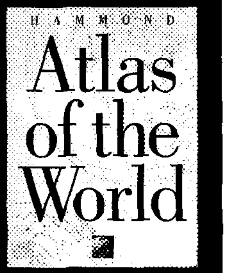
—Donald McCaig,
from his new introduction

IN PAPERBACK AT BOOKSTORES EVERYWHERE.

KODANSHA GLOBE

Distributed by Farrar, Straus & Giroux

AT BOOKSTORES, OR CALL 1-800-788-6262



Palau: (pä lou´)

New independent country as of October 1994. Located in the Western Pacific, formerly a trust territory of the United States.

Defining Today's World

HAMMOND

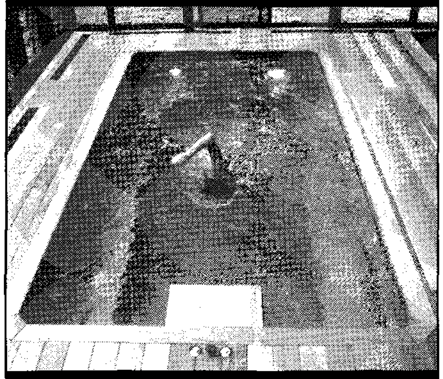
PUBLISH YOUR BOOK NOW

Leading subsidy book publisher seeks manuscripts of all types: fiction, non-fiction, poetry, scholarly, juvenile and religious works, etc. New authors welcomed. Send for free 32-page illustrated booklet E-108 Vantage Press, 516 W 34 St., New York, NY 10001

Canoe Canada's Arctic

Fly-in canoe trips into the heart of North America's last great wilderness - the tundra and taiga of Canada's Northwest Territories. Photograph caribou, wolves, muskox, moose, grizzlies, rich birdlife. Virgin fishing. 7 - 19 days. Wildlife biologist guide. Operating since 1974.

Brochure: **CANOE ARCTIC INC.** Box 130AK, Fort Smith, N.W.T., Canada X0E 0P0 (403)872-2308



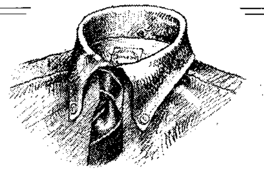
SWIM AT HOME

Swim or exercise against a smooth current adjustable to any speed or ability. Ideal for swimming, water aerobics and rehabilitation. The 8' x 15' Endless Pool™ is simple to maintain, economical to run, and easy to install inside or outdoors.

ENDLESS POOLS®

Call: (800) 732-8660

200 East Duttons Mill Rd. Aston, Pa 19014



Baggier and Better-for Less!

Buttondowns the way they used to be- ***generously cut*** *for exceptional comfort and traditional good looks, then meticulously hand constructed and single needle stitched throughout by experienced shirtmakers.* ***Impeccable even after 100+*** *launderings, our uniquely woven, 100% yarn-dyed ultrapima™ cotton oxford buttondown with its authentic 3 5/16" collar and distinctive full roll, six button front, long sleeves and tail, is* ***guaranteed*** *to outlast all others.*

$39.95- first time buyers (Reg $45)

White or Blue- $5 shpg- ***(401) 635-4272***

©Mercer&Sons Box 63-A124 Adamsville RI 02801

48,000 Patterns
China, Crystal & Flatware

Obsolete, Inactive And Active.
Buy Or Sell.

REPLACEMENTS, LTD.
1089 Knox Road, PO Box 26029
Greensboro, NC 27420 - Dept. Y015A

1-800-562-4462

CHAPEL HILL, NORTH CAROLINA

Retire to Fearrington, a Country Village full of bluebirds, hollyhocks, and fascinating people of all ages. Please write, call or come and see us.

2000N Fearrington Post, Pittsboro, NC 27312. 1 800-277-0130

For girls & boys Ages 3-8

At the Airport!©

Join Captain Kit on a fun-filled video tour! Planes, planes, planes! Ticket counter to cockpit! Baggage handling and jet fueling! Women/men pilots and air traffic controllers! 30 mins. VHS Hi-fi stereo. MC/VISA/ Chk $14.95 + S&H **1-800-CAP'N KIT**

crow suspended from a coat hanger, has become an iconic figure, popping up in numerous films and appearing in a series of ads for Nike, in which his dour face issues forth from a black-and-white TV monitor, as if he were broadcasting from the Interzone in "Naked Lunch." He has become the ghost in the machine.

In old age, even anarchists take stock. Burroughs, who turns eighty-one this February, published a large and lively volume of his letters in 1993, and now, with the help of several assistants, he has collected his dreams, recorded over the years on scraps of paper and note cards. "My Education: A Book of Dreams" (Viking; $21.95) finds Burroughs watching over his sleeping self like a buzzard perched at the foot of the bed, or an undertaker planning his own wake. Burroughs seems inside and outside himself at the same time, a human shadow bringing news back from the beyond. It's not news everyone wants to hear. As he admits, most people find other people's dreams boring. "For years I wondered why dreams are so often so dull when related, and this morning I find the answer, which is very simple—like most answers, you have always known it: *No context*. . . like a stuffed animal set on the floor of a bank" (his ellipsis). But Burroughs doesn't do much to supply context in "My Education." He attempts no Freudian feats of interpretation or self-analysis. Many of his dreams are mental balloons that might burp forth from any unconscious. They seem to vanish in the white spaces that separate them:

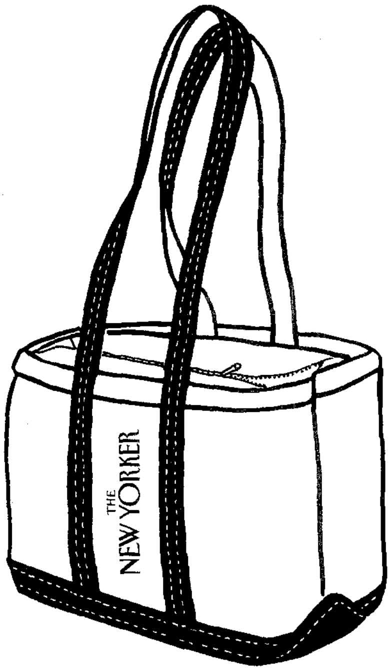
> Walking on water. A river or canal that was at once clear and dirty. I could see to the bottom. The water was ten feet deep or more . . . streaks of dirt like black gauze floated under the surface.
>
> Looking for breakfast in Paris, on the weed-grown bank of a river, deep blue water and boats. To my right, the river runs into a lake. Waves sparkling in the moonlight.
>
> Night. A bathtub in a public square.

Context or no context, there's no reason Burroughs' dreams shouldn't be more revelatory. Burroughs has always worked with exploded forms, inserting a stick of dynamite up the backside of pulp fiction and playing with the still-wriggling pieces. The comic horror of his fiction comes from the contrast between the luridness of his hallucinations and the droll Midwestern drawl in which they're recorded. No matter what atrocities occur, Burroughs never seems to wince. He has always worn a clean lab coat. This book bears his clinical tone and slashing temperament. His notorious misogyny ("There is no more degrading force than snobbery, the female principle at its cruel and bitchy worst") is topped only by his misanthropy, which is so all-encompassing that it's almost tonic: "There are no innocent bystanders. What were they doing there in the first place?" Early in the book, Burroughs even offers a recipe for making botulism. His dream world is a blighted landscape of dying light. Gray suits, gray buildings, gray skies. Many of his dreams take him to the Land of the Dead, where he meets astral projections. In one, he comes upon Clarence Darrow, who declares, "When I die, I won't be any more aware of my approaching extinction than an old log rotting in the woods." Burroughs retorts, "Well, speak for yourself, Clarence."

He also speculates that the missing crew of the Mary Celeste were abducted by aliens.

"My Education" is skimmable, like nearly everything Burroughs has written. One channel-surfs through his books, flipping from episode to episode. The one Burroughs book that hangs solid for me is his early memoir, "Junkie," which offers kinesthetic insight into how drugs seduce the body and low sociological comedy about the paranoia of potheads, who prove as mean and squinty as shopkeepers in Balzac. "Junkie" was written before Burroughs undertook his surrealistic mission to hot-wire the mind and achieve maximum distortion. He used words as words then, not as jazz notes to be melted or bled. The most moving passage in "My Education" is also the most unadorned. After relating the suicide of a young friend named Michael Emerton (to whose memory the book is dedicated), Burroughs mentions that from his window he can see the marble slab over the grave of his cat, Ruski: "Ruski, my first and always special cat, a Russian Blue from the woods of East Kansas. Every time I see the grave, I get that empty feeling where something was, and isn't anymore, and will never be again." In a book that wafts and fades from one intangible scene to another, this sadness is the only thing that sticks. Grief grounds Burroughs. It's the one emotional state he can't teleport out of. ♦

SMART DUCK!



High. Wide. Handsome. And zipper-topped for security. The only bag you'll need for everything from schlepping to picnicking in the park. Navy-trimmed heavy duty canvas, double layered on the bottom and triple stitched. Approximately 15" by 11" by 6". With extra long handles.

To order *The New Yorker Tote Bag*, call toll-free:
1-800-336-5510
or, send check or money order for
$32.00* plus $3 shipping and handling per bag.

The New Yorker, Box 10214, Dept. 672121,
Des Moines, IA 50336-0214

Please send me ____ bags at $32.00*
plus $3 shipping and handling per bag.

Name ....

Address ....

City ....

State .... *Zip* ....

**Offer available only in the U.S. and Canada. Residents of CA, CO. GA, IA. IL, KY, MA, MI, NJ, NY, & OH, please add applicable sales tax, Canada 7% GST. Please allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery ©1993 The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.*

RECOMMENDED READING

The Father: A Life of Henry James, Sr.
by Alfred Habegger
(Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $30)

Horace Greeley accused Henry James, Sr., of living in a "world of paradox and moonshine." His only daughter contemplated "knocking off the head of the benignant pater as he sat with his silver locks, writing at his table," and one admirer remarked, "Henry James is wonderful, but he is hard to bear." Habegger has written an improbably delightful biography of the father of William and Henry and Alice James; it is composed with a wry detachment that is perhaps the biographer's only means of protecting himself from the shade of his subject, who would retort from the grave if he could.

Stalin and the Bomb
by David Holloway (Yale; $30)

This marvellous, groundbreaking work examines how the Soviet Union became a nuclear power, and how Stalin's prejudices and paranoia alternately hindered and helped the scientists working under tremendous pressure to that end. Holloway skillfully blends the technical and dramatic aspects of the Soviet bomb effort, and describes the weapon's place in the developing Cold War. The story goes that those who were made Heroes of Socialist Labor when the bomb worked were to have been executed had it fizzled.

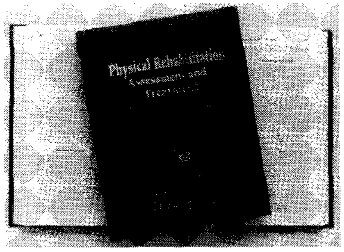
Catching My Breath
by Tim Brookes (Times; $22)

In November, 1991, Brookes, a commentator on National Public Radio, suffered a nearly fatal asthma attack, and he became determined to investigate his condition once he caught his breath again. Asthma is striking for the confusion it causes in the medical profession, and Brookes is a gifted investigator with just the right amount of skepticism about specialists. But he also concludes that among laypersons "virtually all conversations about illness are conducted on the level of folk belief and mythology. . . . We simply have no idea what we're talking about most of the time."

Voyage Around My Room
by Xavier de Maistre; translated from the French by Stephen Sartarelli
(New Directions; $14)

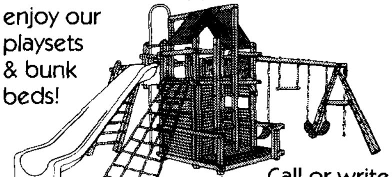
Eighteenth-century wit is combined with nineteenth-century sentimentality as de Maistre embarks on a fanciful journey—accompanied only by his beloved dog, Rosine, and his faithful manservant, Joanetti—that takes him from the confines of his armchair through the labyrinth of his memory. The author's montage of reminiscence and meditation is inspired by the sight of certain objects; a wilted rose, for instance, spawns a disquisition on the caprice of his mistress. This seminal Romantic text was written in 1790, while de Maistre was under house arrest for duelling; until recently, it languished in relative obscurity, but now we have an elegant, meticulously annotated, and well-translated edition, which includes two other short pieces.

—OUR FACULTY—
—REACH FAR—
—BEYOND THE—
—CLASSROOM—
"Physical Rehabilitation"
F.A. Davis Company



Professor Thomas J. Schmitz, Ph.D., P.T.
Division of Physical Therapy
BROOKLYN
LONG ISLAND UNIVERSITY
Education That Works©

Fun Set!
Fun-rise to fun-set, your child will enjoy our playsets & bunk beds!



Call or write for a free catalog.
woodplay
1-800-WOODPLAY
Dept. NY • PO Box 27904 • Raleigh, NC 27611
'95 catalog prices apply.

The Educated Traveler®
The only newsletter dedicated to International Specialty Travel
Cultural Tourism ❦ Museum Travel ❦ Learning Vacations
RECOMMENDED BY MIRABELLA, NY TIMES, LA TIMES AND THE WASH. POST
$39/year, includes exclusive *Directory of Museum-Sponsored Tours*
Dept.-RC, P.O. Box 220822, Chantilly, VA 22022
1-800-648-5168

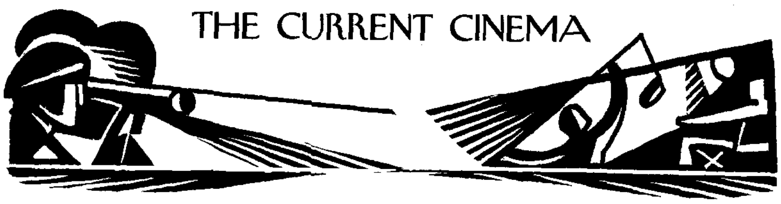
WOMANSHIP
Learn to Sail Cruises
for and by women
Virgin Islands • Chesapeake Bay • Florida
New England • Pacific Northwest
Flotillas to Greece and New Zealand
"Womanship . . . the unique philosophy that confidence and team work are as important as the skills learned."
800/342-9295

Blenheim Ginger Ale
WE MAKE GINGER ALE
THE OLD FASHIONED WAY
SINCE 1903
NOW YOU CAN ORDER
our famous Ginger Ale
prepaid anywhere in the U.S.
$24.00 per case of 24/12 oz. bottles.
Specify #3 HOT, #5 NOT AS HOT
or #9 DIET (or can mix)
NOT FOR TIMID PALATES !
Write to: Blenheim Bottlers
Box 452, Hamer SC 29547
or Call: 1-800-270-9344
AMX/DISCOVER/VISA/MC

ENDRAFT®
THE INDOOR
AIR CONDITIONER COVER
STOPS COLD DRAFTS!
- Decorates
- Machine Washable
- Saves Energy
Beige, Blue, Brown (S-M-L)
(Measure H&W before calling)
1-800-532-2462
MasterCard & Visa Accepted
$19.95 + $4.95 s/h

Irresistible...
Luxury Barge Cruises
FRENCH COUNTRY WATERWAYS, LTD.
P.O. Box 2195, Duxbury, MA 02331
800-222-1236 617-934-2454

WOOL CAPES
Classically tailored. Top quality pure woolens. Two styles; hooded & capelet. People love the warmth - and romance - of our capes. Free swatches and Brochure.
(800) 788-9842 or write:
Casco Bay Fine Woolens,
34 Danforth St., Box 25NY,
Portland, Maine 04101



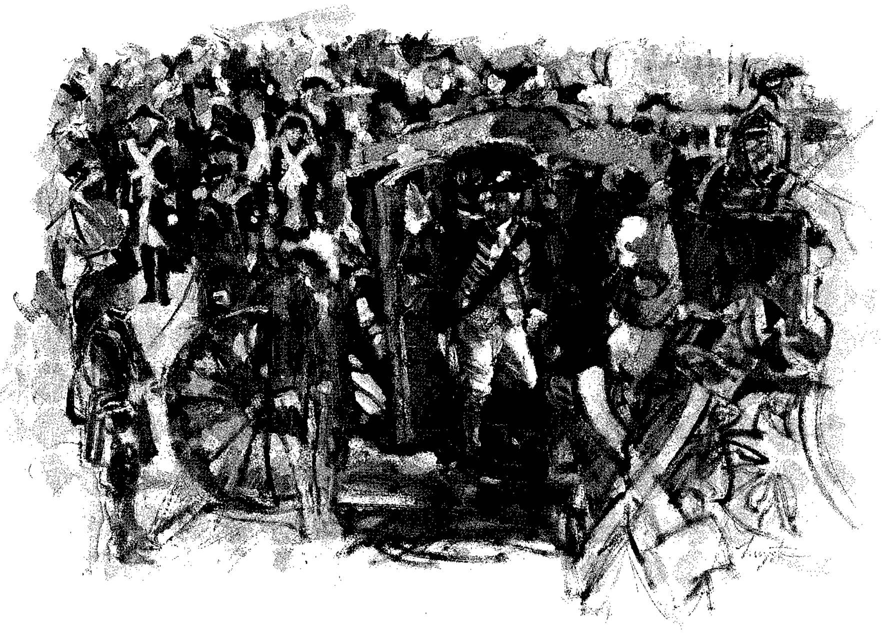
THE CURRENT CINEMA

POWER MAD

"The Madness of King George" and "Death and the Maiden."

BY ANTHONY LANE

MOVIES made from plays are creeping back into fashion. What's more, the plays in question are not of the cheap, "Everybody Comes to Rick's" variety, trash waiting to be transmuted into gold, but works that have already scored onstage. The loyal theatregoer, of course, is scornful of such a process, afraid that Hollywood will mill the gold straight back into trash; but there's no need to worry. If anything, Louis Malle's version of "Uncle Vanya" was fresher than most stage productions, blowing away that dusty, fallen-leaf feeling that has settled onto the playing of Chekhov. Now we have Nicholas Hytner's "The Madness of King George" and Roman Polanski's "Death and the Maiden." If both of these succeed, it could soon become cool to claim theatrical origins, however unlikely, for your motion picture. "Dumb and Dumber," for instance, is making a lot of money; what it needs is a little cultural muscle, which should be easy enough. After all, it's about a couple of unbearable bozos shouting at each other on a voyage of discovery: Eugene O'Neill, anyone?



The writer Alan Bennett offers a radical cure for an ailing George III.

"The Madness of King George" is adapted from Alan Bennett's "The Madness of George III," which was a big hit in London when it opened, in 1991—so big that two years later it even came and played in Brooklyn for a few nights. The people at Goldwyn thought that Bennett's original title sounded like a sequel, so they changed it. Why not call the movie "Mad George III: Beyond Thunderdome," and bring in Tina Turner to play the Prince of Wales? Happily, the basic data of the piece remain unaltered: the year is 1788, and the sovereign's urine is turning blue. These two facts are not logically connected, although you catch a vague sense that the disturbance of the royal mind may have been touched off by trouble in the body politic; the entire work is a sort of extended pun on the word "constitution." As if the rumbles from France were not bad enough, there is the matter of America—"the place we mustn't mention," as George puts it. When a man loses his colonies, the film implies, his wits will not be far behind.

The story opens and closes with the King (Nigel Hawthorne) in rude health: jovial, decorous, pink of face and warm of temper, alarmingly well informed about an alarming number of his subjects—in short, just right for the job. In between, however, he stammers, drivels, fouls himself, and besmirches the reputations of others: having spent his life rising above humanity, he becomes its lowest common denominator. This causes great distress to his wife, the homely and Teutonic Queen Charlotte (Helen Mirren); great excitement among his doctors, who between them cover the full range of human incompetence; deep concern to his Prime Minister, Pitt (Julian Wadham), who sees his own authority coming under siege; and barely concealed glee in those who think their time has come—Fox (Jim Carter), the Leader of the Opposition, and the Prince of Wales (Rupert Everett, who has either put on weight or else stuffed a duvet up his waistcoat). "To be Prince of Wales is not a position. It is a predicament," he complains. It's a neat line, glancing quite brazenly at the present British monarchy; the neatness is also more Wildean than anything we have come to expect of Bennett, its intelligence more sealed and rounded than his usual open curiosity. It is a line to declaim, not to exchange in conversation; in the theatre, you would get a kick out of it, but film is more impatient and tends to stumble over glossy witticism. "The Madness of King George" is more civilized and literate than most current movies, but at the same time—or, perhaps, for that very reason—it feels rather dead-ended. What with all the courtiers and politicians madly furthering their own interests, it should have been a riot, and Hytner certainly stirs them up with the swinging and scurrying of his camera; yet an odd stasis settles on the proceedings. It is not only the King's son but the King himself who is dramatically becalmed; his madness, too, is a predicament. It is not a plot.

Nigel Hawthorne played the same role onstage, and has now made it his own. He blusters beautifully, although it means leaving behind the deceitful satin tones that he patented elsewhere, whether in "Yes, Minister" or as the villain of "Demolition Man"; he is a natural Jeeves, as it were, who has transformed himself into a Wooster. None of the scenes at court, or in the chamber of the Commons, can match the head-to-head duel between the King and Dr. Willis (Ian Holm, as fierce and compelling as ever), the little Lincolnshire physician who finally stares him down and tames him into health. The play made it clear that the royal disease sorted itself out, that the formidable methods of Willis—strapping a man accustomed to a throne into what looks horribly like an electric chair—were to no possible avail; oddly, the film chooses to fudge this, leaving us with the suspicion that he *did* do some good. It's a pretty reactionary idea, madness as a complication of misbehavior, but then Hytner has come up with a surprisingly reactionary film. Bennett himself is of two minds, if not more, about most of the grand English traditions, including the monarchical; if you want to see that balance sustained, try the TV movies of his "An Englishman Abroad" and "A Question of Attribution"—both of them infinitely sharper than "The Madness of King George," which resounds too often to the cheer of the crowd. The smartly choreographed ironies of the opening sequence, in which a footman gives a quick spit and polish to the crown before it is lowered onto the King's head, are all but lost in pomp by the end; the Bennett tones are muffled, like the soft focus that Hytner brings to the crisp blue air around Windsor Castle. The monarch even comes round to the idea of America: Hail the special relationship.

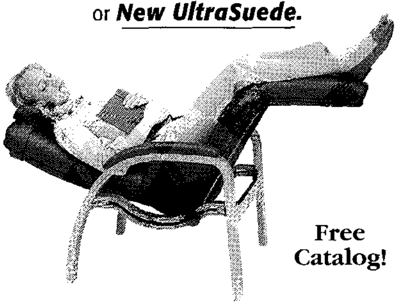
The best reason to see this movie is a single scene, perhaps the simplest of all. (The studio, I am informed, fought to have it dropped. Nice.) George sits outside in a balmy garden, wearing a straw hat; he invites his Lord Chancellor and an obliging equerry to join him in a reading of "King Lear"—that un-

Back Relief and Relaxation

Treat your back to the world's most stress-free recliner...

Adjusts from vertical to horizontal in the doctor-recommended 90/90 position.

Elegant wood finishes, with leather, fabric or ***New UltraSuede.***



Free Catalog!

BackSaver Call 1-800-251-2225
or fax 24 hrs. 1-800-443-9609
53 Jeffrey Ave., NY675, Holliston, MA 01746

EVERY DAY AT SUNSET NATURE PAINTS A BREATHTAKING SEASCAPE OVER FLORIDA'S PRISTINE TEN THOUSAND ISLANDS.

Just 16 miles south of Naples is beautiful Marco Island on the Gulf of Mexico. Serene, secure and uncongested. Majestic Cape Marco is its premiere residential community and offers all the finest luxuries imaginable–2,3 & 4 bedroom residences overlooking 1200' of private beach, concierge services, a health club, tennis, and Yacht Club.

CAPE MARCO
THE FIRST AND FINAL WORD IN LUXURY

Marco Island is easy to reach via Southwest International Airport in Fort Myers, Florida.
Call (800)237-8817 Ext. 7

PRICES AND AVAILABILITY SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE. NOT AN OFFERING TO NY OR NJ RESIDENTS: OR IN STATES WHERE PROHIBITED BY LAW.

FINE JAPANESE PRINTS

offered by HERBERT EGENOLF,
European dealer since 1975
17th-19th C. *Ukiyo-e*; 20th C. *Shin Hanga*

Jan 14-15 in Los Angeles:
WORKS ON PAPER/L.A.
Santa Monica Civic Auditorium

Inquiries welcome: Veronica Miller
Tel/Fax (310) 581-9932 ◆ POB 1439 Venice CA
Quality Prints Purchased ◆ Beautiful Catalog Available

HOME FROM HOME
Privately owned London Flats and Houses for Short Term Lets. Centrally located. Competitive prices.
TEL: 1-800 748 9783
FAX: 011-44 71 823 8433

GALÁPAGOS

You, 9 other adventurers and our licensed naturalist will sail by yacht to explore more islands than any other Galápagos expedition. 60 trip dates. Machu Picchu option. Free brochure.

Inca Floats 510-420-1550
1311-Y 63rd St., Emeryville CA 94608

bearable moment when the hero awakes from his own ravings and sees Cordelia afresh. Bennett and Hytner do not need to force the parallel; the King has spotted it himself (much to the chagrin of Willis, who has never read Shakespeare and hasn't a clue what the play is about). This is anything but reactionary; it is, in fact, as touchingly radical as you could hope for, having the nerve to propose that art—neither quackery nor dreadful discipline but the consolations of poetry—will finally draw the fever from the lunatic. One king is purged by the ordeal of another, and the sight of that weird release, the idea that you can drop away from the wheel of fire into a pleasant summer afternoon, is more acutely English than any of the ceremonial palaver. "I've always been myself, even when I was ill," says George. "Only now I *seem* myself. And that's the important thing: I have remembered how to seem." This guy should be in pictures.

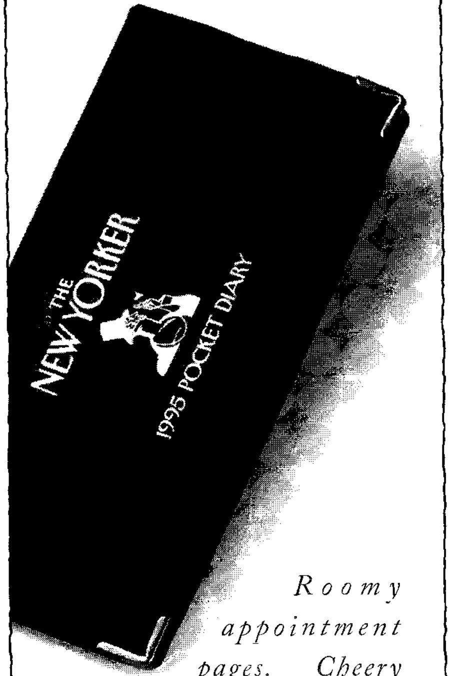
ROMAN POLANSKI'S "Death and the Maiden," which sounds like a documentary on the life of Roman Polanski, is in fact something much more boring: a fairly straightforward adaptation of Ariel Dorfman's stage play. The movie is set in "a country in South America"—not a million miles, presumably, from Dorfman's native Chile—at a time of unstable optimism. Dictatorship is at an end, and the good guys are busy taking over, although whether good can emerge intact from such a sulfurous atmosphere is another matter: a commission is established to investigate accusations of torture under the old regime, but "only cases that ended in death" will come under scrutiny. You can't call it a whitewash, but to those in the know it's beginning to look pretty beige—to people like Paulina (Sigourney Weaver), who was interrogated and raped by a man of indefatigable cruelty. Her case did not end in death, although she sometimes looks like a woman who wishes that it had; when it did end, a kind of death began. Now she is married to the man appointed by the President to head the commission, Gerardo Escobar (Stuart Wilson); and he, in turn, just happens to accept a lift home from the man who tortured his wife. Or so she says.

"Death and the Maiden" is serious, wholly sincere, and a complete setup. It was staged around the world, and high-ranking actors fought for the right to star in it, overwhelmed by the worthiness of its cause. It acquired an unsavory tang of political chic, stronger still for American audiences, who could prick themselves with the knowledge of C.I.A. involvement in Chile. The play is so full of its own importance that, without meaning to, it degrades the issues that made it important in the first place: it offers the last word in contemporary suffering. Dorfman—who joined forces with Rafael Yglesias to adapt his text for the screen—barely seems to notice how shamelessly he has rigged his tale: the plot is absurd enough, but the setting (lonely house on a rocky, fogbound coast) would have brought a smile to the lips of Bela Lugosi. Film may be the only hope for this stuff; a good movie could lap up its coating of junky melodrama and perhaps, in the best noir tradition, uncover some of the real horror beneath.

This is not that movie. It has Roman Polanski in charge, a man more richly versed in horror than most, and it's still flat and unfrightening and often close to silly; worst of all, it sounds like a play. From the moment when Gerardo holds Paulina close and murmurs, "Let's dream of happiness, my sweet girl," you know you're in trouble. Things don't improve when Ben Kingsley turns up as Roberto Miranda, the former torturer turned model citizen. The automatic, almost hypnotized manner that gives Kingsley his strength—and produced the most moving and least appreciated performance in "Schindler's List"—can easily, if left unsupervised, tip into mannerism. Here, like Stuart Wilson, he has to assume an American accent (goodness knows why, since all we need to hear is an English approximation to Spanish speech); it encourages him to clip and stylize his lines until every one of them reminds you of Harold Pinter. Poor Sigourney Weaver, meanwhile, has to filter the direst times of her life through secondhand tough-guy prose; she says that Miranda raped her fourteen times, "playing Schubert's 'Death and the Maiden' on a wobbly turntable over cheap speakers." Would a victim really talk like that? Would she tie up her oppressor, cram her panties in his mouth, and torture him back? Dorfman's imagination is as vulgar as his intentions are high-flown: the truth is that he wants Paulina to stand for an attitude rather than exist as a person.

This is bad news for Sigourney Weaver, who has attitude by the gallon but never lets it swamp her self-possession. She doesn't suffer fools, or suffer herself to look like one; when she suffers at all, she does it nobly, which may be wrong for the murk of "Death and the Maiden." Weaver remains a fascinating mix of loftiness and guts, as if on permanent standby to play a Henry James heroine; her Ripley, in the "Alien" trilogy, was the great female performance of recent times, and its sense of destiny, at once wry and soul-consuming, should have fed nicely into Paulina. But Polanski is at the mercy of his script; he simply can't find the space in which her unease can flourish. The best thing in the movie is the opening scene, in which no words are spoken; the camera dogs Weaver around the house as it did Catherine Deneuve in Polanski's "Repulsion," and watches as she lodges herself into a tiny, cupboard-size room to eat a solitary supper. You feel thrilled and strung out by this, getting ready to welcome the comeback of a great director. Some hope: the other characters turn up, the theatre tightens its grip, and the movie is lost. According to a Profile in this magazine, Roman Polanski has turned into a happy man, and while no one could begrudge him that contentment, it doesn't really become him as an artist; his movies dabble where they used to delve. To compare "Death and the Maiden" and "Bitter Moon" with "Knife in the Water"—his miraculous full-length début, and another study of a vicious threesome—is a sorry exercise. The precocious young director, wise before his time, has somehow grown callow with age. He hasn't abandoned his collector's interest in human intensity, but now he toys with it like a child. ♦

TAKE IT
WITH YOU
EVERYWHERE



Roomy appointment pages. Cheery illustrations. A ribbon marker. Midnight-blue cover. Plus a wealth of useful information: About Town listings for New York, as well as hotels and restaurants in 18 other cities. We've even added Manhattan subway and bus maps. Very New Yorker. *3 ⅞" x 6 ⅞".*

Yours by calling:

1-800-336-5510

for credit card orders, or send check or money order for $14.95, plus $2 shipping and handling, to:*

THE NEW YORKER
1995 POCKET DIARY
Box 10214, Dept. 021063-002
Des Moines, IA 50336.

** Residents of CA, CO, GA, IA, IL, KY, MA, MI, NJ, NY, OH, please add sales tax. In Canada, add 7% GST. Offer only available in U.S. and Canada. Allow up to 4 weeks for delivery*

© The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

MUSICAL EVENTS

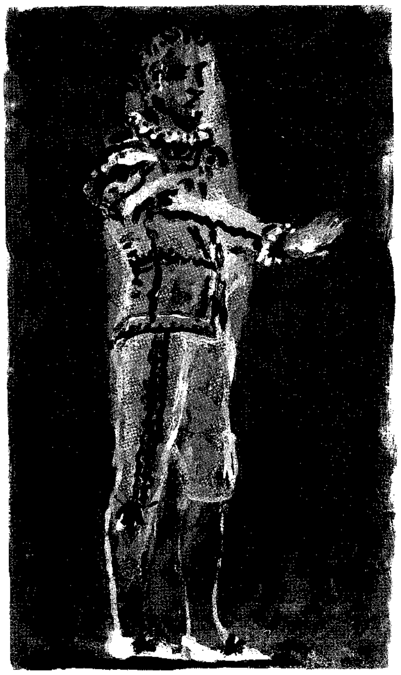
MOZART'S DEMONS

"Don Giovanni" at Glyndebourne, Salzburg, and Munich.

BY PAUL GRIFFITHS

CLASSICS, by their nature, ask more questions than they answer. Just at the moment, one of the questions silently posed by Don Giovanni, in Mozart's opera, has a provoking tone: Why am I so important to you?

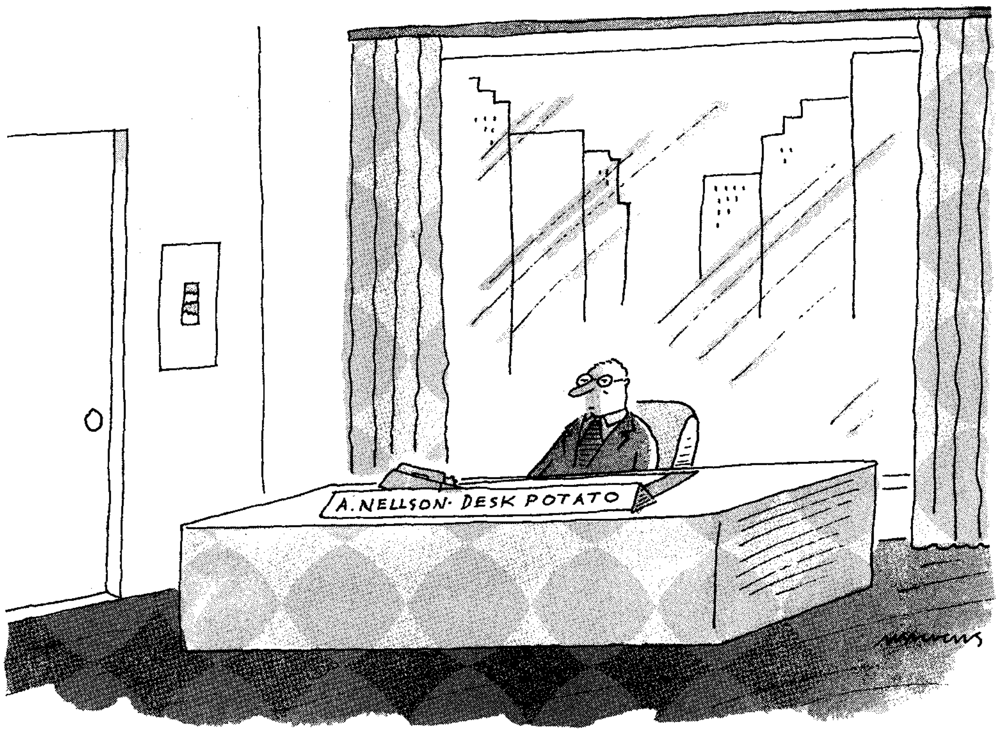
New productions of the piece have opened during the past few months at three leading European opera venues (Glyndebourne, Salzburg, and Munich), in the hands of three prominent conductors (Simon Rattle, Daniel Barenboim, and Colin Davis) and three outstanding directors (Deborah Warner, Patrice Chéreau, and Nicholas Hytner). Each time, the answers found, at least for many of the work's smaller questions—the material questions any staging has to address—have been plausible; in a few cases, there was persuasive brilliance, however contradictory in its implications. Take the question of what kind of orchestra should play. Mr. Rattle, at Glyndebourne, was conducting a period-style band, and I felt I couldn't again be content with a performance that lacked the resultant sense of fierce energy tethered to objects of wood and gut and metal: the fizz on the opening chords was electric, the speed throughout wild, the texture lean. But then, at Munich, Mr. Davis showed the virtues of a more cultivated expertise: fondness, expressed in such things as the warm cello obbligato affirming the truth of the love in Zerlina's "Batti, batti"; and immediate command of tempo and ensemble—command that made possible a speed as audacious as Mr. Rattle's, with his neater resources, in "Fin ch'han dal vino."



KAREN CALDICOTT

If Mr. Barenboim, at Salzburg, was neither as inspirited as Mr. Rattle nor as wise as Mr. Davis, his disappointing performance matched almost everything else in the production. "Don Giovanni" is a night opera; Mr. Chéreau had the action unfold in almost total darkness. The only movements that could be seen clearly were those made by the set, which was, as so often in Mr. Chéreau's productions, a piece of grand architecture designed by Richard Peduzzi—on this occasion, a heavy classical façade, a wall of doorways and blind niches. Elements of it slid in and out, and dejectedly one watched them go. At the crisis point, a part of the floor began to descend and take Don Giovanni with it, and that was just another of the weary maneuvers.

Perhaps Mr. Chéreau's avoidance of surprise in the retribution scene came from a belief that Hell is no longer credible, and therefore no longer stageable. But, though the particular metaphor may well be redundant, any production of the opera has to come up with some spectacular alteration of Don Giovanni's state in order to signal he's been damned. Whatever damnation can



mean in a Hell-less world, it must mean something, if not fire and brimstone and demons with pitchforks. Giovanni's punishment needn't, and probably shouldn't, be dependent on Christian symbolism, for which there's no authority in the music and very little even in the libretto. Like nearly all operatic characters before the nineteenth century, the people of "Don Giovanni" carry on living in an unredeemed universe they inherited from the mythological figures in whom opera had been brought to life. When, for instance, Zerlina calls out to the "Numi," her vocabulary is inconceivable for a Sevillian peasant girl of Mozart's time but perfectly appropriate to a personage in an opera, on a stage that last night may have seen a Greek myth and tomorrow will mount a Roman history.

Despite this paganism in the text, and despite the fact that our hells today can't easily be located in the cartographies of particular religions, both Ms. Warner and Mr. Hytner chose to decorate the second-act finale with Christian images. In Ms. Warner's production, the incursion was particularly perverse: having denied us a statue in the graveyard scene, she gave us one—a Madonna—for Giovanni to fondle at his supper table. Some kind of reaction was expected. But what? These days, it's hard to shudder at impiety. In any case, that's not Giovanni's sin, and he doesn't need, at this point, to be committing a new one. Much more worrying, in senses both positive and negative, was the earlier absence of a statue, when the Commendatore simply reappeared to stand and sing. Had we suddenly found ourselves watching a rehearsal? (Such a conclusion might have explained other faltering and failed elements in the staging.) Or was there, more productively, some kind of disclosure going on here? Were we seeing and hearing not the Commendatore but, rather, the singer, Gudjon Oskarsson, as if the layers of illusion in the work were beginning to peel back?

Probably the "Don Giovanni" I remember best—and certainly the one I remember most often—is a production by Yuri Lyubimov staged some years ago in Budapest: a production that honored the twilit nature of the work as music urging toward theatre, theatre urging toward music, and did so quite straightforwardly, by having the orchestra onstage, and no other set. That was where the drama was taking place, in among the fiddles. And always we could see these people of our own time, the orchestra players, whom the costumed singers seemed sometimes to join (as performing musicians, there for the night), sometimes to veer far away from (into their characters, there forever).

Of course, all operas invite us to hear through the character to the singer and through the singer to the character; the form is founded on the art of half impersonation. But "Don Giovanni" asks us particularly to wonder about the way a character is imposed—and imposed not so much by the composer as by the interpreter. Because four of its roles—Giovanni, Leporello, the Commendatore, and Masetto—are set in the same vocal range, and because this common range is that of the bass voice, which in Mozart's style exacts relatively little variety (unlike the soprano), we differentiate these characters largely by virtue of the singers' particularities. And we do so especially when, this being a night piece, the eyes are secondary—if not necessarily as secondary as they became at Salzburg last summer. Episodes in the action—Leporello's comic uncertainty whether his master or the Commendatore has survived their duel; the exchange of clothes and, superficially, of roles between master and servant—depend on the closeness of these uniformly bass characters. We should consider, too, how much Mozart might have expected his audience to recognize that the singer of the Commendatore returns as the singer of Masetto. Nowadays, these roles are almost never doubled, as they were in the two productions, in Prague and Vienna, with which the composer was associated. Should we glimpse in Masetto's resistance a warning from the shrouded Commendatore? Should we then understand, when the Commendatore starts to sing again, that a certain layer of subterfuge has been discarded, for the reason that now more serious measures are needed?

The superficial confusions and interchangeabilities of the four bass roles may indicate that we're dealing not with four characters but with a single being who appears in several aspects. One of those aspects, known as Don Giovanni, kills another, known as the Commendatore; but this self-mutilation can't be an actual death, and that is why the Commendatore-Masetto remains to stalk the would-be assassin. Don Giovanni's crime isn't homicide; it isn't even multiple rape and breach of promise. His crime—gross enough to make a statue sing—is that of laughing at Leporello. Here Da Ponte made a crucial alteration to his immediate sources: Molière has Giovanni's fatal offense as hypocrisy, and in the libretto Giovanni Bertati wrote for the opera by Giuseppe Gazzaniga the Don seals his fate by mocking Heaven, not by scoffing at a character. Da Ponte's indictment seems more just, more true, because Don Giovanni has seemed all through the opera a man who fails to see other people as real. To him, all men (Don Ottavio, the un-man, excepted) are himself: a person he scorns. And all women are, as he tells us, mere assuagers of bodily need, like food or air.

If the opera colludes with him in his view of men as replicas of himself, perhaps it does so in order to show us that this is his Hell: not the hole that opens at the end but the hole of solipsism that has gaped throughout. The demon chorus that awaits him is a herd of basses, of facsimiles. His damnation will be to go through his career again and again: killing himself, deriding himself, in a world otherwise unpopulated.

Hence the justice of the vision created by Mr. Hytner and his designer, Bob Crowley, at Munich, where the women's dresses were in Hell's colors of scarlet and black, where the principal feature of the set was a corridor curving toward the front of the stage between high walls of vibrant crimson, and where signals of the dénouement were on show long before it happened; the finale to the first act, for instance, had a monumental hand stretching out, and a dinner table. The only trouble is that giant objects and great areas of red can also be justified as helping make a good show, and at times it seemed, indeed, that Mr. Hytner's main purpose was to create sudden, in-your-face spectacle: not so much an exploration of "Don Giovanni" as a followup to "The Madness of George III." His cemetery revealed a whole troop of equestrian statues; in the finale, along with the Commendatore came the figure of Death, bearing a sickle and seated on a living white horse. O.K., but so much more helpful were the moments of quiet care, as when Mr. Hytner had Elvira onstage for Giovanni's serenade and subtly investigated the possibilities: how the seducer might cruelly enjoy working his charms with an audience, and especially with this audience; how she might still hope his play was being made for her.

Elvira's willing victimhood is a problem. It was Mr. Hytner who best dignified her, and even made her appear heroic, as the one person in the opera driven unrestrainedly by love—by love overriding experience and intelligence. In Ms. Warner's production, by contrast, she was a fool: she entered Seville with a street plan, was absurdly particular and overemphatic in her behavior, and then became a figure of fun at the difficult point where she has to make a quick reëntry after going off with Zerlina.

Mr. Hytner, at Munich, also had the best cast. Salzburg could boast two of the most fancied singers of the moment—Cecilia Bartoli as Zerlina and Bryn Terfel as Leporello—but Munich's equivalents (Alison Hagley and Lucio Gallo) were just as lively, engagingly present in this marvellously intimate theatre, and more cherishable for being visible. Glyndebourne's Leporello, Sanford Sylvan, was sadly unsettled. In the role of Giovanni, both Glyndebourne and Salzburg offered singers who have graduated from being Leporello (if, indeed, this is a graduation in other than social terms—measure for measure, the servant probably has more to sing than the master): Gilles Cachemaille and Ferruccio Furlanetto, respectively, neither of whom could match the hard, charcoal voice of William Shimell at Munich. By indefinition, though, they did help make the point that Don Giovanni is a nobody, and a nobody scared rigid by his nobodiness. He is, famously, the one character in the opera—or in any Mozart opera—whose music is unrevealing, for the reason that there is nothing to reveal. Sex he seeks as the only proof that he exists. Sex and perpetual reënactment. ♦

BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*From the Times*]

"People who want to do this now are putting the cart three light-years ahead of the horse," she said. "But when I bring up these objections, I'm dismissed as a wet blanket who should just calm down and smoke some dope to get at really interesting questions in science."

BOOKS ON TAPE®
World's Largest Selection of Audio Books
STEPHEN COONTS INTRUDERS
• Best Sellers on Cassette
• Full-length Readings
• Call for Free Brochure
Box 7900-N, Newport Beach, CA 92658
Reg. U.S. Pat. & T.M. Off.
(800) 626-3333

SANIBEL & CAPTIVA ISLANDS
There's a pair of sundrenched shell-laden islands off the Gulf coast of Florida where you can explore miles of natural sugar-sand beaches & vacation in a fully equipped condominium or private home. Sound tantalizing?
800-237-6008
Island Accommodations
PMR Priscilla Murphy Realty, Inc.
P.O. BOX 5 • SANIBEL, FL 33957

HEART BANGLE
A fluid curve of silver or gold with a tapered twist from the Newport workshop of James Breakell.
In sterling silver $45
14k gold $390
Add $3.50 handling
VISA/MC/AMEX
1-800-767-6411
J.H. BREAKELL & CO.
Dept. NYHB
69 Mill St.
Newport, RI 02840

ENGLAND IRELAND SCOTLAND WALES •
• Rental accommodations.
• Enchantingly rustic to simply elegant.
• Cottages, manor houses, castles.
• London and Dublin flats.
• Weekly or monthly.
As You Like It 415/380-9848

TREATS FOR YOUR DOG
This Valentine's Day–
And Year Round
Unique, Delicious & Nutritious
Call 1-800-598-DOGS
BONE OF THE MONTH CLUB

SHOUTS & MURMURS

GREAT EXHORTATIONS

BY GARRY TRUDEAU

CHAPTER XXIV

CONTAINING AN ACCOUNT OF MR. NEWT'S CLOSE CALL, AND THE GENERAL ALARM THEREBY OCCASIONED; AND, ADDITIONALLY, THE SATISFACTORY RESOLUTION THEREOF.

THE unhappy events of the preceding chapter had not yet paraded over memory's doorstep before Mr. Newt, selectively amnesiac in any event, recalled in an instant why he had commended himself to the protection of the constabulary. He could see that the child's mother, quite mad with misplaced grief, bore the addled countenance of one in dependency on the succor of the state, betraying in addition a belligerence brought on by the news of imminent withdrawal of same, as befit the public mood. The Speaker had ample grounds for alarm, and so duly cuffed the woman to the floor.

Turning then to little Yo, whose tears rolled down his cheeks in insolent profusion, Mr. Newt clapped the newly enlisted orphan betwixt his shoulder blades and thrust him headlong toward the door. Stumbling wildly, the lad pitched into the gloom of the stairwell; and the peace officers heard only the crunch of footwear on shattered vials before a series of hideous shrieks signaled Yo's tumultuous departure from the twenty-third floor and his subsequent arrival on the twenty-second.

"Well!" remonstrated Mr. Newt, when he had caught up with the boy, badly winded and quite red in the face from the exertions of his descent. "If you are pleased to be lying about this stairwell in a dazed state of ingratitude, then I'll have nothing more to do with you!"

Little Yo stared up at his portly benefactor and searched for appropriate words of expiation.

"Please, Sir—" implored the newest ward of the Home for Little Homeboys. "What's up with you?"

"Silence!" ejaculated the Speaker, his face glistening as flecks of perspiration rose to cool the ardor of his principles. "I'll suffer no more of your whining!"

At that moment, Destiny, in the person of one Mrs. Rowena Anklebit, paid a most timely call on the miserable Yo. Aroused from her perch in front of an ancient, flickering Motorola by the row outside her flat, the retired postal clerk peered through the spy hole embedded in her door; and her eyes widened in recognition of the silver-maned figure just then hovering over the fallen underprivileged youth!

"Hold, Sir, I pray you! Stay your rhetoric!" exclaimed Mrs. Anklebit, flinging wide her door. "This child you excoriate is your very same flesh and blood!"

And with that the Speaker's face drained of all color and assumed a most unholy pallor, horrified as its owner was by this unspeakable turn of events; but the lad, so wretched only moments before, leapt up and flung his arms around his erstwhile tormentor, weeping with a joy known only to Labradors and lunatics.

"Father!" cried young Yo, burying a hollow cheek in the shiny folds of his startled patron's new topcoat. As his tears beaded up on the fabric and sluiced silently to the grimy floor, the Speaker brusquely pushed him away.

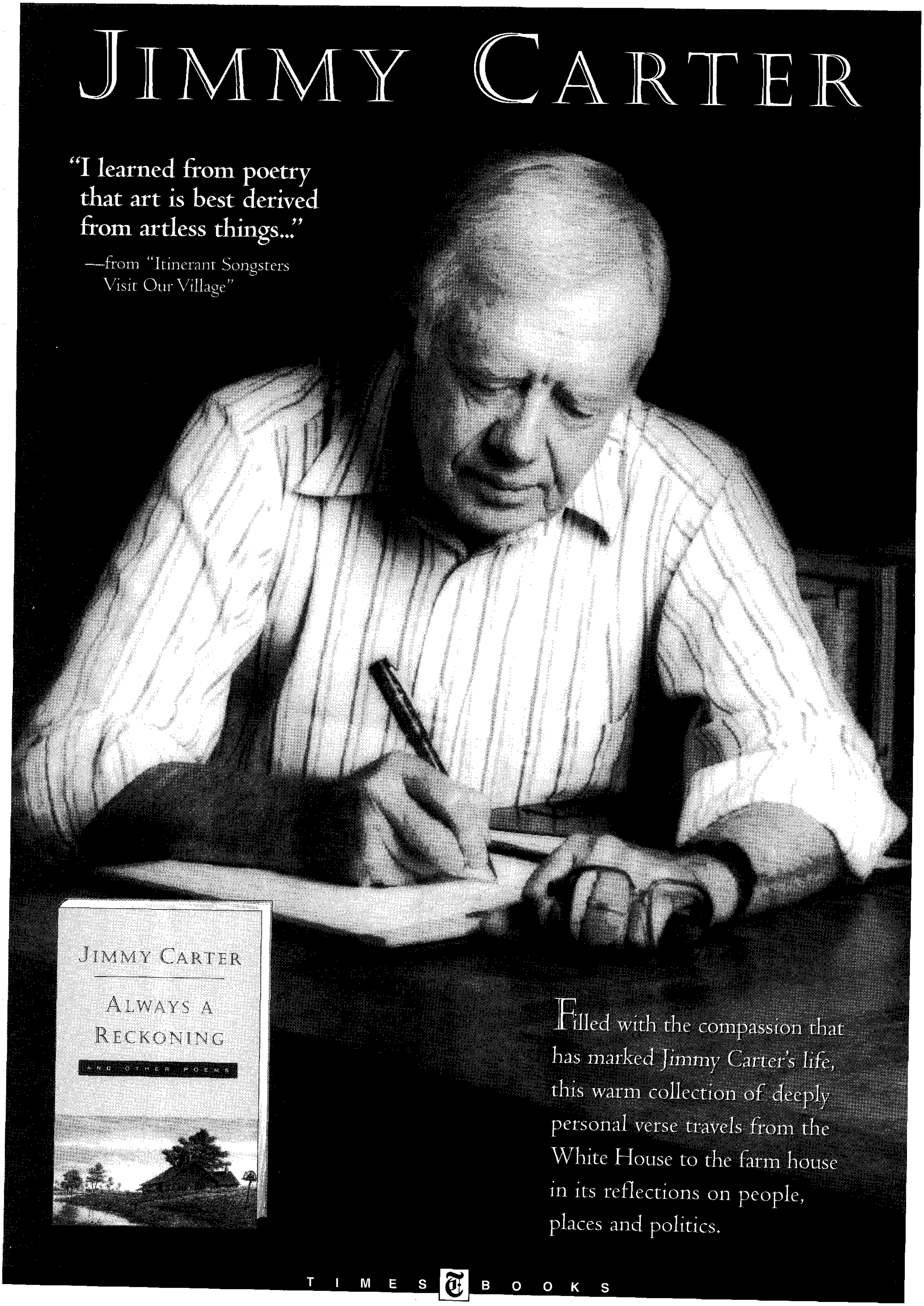
"My good woman!" intoned Mr. Newt in a voice shaking with that same outrage with which he had rebuilt a national party. "Am I to understand that you regard me kin to this guttersnipe? What evidence do you offer? It is true I had an uncle, now deceased, but in life a reprobate utterly unencumbered by virtue, who took a paramour from the unmeritorious classes; their union produced a son, whose future was secured by a sum set forth in a will lost in a fire of suspicious origins. Do I stand accused of incinerating said document?"

"Heaven forfend!" replied Mrs. Anklebit, her aging eyes finally adjusting to the dim light of the stairwell. "Indeed, Sir, I fear I have done you a horrible injustice. I mistook you for another!" And so conceding, she quickly retreated to the sanctuary of her flat.

Mr. Newt listened to her fumble with the chain on her door, and wiped his brow with the court order he still clutched. He glanced down at his charge, who, reeling from this latest blow of fate, had renewed his cowering without permission. Disgusted, the Speaker pulled him to his feet.

"Here, now, lad!" he admonished young Yo. "You'll have reason enough to cringe if we have any more of this foolery!"

And with that Mr. Newt escorted the lad down the stairs and into the custody of waiting authorities from the Home for Little Homeboys. As the van pulled out into the street, the Speaker, the glow restored to his face, drew himself up and called after the lad: "Godspeed, Master Yo. Remember: there are no bad boys. There are only poor ones." ♦


JIMMY CARTER
ALWAYS A RECKONING
AND OTHER POEMS

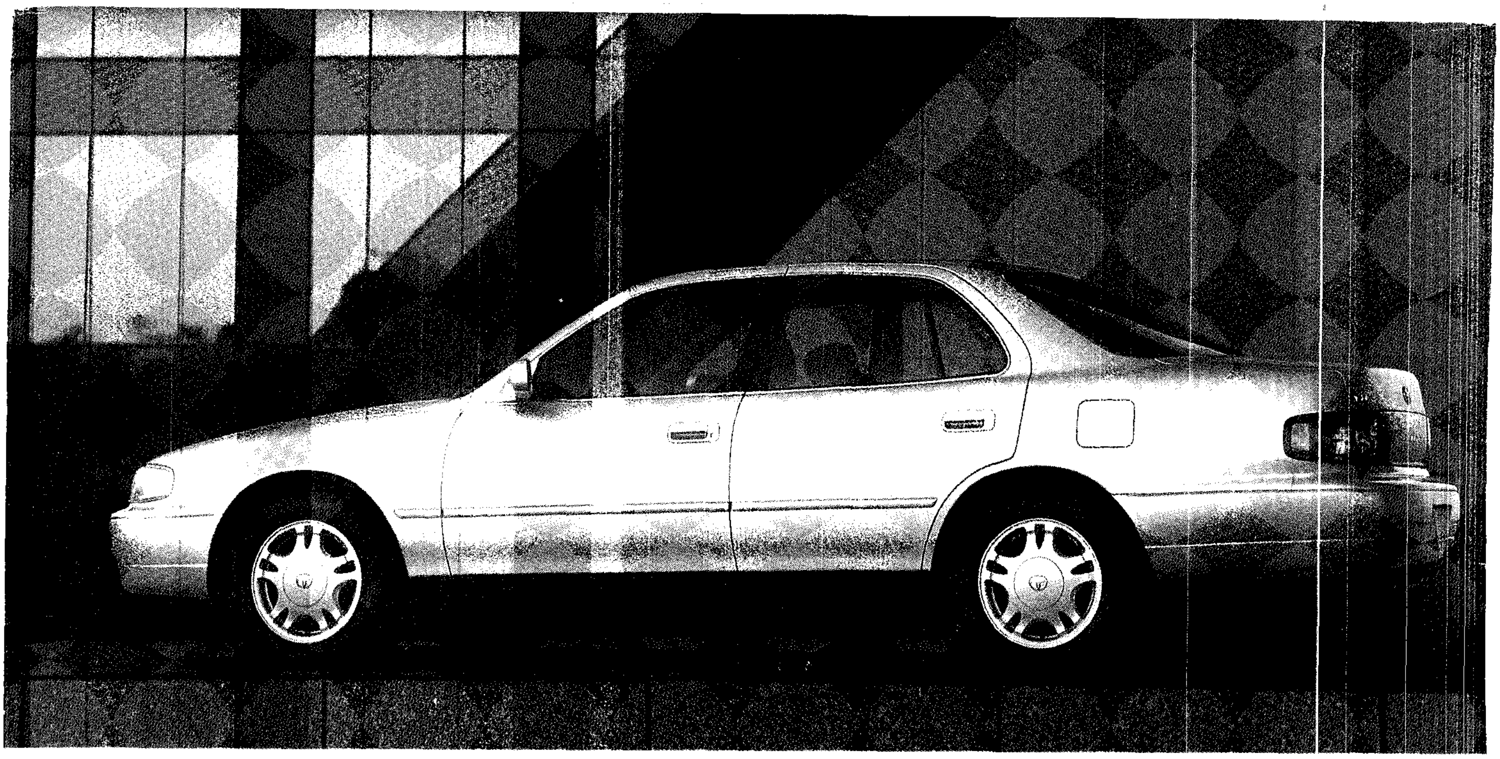
JIMMY CARTER

"I learned from poetry
that art is best derived
from artless things..."

—from "Itinerant Songsters
Visit Our Village"

Filled with the compassion that has marked Jimmy Carter's life, this warm collection of deeply personal verse travels from the White House to the farm house in its reflections on people, places and politics.

TIMES BOOKS



A REPUTATION as good as GOLD.

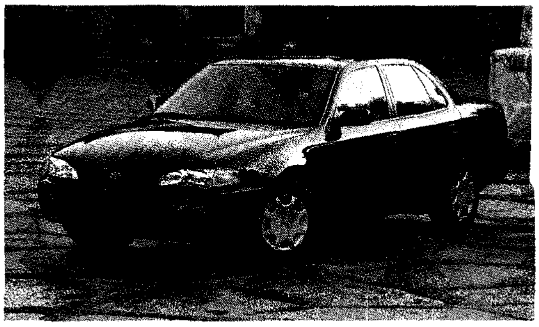
Toyota Motor Manufacturing in Georgetown, Kentucky, which builds Camrys, received the Gold Plant Quality Award, North American Plant, two years running.††

It's been called the BEST car built in AMERICA.* It has won awards, DISTINCTIONS, and the LOYALTY of millions of owners. Along the way, it has earned a glittering REPUTATION as the GOLD STANDARD of sedans.

With its SOPHISTICATED safety systems, including DUAL AIR BAGS,** the POWER of an available V6 engine, and starting at only $16,418,† Camry CONTINUES to make a NAME for itself.

The 1995 Toyota Camry. Newly RESTYLED. Yet with a HERITAGE of QUALITY craftsmanship that only the best REPUTATIONS are MADE OF.

Call 1-800-GO-TOYOTA for a BROCHURE and location of your nearest DEALER.



New styling makes the Camry as beautiful to look at as it is to drive.

TOYOTA CAMRY
I Love What You Do For Me

©1994 Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc. Buckle Up! Do it for those who love you. *Camry XLE V6/Best car built in America. *Automobile Magazine.* March 1993. **To help avoid serious injury, always wear your seatbelt. Driver and front-passenger air bags are a supplemental restraint only. †Manufacturer's suggested retail price w/o freight for DX 5-speed. Actual dealer price may vary. Camry XLE V6 shown with optional equipment. ††J.D. Power and Associates 1993 and 1994 New Car and Light Truck Initial Quality Studies.℠ 1994 study based on a total of 44,016 consumer responses indicating owner-reported problems during the first 90 days of ownership. Most Camrys are built in America.